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WORKS

OF

Mr. THOMAS OTWAY

VOLUME *the* THIRD.

CONTAINING,

The ORPHAN.
The Hiſtory *and* Fall *of* CAIUS MARIUS.
VENICE PRESERV'd.
POEMS *and* LETTERS.

LONDON:

Printed for C. HITCH and L. HAWES, D. BROWN, H. LINTOT, J. HODGES, J. and R. TONSON, C. BATHURST, J. BRINDLEY, C. CORBET, T. WALLER, A. STRAHAN and J. NEW.

M DCC LVII.

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1901

THE

ORPHAN:

OR, THE

UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.

A

TRAGEDY.

Qui Pelago credit magno, ſe fœnore tollit;
Qui Pugnas & Caſtra petit, præcingitur Auro;
Vilis Adulator picto jacet Ebrius Oſtro;
Et qui ſollicitat Nuptas, ad præmia peccat:
Sola pruinoſis horret Facundia pannis,
Atque inopi lingua deſertas invocat Artes. Petron. Arb. Sat.

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TO HER

ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

DUTCHESS.

MADAM,

AFTER having a great while wiſh'd to write ſomething that might be worthy to lay at your Highneſs's Feet, and finding it impoſſible: Since the World has been ſo kind to me to judge of this Poem to my Advantage, as the moſt pardonable Fault which I have made in its kind; I had ſinn'd againſt myſelf, if I had not choſen this Opportunity to implore (what my Ambition is moſt fond of) Your Favour and Protection.

For though Fortune would not ſo far b my Endeavours, as to encourage them Your Royal Highneſs's Preſence, when came into the World; Yet, I cannot declare it was my Deſign and Hopes, might have been Your Divertiſement that happy Seaſon, when You retur again to chear all thoſe Eyes, that had fore wept for your Departure, and enli all Hearts that had droop'd for Your A ſence: When Wit ought to have paid choiceſt Tributes in, and Joy have kno no Limits, then I hop'd my little M would not have been rejected; though ill Fortune was too hard for me, and I a greater Honour, by your Royal Hig neſs's Abſence, than all the Applauſes the World beſides can make me Reparati for.

Nevertheleſs, I thought myſelf not quite unhappy, ſo long as I had hopes this way yet to recompence my Diſappointment paſt: When I conſider'd alſo, that Poetry might claim right to a little Share in Your Favour: For *Taſſo*, and *Arioſto*, ſome of the beſt, have made their Names Eternal, by tranſmitting to After-Ages the Glory of Your Anceſtors: And under the ſpreading of that Shade, where two of the beſt have planted their Lawrels, how honoured ſhould I be, who am the worſt, if but a Branch might grow for me.

I dar

[redacted]re not think of offering any thing in
[redacted]Addreſs, that might look like a Pane-
[redacted], for fear, leſt when I have done my
[redacted] the World ſhould condemn me, for
[redacted]ng too little, and you yourſelf check
for medling with a Task unfit for my
ent.

For the Deſcription of Virtues and Perfec-
ns ſo rare as Yours are, ought to be done
as deliberate, as skilful a Hand; the
tures muſt be drawn very fine, to be
; haſty dawbing will but ſpoil the Pic-
, and make it ſo unnatural, as muſt
nt falſe Lights to ſet it off: And your
tue can receive no more Luſtre from
ctices, than your Beauty can be improv'd
Art; which as it charms the braveſt
ince that ever amaz'd the World with his
rtue: So, let but all other Hearts enquire
o themſelves, and then judge, how it ought
be prais'd.

Your Love too, as none but that great
ero, who has it, could deſerve it, and
herefore, by a particular Lot from Heaven,
as deſtin'd to ſo extraordinary a Bleſſing,
matchleſs for its ſelf, and ſo wondrous for
s Conſtancy, ſhall be remember'd to Your
mmortal Honour, when all other Tranſ-
ctions of the Age You live in ſhall be
orgotten.

But I forget that I am to ask Pardon for
e Fault I have been all this while Com-
mittin

mitting. Wherefore I beg Your
to forgive me this Preſumption,
You will be pleas'd to think well of
cannot help reſolving with all the
of Life, to endeavour to deſerve it
more, I would beg, and hope it
granted, that I may through Yours
want an Advocate in his Favour,
Heart and Mind You have ſo entire a
in; it is my only Portion and my Fo
I cannot but be happy ſo long as I
but hopes I may enjoy it, and I mu
miſerable, ſhould it ever be my ill Fat
loſe it.

This with Eternal Wiſhes for Your R
Highneſs's Content, Happineſs, and P
ſperity, in all Humility is preſented by

Your moſt obedient and

devoted ſervant,

THO. OTW

PROLOGUE.

TO You, great Judges in this Writing Age,
The Sons of Wit, and Patrons of the Stage,
With all those humble Thoughts, which ſtill have ſway'd
His Pride, much doubting, trembling, and afraid
Of what is to his want of Merit due,
And aw'd by every Excellence in you,
The Author ſends to beg you will be kind,
And ſpare thoſe many Faults you needs muſt find.
You to whom Wit a common Foe is grown,
The Thing ye ſcorn and publickly diſown;
Though now perhaps y'are here for other Ends,
He ſwears to me ye ought to be his Friends:
For he ne'er call'd ye yet inſipid Tools;
Nor wrote one Line to tell ye you were Fools:
But ſays of Wit ye have ſo large a ſtore,
So very much, you never will have more.
He ne'er with Libel treated yet the Town,
The Names of honeſt Men bedawb'd and ſhown,
Nay, never once lampoon'd the harmleſs Life
Of Suburb Virgin, or of City Wife.
Satire's th' Effect of Poetry's Diſeaſe,
Which, ſick of a lewd Age, ſhe vents for Eaſe,
But now her only Strife ſhould be to pleaſe;
Since of Ill-fate the baneful Cloud's withdrawn,
And Happineſs again begins to dawn;
Since back with Joy and Triumph he is come,
That always drew Fears hence, ne'er brought 'em home,
Oft has he plow'd the boiſterous Ocean o'er,
Yet ne'er more welcome to the longing Shore,
Not when he brought home Victories before.
For then freſh Lawrels ſhuriſh'd on his Brow,
And he comes crown'd with Olive Branches now:
Receive him! Oh receive him as his Friends,
Embrace the Bleſſings which he recommends;
Such Quiet as your Foes ſhall ne'er deſtroy;
Then ſhake off Fears, and clap your Hands for Joy.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Acaſto, a Nobleman retir'd from the Court, and living privately in the Country,	Mr. *Gillow*.
Coſtalio, *Polydore*, His Sons,	Mr. *Betterton*, Mr. *Williams*
Chamont, a young Soldier of Fortune,	Mr. *Smith*.
Erneſto, *Paulino*, Servants in the Family.	Mr. *Norris*, Mr. *Wilkſon*
Cordelio, *Polydore*'s Page,	*A little Girl*.
Chaplain,	Mr. *Percival*

WOMEN.

Monimia, the Orphan left under the Guardianſhip of old *Acaſto*,	Mrs. *Barry*.
Serina, *Acaſto*'s Daughter,	Mrs. *Boteler*
Florella, *Monimia*'s Woman,	Mrs. *Osborn*

SCENE, *BOHEMIA*.

THE ORPHAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter PAULINO *and* ERNESTO.

PAULINO.

'TIS ſtrange, *Erneſto*, this Severity
Should ſtill reign pow'rful in *Acaſto*'s Mind,
To hate the Court where he was bred and liv'd,
All Honours heap'd on him that Pow'r could give.

ERNESTO.

'Tis true, he thither came a private Gentleman,
But young and brave, and of a Family
Ancient and Noble as the Empire holds.
The Honours he has gain'd are juſtly his;
He purchas'd them in War; thrice has he led
An Army 'gainſt the Rebels, and as often
Return'd with Victory; the World has not
A truer Soldier, or a better Subject.

PAU

PAULINO.

It was his Virtue at firſt made me ſerve him;
He is the beſt of Maſters as of Friends:
I know he has lately been invited thither;
Yet ſtill he keeps his ſtubborn Purpoſe, cries,
He's old, and willingly would be at reſt:
I doubt there's deep Reſentment in his Mind,
For the late Slight his Honour ſuffer'd there.

ERNESTO.

Has he not Reaſon? When for what he had borne
Long, hard, and faithful Toil, he might have claim'd
Places in Honour, and Employment high;
A huffing, ſhining, flatt'ring, cringing Coward,
A Canker-worm of Peace, was rais'd above him.

PAULINO.

Yet ſtill he holds juſt Value for the King,
Nor ever names him but with higheſt Reverence.
Tis noble that———

ERNESTO.

Oh! I have heard him wanton in his Praiſe,
Speak things of him might charm the Ears of Envy.

PAULINO.

Oh may he live till Nature's ſelf grow old,
And from her Womb no more can bleſs the Earth!
For when he dies, farewel all Honour, Bounty,
All generous Encouragement of Arts,
For Charity herſelf becomes a Widow.

ERNESTO.

No, he has two Sons that were ordain'd to be
As well his Virtue's, as his Fortune's Heirs.

PAULINO.

They're both of Nature mild, and full of Sweetneſs.
They came Twins from the Womb, and ſtill they live
As if they would go Twins too to the Grave:
Neither has any thing he calls his own,
But of each others Joys as Griefs partaking;
So very honeſtly, ſo well they love,

As they were only for each other born.

ERNESTO.

Never was Parent in an Off-ſpring happier;
He has a Daughter too, whoſe blooming Age
Promiſes Goodneſs equal to her Beauty.

PAULINO.

And as there is a Friendſhip 'twixt the Brethren,
So has her Infant Nature choſen too
A Faithful Partner of her Thoughts and Wiſhes,
And kind Companion of her harmleſs Pleaſures.

ERNESTO.

You mean the beauteous Orphan, fair *Monimia!*

PAULINO.

The ſame, the Daughter of the brave *Chamont.*
He was our Lord's Companion in the Wars,
Where ſuch a wondrous Friendſhip grew between 'em
As only Death could end: *Chamont's* Eſtate
Was ruin'd in our late and Civil Diſcords;
Therefore unable to advance her Fortune,
He left his Daughter to our Maſter's Care;
To ſuch a Care as ſhe ſcarce loſt a Father.

ERNESTO.

Her Brother to the Emperor's Wars went early,
To ſeek a Fortune, or a noble Fate;
Whence he with Honour is expected back,
And mighty Marks of that great Prince's Favour.

PAULINO.

Our Maſter never would permit his Sons
To launch for Fortune in th' uncertain World,
But warns 'em to avoid both Courts, and Camps,
Where dilatory Fortune plays the Jilt
With the brave, noble, honeſt, gallant Man,
To throw herſelf away on Fools and Knaves.

ERNESTO.

They both have forward, gen'rous, active Spirits:
'Tis daily their Petition to their Father,
To ſend them forth where Glory's to be gotten;

The

They cry they're weary of their lazy Home,
Reſtleſs to do ſomething that Fame may talk of.
To-day they chas'd the Boar, and near this time
Should be return'd.

PAULINO.

Oh that's a Royal Sport!
We yet may ſee the old Man in a Morning,
Luſty as Health come ruddy to the Field,
And there purſue the Chace, as if he meant
To o'ertake Time, and bring back Youth again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CASTALIO, POLYDORE, *and Page.*

CASTALIO.

Polydore! our Sport
Has been to-day much better for the Danger;
When on the Brink the foaming Boar I met;
And in his ſide thought to have lodg'd my Spear,
The deſperate Savage ruſh'd within my Force.
And bore me headlong with him down the Rock.

POLYDORE.

But then——

CASTALIO.

Ay then, my Brother, my Friend *Polydore,*
Like *Perſeus* mounted on his winged Steed,
Came on, and down the dang'rous Precipice leapt
To ſave *Caſtalio.* 'Twas a God-like Act.

POLYDORE.

But when I came, I found you Conqueror.
Oh my Heart danc'd to ſee your Danger paſt!
The Heat and Fury of the Chace was cold,
And I had nothing in my Mind but Joy.

CASTALIO.

So, *Polydore,* methinks we might in War
Ruſh on together; thou ſhouldſt be my Guard,
And I be thine; what is't could hurt us then?
Now half the Youth of *Europe* are in Arms,
How fulſome muſt it be to ſtay behind,

And

And die of rank Diſeaſes here at Home?

POLYDORE.

No, let me purchaſe in my Youth Renown,
To make me lov'd and valu'd when I'm old;
I would be buſy in the World, and learn,
Not like a coarſe and uſeleſs dunghil Weed,
Fixt to one Spot, and rot juſt as I grow.

CASTALIO.

Our Father
Has ta'en himſelf a Surfeit of the World,
And cries it is not ſafe that we ſhould taſte it;
I own I have Duty very powerful in me;
And tho' I'd hazard all to raiſe my Name,
Yet he's ſo tender, and ſo good a Father,
I could not do a thing to croſs his Will.

POLYDORE.

Caſtalio, I have Doubts within my Heart,
Which you and only you, can ſatisfy:
Will you be free and candid to your Friend?

CASTALIO.

Have I a Thought my *Polydore* ſhould not know?
What can this mean?

POLYDORE.

Nay, I'll conjure you too,
By all the ſtricteſt Bonds of faithful Friendſhip,
To ſhew your Heart as naked in this point
As you would purge you of your Sins to Heav'n.

CASTALIO.

I will.

POLYDORE.

And ſhould I chance to touch it nearly, bear it
With all the Suff'rance of a tender Friend.

CASTALIO.

As calmly as the wounded Patient bears
The Artiſts, Hand, that miniſters his Cure.

POLYDORE.

That's kindly ſaid. You know our Father's Ward,

The

The fair *Monimia*; is your Heart at peace?
Is it ſo guarded that you could not love her?

CASTALIO.

Suppoſe I ſhould?

POLYDORE.

Suppoſe you ſhould not, Brothe

CASTALIO.

You'd ſay, I muſt not.

POLYDORE.

That would ſound too rou
'Twixt Friends and Brothers, as we two are,

CASTALIO.

Is Love a Fault?

POLYDORE.

In one of us it may be:
What if I love her?

CASTALIO.

Then I muſt inform you
I lov'd her firſt, and cannot quit the Claim,
But will preſerve the Birth-right of my Paſſion.

POLYDORE.

You will.

CASTALIO.

I will.

POLYDORE.

No more, I've done.

CASTALIO.

Why not?

POLYDORE.

I told you I had done;
But you *Caſtalio*, would diſpute it.

CASTALIO.

No:
Not with my *Polydore*; though I muſt own
My Nature obſtinate and void of Suff'rance,
Love reigns a very Tyrant in my Heart,
Attended on his Throne by all his Guards

furious Wiſhes, Fears and nice Suſpicions.
could not bear a Rival in my Friendſhip,
am ſo much in love and fond of thee.

POLYDORE.

Yet you will break this Friendſhip!

CASTALIO.

Not for Crowns,

POLYDORE.

But for a Toy you would, a Woman's Toy,
Unjuſt *Caſtalio.*

CASTALIO.

Pr'ythee, where's my Fault?

POLYDORE.

You love *Monimia.*

CASTALIO.

Yes.

POLYDORE.

And you would kill me,
If I'm your Rival.

CASTALIO.

No, ſure we're ſuch Friends,
So much one Man, that our Affections too
Muſt be united, and the ſame as we are.

POLYDORE.

I dote upon *Monimia.*

CASTALIO.

Love her ſtill;
Win, and enjoy her.

POLYDORE.

Both of us cannot.

CASTALIO.

No matter
Whoſe Chance it proves, but let's not quarrel for't.

POLYDORE.

You would not wed *Monimia,* would you?

CASTALIO.

Wed her!

No! were ſhe all Deſire could wiſh, as fair
As would the vaineſt of her Sex be thought,
With Wealth beyond what Woman's Pride could waſte,
She ſhould not cheat me of my Freedom. Marry!
When I am old and weary of the World,
I may grow deſperate,
And take a Wife to mortify withal.

POLYDORE.

It is an elder Brother's Duty ſo
To propagate his Family and Name:
You would not have yours die and buried with you?

CASTALIO.

Mere Vanity, and ſilly Dotage all;
No, let me live at large, and when I die——

POLYDORE.

Who ſhall poſſeſs th' Eſtate you leave?

CASTALIO.

My Friend,
If he ſurvives me; if not, my King,
Who may beſtow't again on ſome brave Man,
Whoſe Honeſty and Services deſerve one.

POLYDORE.

'Tis kindly offer'd.

CASTALIO.

By yon Heav'n, I love
My *Polydore* beyond all worldly Joys,
And would not ſhock his Quiet, to be bleſt
With greater Happineſs than Man e'er taſted.

POLYDORE

And by that Heav'n eternally I ſwear,
To keep the kind *Caſtalio* in my Heart.
Whoſe ſhall *Monimia* be?

CASTALIO.

No matter whoſe.

POLYDORE.

Were you not with her privately laſt Night?

CA

CASTALIO.

I was, and ſhould have met her here again;
But th' Opportunity ſhall now be thine;
Myſelf will bring thee to the Scene of Love;
But have a Care, by Friendſhip I conjure thee,
That no falſe Play be offer'd to thy Brother.
Urge all thy Pow'rs to make thy Paſſion proſper,
But wrong not mine.

POLYDORE.

Heav'n blaſt me if I do.

CASTALIO.

If't prove thy Fortune, *Polydore*, to conquer,
(For thou haſt all the Arts of ſoft Perſuaſion!)
Truſt me, and let me know thy Love's Succeſs,
That I may ever after ſtifle mine.

POLYDORE

Though ſhe be dearer to my Soul, than Reſt
To weary Pilgrims, or to Miſers Gold,
To great Men Pow'r, or wealthy Cities Pride,
Rather than wrong *Caſtalio*, I'd forget her.
For if ye Pow'rs have Happineſs in ſtore,
When ye wou'd ſhow'r down Joys on *Polydore*,
In one great Bleſſing all your Bounty ſend,
That I may never loſe ſo dear a Friend.

[*Exeunt* Caſt. Pol. *Manet Page.*

Enter MONIMIA.

MONIMIA.

So ſoon return'd from Hunting? This fair Day
Seems as if ſent t' invite the World abroad.
Paſs'd not *Caſtalio* and *Polydore* this way?

PAGE.

Madam, juſt now,

MONIMIA.

Sure ſome ill Fate's upon me.
Diſtruſt and Heavineſs ſit round my Heart,
And Apprehenſion ſhocks my timorous Soul.

Why

Why was I not laid in my peaceful Grave
With my poor Parents! and at Reſt as they are?
Inſtead of that I'm wandring into Cares.
Caſtalio! O *Caſtalio!* Thou haſt caught
My fooliſh Heart; and like a tender Child,
That truſts his Play-thing to another Hand,
I fear its harm, and fain would have it back.
Come near, *Cordelio*, I muſt chide you, Sir.

PAGE.

Why, Madam, have I done you any wrong?

MONIMIA.

I never ſee you now; you have been kinder;
Sate by my Bed, and ſung me pretty Songs:
Perhaps I've been ungrateful: here's Money for you:
Will you oblige me? Shall I ſee you oftner?

PAGE.

Madam, I'd ſerve you with my Soul;
But in the Morning when you call me to you,
As by your Bed I ſtand and tell you Stories,
I am aſham'd to ſee your ſwelling Breaſts,
It makes me bluſh, they are ſo very white.

MONIMIA.

Oh Men for Flattery and Deceit renown'd!
Thus when y'are young ye learn it all like him,
Till as your Years increaſe, that ſtrengthens too,
T' undo poor Maids, and make our Ruin eaſy.
Tell me, *Cordelio*, for thou oft haſt heard
Their friendly Converſe, and their Boſom Secrets,
Sometimes at leaſt, have they not talk'd of me?

PAGE.

Oh Madam! Very wickedly they have talk'd!
But I'm afraid to name it, for they ſay
Boys muſt be whipp'd that tell their Maſter's Secrets.

MONIMIA.

Fear not, *Cordelio!* It ſhall ne'er be known;
For I'll preſerve the Secret as 'twere mine.
Polydore cannot be ſo kind as I,

I'll furniſh thee for all thy harmleſs Sports
With pretty Toys, and thou ſhalt be my Page.

PAGE.

And truly, Madam, I had rather be ſo.
Methinks you love me better than my Lord,
For he was never half ſo kind as you are.
What muſt I do?

MONIMIA.

Inform me how thou haſt heard
Caſtalio, and his Brother, uſe my Name.

PAGE.

With all the Tenderneſs of Love,
You were the Subject of their laſt Diſcourſe.
At firſt I thought it would have fatal prov'd;
But as the one grew hot the other cool'd,
And yielded to the frailty of his Friend;
At laſt, after much ſtrugling, 'twas reſolv'd——

MONIMIA.

What, good *Cordelio*?

PAGE.

Not to quarrel for you.

MONIMIA.

I would not have 'em, by my deareſt Hopes,
I would not be the Argument of Striſe.
But ſurely my *Caſtalio* won't forſake me,
And make a Mockery of my eaſy Love.
Went they together?

PAGE.

Yes, to ſeek you, Madam:
Caſtalio promis'd *Polydore* to bring him
Where he alone might meet you,
And fairly try the Fortune of his Wiſhes.

MONIMIA.

Am I then grown ſo cheap, juſt to be made
A common Stake, a Prize for Love in Jeſt?
Was not *Caſtalio* very loth to yield it,
Or was it *Polydore*'s unruly Paſſion,
That heightened the Debate.

PAGE

PAGE.

The Fault was *Polydore*'s.
Caſtalio play'd with Love, and ſmiling ſhew'd
The Pleaſure, not the Pangs of his Deſire.
He ſaid no Woman's Smiles ſhould buy his Freedom;
And Marriage is a mortifying thing.

MONIMIA.

Then I am ruin'd, if *Caſtalio*'s falſe,
Where is there Faith and Honour to be found?
Ye Gods, that guard the Innocent, and guide
The Weak; protect, and take me to your Care.
Oh but I love him: There's the Rock will wreck me!
Why was I made with all my Sexes Softneſs,
Yet want the Cunning to conceal its Follies?
I'll ſee *Caſtalio*, tax him with his Falſhoods,
Be a true Woman, rail, proteſt my Wrongs;
Reſolve to hate him, and yet love him ſtill.

Enter CASTALIO *and* POLYDORE.

He comes, the Conqueror comes! lie ſtill, my Heart,
And learn to bear thy Injuries with Scorn.

CASTALIO.

Madam, my Brother begs he may have leave
To tell you ſomething that concerns you nearly;
I leave you as becomes me, and withdraw.

MONIMIA.

My Lord *Caſtalio!*

CASTALIO.

Madam!

MONIMIA.

Have you purpos'd
To abuſe me palpably? What means this Uſage?
Why am I left with *Polydore* alone?

CASTALIO.

He beſt can tell you. Buſineſs of importance
Calls me away, I muſt attend my Father.

MONI-

MONIMIA.

Will you then leave me thus?

CASTALIO.

But for a Moment.

MONIMIA.

It has been otherwiſe; the time has been,
When Buſineſs might have ſtay'd, and I been heard.

CASTALIO.

I could for ever hear thee; but this time
Matters of ſuch odd circumſtances preſs me,
That I muſt go—— [*Exit.*

MONIMIA.

Then go, and if't be poſſible for ever.
Well, my Lord *Polydore*, I gueſs your Buſineſs,
And read th' ill-natur'd Purpoſe in your Eyes.

POLYDORE.

If to deſire you more than Miſer's Wealth,
Or dying Men an Hour of added Life,
If ſofteſt Wiſhes, and a Heart more true,
Than ever ſuffer'd yet for Love diſdain'd,
Speak an ill Nature, you accuſe me juſtly.

MONIMIA.

Talk not of Love, my Lord, I muſt not hear it.

POLYDORE.

Who can behold ſuch Beauty, and be ſilent?
Deſire firſt taught us Words: Man, when created,
At firſt alone long wander'd up and down,
Forlorn, and ſilent as his Vaſſal Beaſts;
But when a Heav'n-born Maid, like you, appear'd,
Strange Pleaſures fill'd his Eyes, and fir'd his Heart,
Unloos'd his Tongue, and his firſt Talk was Love.

MONIMIA.

The firſt created Pair, indeed, were bleſt;
They were the only Objects of each other,
Therefore he courted her; and her alone:
But in this peopled World of Beauty, where
There's roving Room, where you may court, and ruin

A thouſand more, why need you talk to me?

POLYDORE.

Oh! I could talk to thee for ever: Thus
Eternally admiring, fix and gaze
On thoſe dear Eyes, for every Glance they ſend
Darts through my Soul, and almoſt gives Enjoyment.

MONIMIA.

How can you labour thus for my Undoing?
I muſt confeſs, indeed, I owe you more
Than ever I can hope or think to pay.
There always was a Friendſhip 'twixt our Families;
And therefore when my tender Parents dy'd,
Whoſe ruin'd Fortunes too expir'd with them,
Your Father's Pity, and his Bounty, took me,
A poor and helpleſs Orphan to his Care.

POLYDORE.

'Twas Heav'n ordain'd it ſo, to make me happy.
Hence with this peeviſh Virtue, 'tis a Cheat,
And thoſe who taught it firſt were Hypocrites.
Come, theſe ſoft tender Limbs were made for yielding.

MONIMIA.

Here, on my Knees, by Heav'n's bleſt Pow'r I ſwear,
[*Kneels.*
If you perſiſt, I ne'er henceforth will ſee you,
But rather wander through the World a Beggar,
And live on ſordid Scraps at proud Mens Doors;
For though to Fortune loſt, I'll ſtill inherit
My Mother's Virtues, and my Father's Honour.

POLYDORE.

Intolerable Vanity! your Sex
Was never in the right! y'are always falſe,
Or ſilly; ev'n your Dreſſes are not more
Fantaſtic than your Appetites: you think
Of nothing twice: Opinion you have none.
To-day y'are nice, To-morrow not ſo free;
Now ſmile, then frown; now ſorrowful, then glad;
Now pleas'd, now not; and all you know not why!

Virtue you affect, Inconſtancy's your Practice,
And when your looſe Deſires once get Dominion,
No hungry Churl feeds coarſer at a Feaſt;
Ev'ry rank Fool goes down——

MONIMIA.

Indeed, my Lord,
I own my Sexes Follies; have 'em all,
And to avoid its Fault, muſt fly from you:
Therefore believe me, could you raiſe me high
As moſt fantaſtic Woman's Wiſh could reach,
And lay all Nature's Riches at my Feet;
I'd rather run a Savage in the Woods
Amongſt brute Beaſts, grow wrinkled and deform'd,
As Wildneſs and moſt rude Neglect could make me,
So I might ſtill enjoy my Honour ſafe
From the deſtroying Wiles of faithleſs Men.— [*Exit.*

POLYDORE.

Who'd be that ſordid fooliſh thing call'd Man,
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a Pleaſure,
Which Beaſts enjoy ſo very much above him?
The luſty Bull ranges through all the Field,
And from the Herd ſingling his Female out,
Enjoys her, and abandons her at Will.
It ſhall be ſo, I'll yet poſſeſs my Love,
Wait on, and watch her looſe unguarded Hours:
Then when her roving Thoughts have been abroad,
And brought in wanton Wiſhes to her Heart;
I'th' very Minute when her Virtue nods,
I'll ruſh upon her in a Storm of Love,
Beat down her Guard of Honour all before me,
Surfeit on Joys till even Deſire grow ſick;
Then by long Abſence Liberty regain,
And quite forget the Pleaſure and the Pain.
[*Ex.* Pol. *and* Page.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter ACASTO, CASTALIO, POLYDORE, *Attendants*

ACASTO.

TO-day has been a Day of glorious Sport
When you, *Caſtalio*, and your Brother left me,
Forth from the Thickets ruſh'd another Boar,
So large, he ſeem'd the Tyrant of the Woods,
With all his dreadful Briſtles rais'd up high,
They ſeem'd a Grove of Spears upon his Back;
Foaming he came at me, where I was poſted,
Beſt to obſerve which way he'd lead the Chace,
Whetting his huge long Tuſks, and gaping wide,
As if he already had me for his Prey;
Till brandiſhing my well-pois'd Javelin high,
With this cold executing Arm, I ſtruck
The ugly brindled Monſter to the Heart.

CASTALIO.

The Actions of your Life were always wond'rous.

ACASTO.

No Flatt'ry, Boy! an honeſt Man can't live by't,
It is a little ſneaking Art, which Knaves
Uſe to cajole and ſoften Fools withal;
If thou haſt Flatt'ry in thy Nature, out with't,
Or ſend it to a Court, for there 'twill thrive.

POLYDORE.

Why there?

ACASTO.

'Tis, next to Money, current there;
To be ſeen daily in as many Forms
As there are ſorts of Vanities, and Men;
The ſuperſtitious Stateſman has his Sneer

T

To ſmooth a poor Man off with, that can't bribe him;
The grave dull Fellow of ſmall Buſineſs ſooths,
The Humorift, and will needs admire his Wit:
Who without Spleen could ſee a hot-brain'd Atheiſt
Thanking a ſurly Doctor for his Sermon,
Or a grave Counſellor meet a ſmooth young Lord,
Squeeze him by the Hand, and praiſe his good Complexion?

POLYDORE.

Courts are the places where beſt Manners flouriſh;
Where the Deſerving ought to riſe, and Fools
Make ſhow. Why ſhould I vex and chaſe my Spleen,
To ſee a gawdy Coxcomb ſhine, when I
Have ſeen enough to ſooth him in his Follies,
And ride him to advantage as I pleaſe?

ACASTO.

Who merit, ought indeed to riſe i'th' World,
But no wiſe Man that's honeſt ſhould expect it.
What Man of Senſe would rack his generous Mind,
To practiſe all the baſe Formalities
And Forms of Buſineſs, force a grave ſtarch'd Face,
When he's a very Libertine in's Heart?
Seem not to know this or that Man in public,
When privately perhaps they meet together,
And lay the Scene of ſome brave Fellow's Ruin.
Such things are done———

CASTALIO.

Your Lordſhip's Wrongs have been
So great, that you with Juſtice may complain;
But ſuffer us, whoſe younger Minds ne'er felt
Fortune's Deceits, to court her as ſhe's fair:
Were ſhe a common Miſtreſs, kind to all,
Her Worth would ceaſe, and half the World grow idle.

ACASTO.

Go to, you're Fools, and know me not; I've learnt
Long ſince to bear Revenge, or ſcorn my Wrongs,
According to the Value of the Doer.
You both would fain be great, and to that end

Deſire to do things worthy your Ambition.
Go to the Camp, Preferment's nobleſt Mart,
Where Honour ought to have the faireſt play, you'll find—
Corruption, Envy, Diſcontent, and Faction,
Almoſt in every Band: How many Men
Have ſpent their Blood in their dear Country's Service,
Yet now pine under Want, while ſelfiſh Slaves,
That ev'n would cut their Throats, whom now they fawn on,
Like deadly Locuſts eat the Honey up,
Which thoſe induſtrious Bees ſo hardly toil'd for?

CASTALIO.

Theſe Precepts ſuit not with my active Mind,
Methinks I would be buſy.

POLYDORE.

So would I,
Not loiter out my Life at Home, and know
No farther than one Proſpect gives me leave.

ACASTO.

Buſy your Minds then, ſtudy Arts and Men:
Learn how to value Merit though in Rags,
And ſcorn a proud ill-manner'd Knave in Office.

Enter SERINA, MONIMIA *and Maid.*

SERINA.

My Lord, my Father!

ACASTO.

Bleſſings on my Child,
My little Cherub, what haſt thou to ask me?

SERINA.

I bring you, Sir, moſt glad and welcome News:
The Young *Chamont*, whom you've ſo often wiſh'd for,
Is juſt arriv'd and entring.

ACASTO.

By my Soul
And all my Honours, he's moſt dearly welcome;
Let me receive him like his Father's Friend.

Enter

Enter CHAMONT.

Welcome, thou Relict of the beſt-lov'd Man,
Welcome from all the Turmoils, and the Hazards
Of certain Danger, and uncertain Fortune;
Welcome as happy Tydings after Fears.

CHAMONT.

Words would but wrong the Gratitude I owe you.
Should I begin to ſpeak, my Soul's ſo full,
That I ſhould talk of nothing elſe all Day.

MONIMIA.

My Brother!

CHAMONT.

Oh my Siſter! let me hold thee
Long in my Arms. I've not beheld thy Face
Theſe many Days; by Night I've often ſeen thee
In gentle Dreams, and ſatisfy'd my Soul
With fancy'd Joys, till Morning Cares awak'd me.
Another Siſter! ſure it muſt be ſo;
Though, I remember well, I had but one:
But I feel ſomething in my Heart that prompts
And tells me ſhe has Claim and Intereſt there.

ACASTO.

Young Soldier, you've not only ſtudy'd War,
Courtſhip, I ſee, has been your Practice too,
And may not prove unwelcome to my Daughter.

CHAMONT.

Is ſhe your Daughter? then my Heart told true!
And I'm at leaſt her Brother by Adoption:
For you have made yourſelf to me a Father,
And by that Patent I have leave to love her.

SERINA.

Monimia, thou haſt told me Men are falſe,
Will flatter, feign, and make an Art of Love:
Is *Chamont* ſo? No, ſure he's more than Man,
Something that's near Divine, and Truth dwells in him.

ACASTO.

Thus happy, who would envy pompous Pow'r,
The Luxury of Courts, or Wealth of Cities?
Let there be Joy through all the Houſe this Day!
In every Room let Plenty flow at large,
It is the Birth-day of my Royal Maſter.
You have not viſited the Court, *Chamont*,
Since your Return?

CHAMONT.

I have no Buſineſs there,
I have not ſlaviſh Temperance enough
T'attend a Favourite's Heels, and watch his Smiles;
Bear an ill Office done me to my Face,
And thank the Lord that wrong'd me for his Favour.

ACASTO.

This you could do. [*To his Sons.*

CASTALIO.

I'd ſerve my Prince.

ACASTO.

Who'd ſerve him?

CASTALIO.

I would, my Lord.

POLYDORE.

And I; both would.

ACASTO.

Away.
He needs not any Servants ſuch as you!
Serve him! he Merits more than Man can do!
He is ſo good, Praiſe cannot ſpeak his Worth:
So merciful, ſure he ne'er ſlept in Wrath;
So juſt, that were he but a private Man,
He could not do a Wrong. How would you ſerve him?

CASTALIO.

I'd ſerve him with my Fortune here at home,
And ſerve him with my Perſon in his Wars,
Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him.

POLY-

POLYDORE.

Die for him,
As every true born loyal Subject ought.

ACASTO.

Let me embrace you both. Now by the Souls
Of my brave Anceſtors, I'm truly happy;
For this be ever bleſt my Marriage-day,
Bleſt be your Mother's Memory that bore you,
And double bleſt be that auſpicious Hour
That gave ye Birth. Yes, my aſpiring Boys,
Ye ſhall have Buſineſs; when your Maſter wants you,
You cannot ſerve a nobler; I have ſerv'd him;
In this old Body yet the Marks remain
Of many Wounds. I've with this Tongue proclaim'd
His Right, ev'n in the Face of rank Rebellion,
And when a foul-mouth'd Traitor once prophan'd
His ſacred Name, with my good Sabre drawn,
Ev'n at the Head of all his giddy Rout,
I ruſh'd, and clove the Rebel to the Chine.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

My Lord, th' expected Gueſts are juſt arriv'd.

ACASTO.

Go you, and give 'em Welcome and Reception.

CHAMONT.

My Lord, I ſtand in need of your Aſſiſtance
In ſomething that concerns my Peace and Honour.

ACASTO.

Spoke like the Son of that brave Man I lov'd:
So freely friendly we convers'd together.
What e'er it be with Confidence impart it.
Thou ſhalt command my Fortune and my Sword.

CHAMONT.

I dare not doubt your Friendſhip nor your Juſtice.
Your Bounty ſhewn to what I hold moſt dear,
My Orphan Siſter, muſt not be forgotten!

ACASTO.

Pr'ythee, no more of that; it grates my Nature.

CHAMONT.

When our dear Parents dy'd, they dy'd together,
One Fate ſurpriz'd 'em, and one Grave receiv'd 'em:
My Father with his dying Breath bequeath'd
Her to my Love: My Mother, as ſhe lay
Languiſhing by him, call'd me to her ſide,
Took me in her fainting Arms, wept and embrac'd me,
Then preſs'd me cloſe, and as ſhe obſerv'd my Tears,
Kiſt them away; ſaid ſhe, *Chamont*, my Son,
By this and all the Love I ever ſhew'd thee,
Be careful of *Monimia*, watch her Youth,
Let not her Wants betray her to Diſhonour;
Perhaps kind Heav'n may raiſe ſome Friend, Then ſigh'd,
Kiſt me again; ſo bleſt us and expir'd.
Pardon my Grief.

ACASTO.

It ſpeaks an honeſt Nature.

CHAMONT.

The Friend Heav'n rais'd was you, you took her up
An Infant, to the deſert World expos'd,
And prov'd another Parent.

ACASTO.

I've not wrong'd her.

CHAMONT.

Far be it from my Fears.

ACASTO.

Then why this Argument?

CHAMONT.

My Lord, my Nature's jealous, and you'll bear it.

ACASTO.

Go on.

CHAMONT.

Great Spirits bear Misfortunes hardly:
Good Offices claim Gratitude; and Pride,
Where Pow'r is wanting, will uſurp a little,

And

And make us (rather than be thought behind-hand)
Pay over-price.

ACASTO.

I cannot gueſs your Drift;
Diſtruſt you me?

CHAMONT.

No, but I fear her Weakneſs
May make her pay a Debt at any rate;
And to deal freely with your Lordſhip's Goodneſs,
I've heard a Story lately much diſturbs me.

ACASTO.

Then firſt charge her; and if the Offence be found
Within my reach, tho' it ſhou'd touch my Nature,
In my own Off-ſpring, by the dear remembrance
Of thy brave Father, whom my Heart rejoic'd in,
I'd proſecute it with ſevereſt Vengeance. [*Exit.*

CHAMONT.

I thank you from my Soul.

MONIMIA.

Alas, my Brother!
What have I done? and why do you abuſe me?
My Heart quakes in me; in your ſettled Face
And clouded Brow methinks I ſee my Fate:
You will not kill me!

CHAMONT.

Pr'ythee, why doſt talk ſo?

MONIMIA.

Look kindly on me then. I cannot bear
Severity; it daunts, and does amaze me:
My Heart's ſo tender, ſhould you charge me rough
I ſhould but weep, and anſwer you with ſobbing.
But uſe me gently like a loving Brother,
And ſearch through all the Secrets of my Soul.

CHAMONT.

Fear nothing, I will ſhew myſelf a Brother,
A tender, honeſt, and a loving Brother.
Y'ave not forgot our Father?

MONIMIA

I ſhall never.

CHAMONT.

Then you'll remember too, he was a Man
That liv'd up to the Standard of his Honour,
And priz'd that Jewel more than Mines of Wealth:
He'd not have done a ſhameful thing but once,
Though kept in Darkneſs from the World, and hidden,
He could not have forgiven it to himſelf;
This was the only Portion that he left us;
And I more glory in it, than if poſſeſt
Of all that ever Fortune threw on Fools.
Twas a large Truſt, and muſt be manag'd nicely;
Now if by any chance, *Monimia*,
You have ſoil'd this Gem, and taken from its value,
How will y'account with me?

MONIMIA.

I challenge Envy,
Malice and all the Practices of Hell,
To cenſure all the Actions of my paſt
Unhappy Life, and taint me if they can!

CHAMONT.

I'll tell thee then; three Nights ago, as I
Lay muſing in my Bed, all Darkneſs round me,
A ſudden Damp ſtruck to my Heart, cold Sweat
Dew'd all my Face, and Trembling ſeiz'd my Limbs:
My Bed ſhook under me, the Curtains ſtarted,
And to my tortur'd Fancy there appear'd
The Form of Thee, thus beauteous as thou art.
Thy Garments flowing looſe, and in each Hand
A wanton Lover, who by turns careſs'd thee
With all the Freedom of unbounded Pleaſure:
I ſnatch'd my Sword, and in the very Moment
Darted it at the Fantome, ſtrait it left me;
Then roſe and call'd for Lights, when, O dire Omen!
I found my Weapon had the Arras pierc'd,
Juſt where that famous Tale was interwoven,

How

How the unhappy *Theban* slew his Father.

MONIMIA.

And for this Cause my Virtue is suspected!
Because in Dreams your Fancy has been ridden,
I must be tortur'd waking!

CHAMONT.

Have a care;
Labour not to be justified too fast:
Hear all, and then let Justice hold the Scale.
What follow'd was the Riddle that confounds me:
Through a close Lane, as I pursu'd my Journey,
And meditated on the last Night's Vision,
I spy'd a wrinkled Hagg, with Age grown double,
Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her Eyes with scalding Rheum were gall'd and red;
Cold Palsy shook her Head, her Hands seem'd wither'd,
And on her crooked Shoulders had she wrapt
The tatter'd Remnant of an old strip'd Hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her Carkass from the Cold;
So there was nothing of a piece about her;
Her lower Weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With diff'rent colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of Wretchedness;
I ask'd her of my way, which she inform'd me;
Then crav'd my Charity, and bade me hasten
To save a Sister: At that word I started.

MONIMIA.

The common Cheat of Beggars every Day!
They flock about our Doors, pretend to Gifts
Of Prophesy, and telling Fools their Fortunes.

CHAMONT.

Oh! but she told me such a Tale, *Monimia*,
As in it bore great Circumstance of Truth;
Castalio and *Polydore*, my Sister.

MONIMIA.

Hah!

CHA-

CHAMONT.

What, alter'd! does your Courage fail you!
Now by my Father's Soul the Witch was honeſt;
Anſwer me, if thou haſt not loſt to them
Thy Honour at a ſordid Game.

MONIMIA.

I will,
I muſt, ſo hardly my Misfortune loads me.
That both have offer'd me their Loves, moſt true.——

CHAMONT.

And 'tis as true too, they have both undone thee.

MONIMIA.

Though they both with earneſt Vows
Have preſt my Heart, if e'er in thought I yielded
To any but *Caſtalio*——

CASTALIO.

But *Caſtalio!*

MONIMIA.

Still will you croſs the Line of my Diſcourſe!
Yes, I confeſs that he has won my Soul
By generous Love, and honourable Vows:
Which he this Day appointed to compleat,
And make himſelf by holy Marriage mine.

CHAMONT.

Art thou then ſpotleſs? haſt thou ſtill preſerv'd
Thy Virtue white without a Blot untainted?

MONIMIA.

When I'm unchaſt, may Heav'n reject my Pray'rs!
Or more, to make me wretched, may you know it!

CHAMONT.

Oh then, *Monimia*, art thou dearer to me
Than all the Comforts ever yet bleſt Man.
But let not Marriage bait thee to thy Ruin.
Truſt not a Man; we are by Nature falſe,
Diſſembling, ſubtle, cruel and inconſtant:
When a Man talks of Love, with Caution truſt him;
But if he ſwears, he'll certainly deceive thee:

I charge

I charge thee let no more *Caſtalio* ſooth thee:
Avoid it as thou wouldſt preſerve the Peace
Of a poor Brother, to whoſe Soul th'art precious.

MONIMIA.

I will!

CHAMONT.

Appear as cold, when next you meet, as great Ones,
When Merit begs, then ſhalt thou ſee how ſoon
His Heart will cool, and all his Pains grow eaſy. [*Exit.*

MONIMIA

Yes, I will try him; torture him ſeverely;
For, oh *Caſtalio!* thou too much haſt wrong'd me,
In leaving me to *Polydore*'s ill Uſage.
He comes; and now for once, oh Love ſtand neuter,
Whilſt a hard Part's perform'd! for I muſt tempt,
Wound his ſoft Nature, though my own Heart akes for't. [*Ex.*

Enter CASTALIO.

CASTALIO.

Monimia, Monimia!——She's gone;
And ſeem'd to part with Anger in her Eyes;
I am a Fool; and ſhe has found my Weakneſs;
She uſes me already like a Slave
Faſt bound in Chains, to be chaſtis'd at will:
'Twas not well done to triſle with my Brother:
I might have truſted him with all the Secret,
Open'd my ſilly Heart, and ſhewn it bare.
But then he loves her too; but not like me.
I am a doting honeſt Slave, deſign'd
For Bondage, Marriage-bonds, which I have ſworn
To wear: It is the only thing I e'er
Hid from his Knowledge; and he'll ſure forgive
The firſt Tranſgreſſion of a wretched Friend
Betray'd to Love, and all its little Follies.

Enter

Enter POLYDORE, *and Page at the Door.*

POLYDORE.

Here place yourſelf, and watch my Brother throughly:
If he ſhould chance to meet *Monimia*, make
Juſt Obſervation of each Word and Action;
Paſs not one Circumſtance without Remark:
Sir, 'tis your Office, do't and bring me word. [*Ex.* Pol.

Enter MONIMIA.

CASTALIO.

Monimia, my Angel, 'twas not kind
To leave me like a Turtle here alone,
To droop and mourn the Abſence of my Mate.
When thou art from me every Place is deſert,
And I, methinks, am ſavage and forlorn;
Thy Preſence only 'tis can make me bleſt,
Heal my unquiet Mind, and tune my Soul.

MONIMIA.

Oh the bewitching Tongues of faithleſs Men!
'Tis thus the falſe *Hyæna* makes her Moan,
To draw the pitying Traveller to her Den;
Your Sex are ſo, ſuch falſe Diſſemblers all,
With Sighs and Plaints y'entice poor Women's Hearts,
And all that pity you, are made your Prey.

CASTALIO.

What means my Love? Oh, how have I deſerv'd
This Language from the Sovereign of my Joys!
Stop, ſtop thoſe Tears, *Monimia*, for they fall
Like baneful Dew from a diſtemper'd Sky;
I feel 'em chill me to the very Heart.

MONIMIA.

Oh, you are falſe, *Caſtalio*, moſt forſworn,
Attempt no farther to delude my Faith.
My Heart is fixt, and you ſhall ſhake't no more.

CASTALIO.

Who told you ſo? what Hell-bred Villain durſt

Prophane

Prophane the ſacred Buſineſs of my Love?

MONIMIA.

Your Brother, knowing on what terms I'm here,
Th' unhappy Object of your Father's Charity,
Licentiouſly diſcours'd to me of Love,
And durſt affront me with his brutal Paſſion.

CASTALIO.

'Tis I have been to blame, and only I,
Falſe to my Brother and unjuſt to Thee.
For, oh! he loves thee too, and this Day own'd it,
Taxt me with mine, and claim'd a Right above me.

MONIMIA.

And was your Love ſo very tame to ſhrink,
Or rather than loſe him, abandon me?

CASTALIO.

I, knowing him precipitate and raſh,
To calm his Heat, and to conceal my Happineſs,
Seem'd to comply with his unruly Will;
Talkt as he talkt, and granted all he ask'd;
Leſt he in Rage might have our Loves betray'd,
And I for ever had *Monimia* loſt.

MONIMIA.

Could you then? did you; can you own it too?
'Twas poorly done, unworthy of yourſelf;
And I can never think you meant me fair.

CASTALIO.

Is this *Monimia?* ſurely no! 'till now
I ever thought her Dove-like, ſoft and kind.
Who truſts his Heart with Woman's ſurely loſt:
You were made Fair on purpoſe to undo us,
Whilſt greedily we ſnatch th' alluring Bait,
And ne'er diſtruſt the Poiſon that it hides.

MONIMIA.

When Love ill-plac'd would find a means to break——

CASTALIO.

It never wants Pretences or Excuſe.

MONI-

MONIMIA.

Man therefore was a Lord-like Creature made,
Rough as the Winds, and as inconſtant too:
A lofty Aſpect given him for Command,
Eaſily ſoften'd, when he would betray:
Like conquering Tyrants, you our Breaſts invade,
Where you are pleas'd to forage for a while;
But ſoon you find new Conqueſts out, and leave
The ravag'd Province ruinate and waſte.
If ſo *Caſtalio* you have ſerv'd my Heart,
I find that Deſolation's ſettled there,
And I ſhall ne'er recover Peace again.

CASTALIO.

Who can hear this, and bear an equal Mind!
Since you will drive me from you, I muſt go;
But, oh *Monimia*, when th' haſt baniſht me,
No creeping Slave, though tractable and dull,
As artful Woman for her ends would chuſe,
Shall ever dote as I have done: For oh!
No Tongue my Pleaſure nor my Pain can tell,
'Tis Heav'n to have thee, and without thee Hell.

MONIMIA.

Caſtalio! ſtay! we muſt not part. I find
My Rage ebbs out, and Love flows in apace.
Theſe little Quarrels Love muſt needs forgive,
They rouſe up drowſy Thoughts, and wake my Soul.
Oh! charm me with the Muſic of thy Tongue;
I'm ne'er ſo bleſt as when I hear thy Vows,
And liſten to the Language of thy Heart.

CASTALIO.

Where am I! ſurely Paradiſe is round me!
Sweets planted by the Hand of Heav'n grow here,
And every Senſe is full of thy Perfection.
To hear thee ſpeak might calm a Madman's Frenzy,
'Till by attention he forgot his Sorrows;
But to behold thy Eyes, th' amazing Beauties
Might make him rage again with Love, as I do.

T

To touch thee's Heav'n, but to enjoy thee, oh!
Thou Nature's whole Perfection in one Piece!
Sure framing thee Heav'n took unuſual Care,
As its own Beauty it deſign'd thee Fair;
And form'd thee by the beſt-lov'd Angel there. [*Ex.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter POLYDORE, *and Page.*

POLYDORE.

WERE they ſo kind? Expreſs it to me all
In Words, 'twill make me think I ſaw it too.

PAGE.

At firſt I thought they had been mortal Foes;
Monimia rag'd, *Caſtalio* grew diſturb'd,
Each thought the other wrong'd, yet both ſo haughty,
They ſcorn'd Submiſſion, though Love all the while
The Rebel play'd, and ſcarce could be contain'd.

POLYDORE.

But what ſucceeded?

PAGE.

Oh 'twas wond'rous pretty!
For of a ſudden all the Storm was paſt,
A gentle Calm of Love ſucceeded it;
Monimia ſigh'd and bluſh'd, *Caſtalio* ſwore;
As you, my Lord, I well remember did
To my young Siſter in the Orange Grove,
When I was firſt preferr'd to be your Page.

POLYDORE.

Happy *Caſtalio!* Now, by my great Soul,
M' ambitious Soul, that languiſhes to Glory,
I'll have her yet, by my beſt Hopes I will.
She ſhall be mine in ſpight of all her Arts.

But

But for *Caſtalio* why was I refus'd?
Has he ſupplanted me by ſome foul Play,
Traduc'd my Honour? Death! he durſt not do't.
It muſt be ſo: We parted, and he met her,
Half to Compliance brought by me, ſurpriz'd
Her ſinking Virtue till ſhe yielded quite:
So Poachers baſely pick up tir'd Game,
Whilſt the fair Hunter's cheated of his Prey.
Boy!

PAGE.

My Lord!

POLYDORE.

Go to your Chamber and prepare your Lute;
Find out ſome Song to pleaſe me, that deſcribes
Womens Hypocriſies, their ſubtle Wiles,
Betraying Smiles, feign'd Tears, Inconſtancies,
Their painted Outſides, and corrupted Minds,
The Sum of all their Follies, and their Falſhoods.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Oh the unhappieſt Tidings Tongue e'er told!

POLYDORE.

The Matter!

SERVANT.

Oh! your Father, my good Maſter,
As with his Gueſts he ſat in Mirth rais'd high,
And chas'd the Goblet round the joyful Board,
A ſudden Trembling ſeiz'd on all his Limbs;
His Eyes diſtorted grew; his Viſage pale!
His Speech forſook him; Life itſelf ſeem'd fled,
And all his Friends are waiting now about him.

Enter ACASTO *leaning on two.*

ACASTO.

Support me, give me Air, I'll yet recover;
'Twas but a Slip decaying Nature made,

For she grows weary near her Journey's end.
Where are my Sons? come near, my *Polydore*;
Your Brother! where's *Castalio*?

SERVANT.

My Lord,
I've search'd, as you commanded, all the House,
He and *Monimia* are not to be found.

ACASTO.

Not to be found! then where are all my Friends?
'Tis well,—
I hope they'll pardon an unhappy Fault
My unmannerly Infirmity has made!
Death could not come in a more welcome Hour,
For I'm prepar'd to meet him, and methinks
Would live and die with all my Friends about me.

Enter CASTALIO.

CASTALIO.

Angels preserve my dearest Father's Life,
Bless it with long uninterrupted Days!
Oh! may he live 'till Time itself decay,
'Till good Men wish him dead, or I offend him!

ACASTO.

Thank you, *Castalio*; give me both, your Hands,
And bear me up I'd walk: So, now methinks
I appear as great as *Hercules* himself,—
Supported by the Pillars he had rais'd.

CASTALIO.

My Lord, your Chaplain.

ACASTO.

Let the good Man enter.

CHAPLAIN.

Heav'n guard your Lordship, and restore your Health.

ACASTO.

I have provided for thee, if I die.
No fawning! 'tis a Scandal to thy Office.
My Sons, as thus united, ever live,

And

And for the Eſtate, you'll find when I am dead
I have divided it betwixt you both,
Equally parted, as you ſhar'd my Love;
Only to ſweet *Monimia* I've bequeath'd
Ten thouſand Crowns, a little Portion for her,
To wed her honourably as ſhe's born.
Be not leſs Friends becauſe you're Brothers; ſhun
The Man that's ſingular, his Mind's unſound,
His Spleen o'erweighs his Brains; but above all
Avoid the politic, the factious Fool,
The buſy, buzzing, talking, harden'd Knave,
The quaint ſmooth Rogue, that ſins againſt his Reaſon;
Calls ſaucy loud Suſpicion, public Zeal,
And Mutiny the Dictates of his Spirit:
Be very careful how ye make new Friends.
Men read not Morals now, it was a Cuſtom.
But all are to their Fathers Vices born:
And in their Mothers Ignorance are bred.
Let Marriage be the laſt mad thing ye do,
For all the Sins and Follies of the paſt.
If you have Children, never give them Knowledge,
'Twill ſpoil their Fortune, Fools are all the faſhion.
If you've Religion, keep it to your ſelves.
Atheiſts will elſe make uſe of Toleration,
And laugh ye out on't; never ſhew Religion,
Except ye mean to paſs for Knaves of Conſcience,
And cheat believing Fools that think ye honeſt.

Enter SERINA.

SERINA.

My Father!

ACASTO.

My Heart's Darling!

SERINA.

Let my Knees
Fix to the Earth. Ne'er let my Eyes have reſt,
But wake and weep 'till Heav'n reſtore my Father!

ACAST

ACASTO.

Riſe to my Arms, and thy kind Prayers are anſwer'd,
For thou'rt a wond'rous Extract of all Goodneſs,
Born for my Joy, and no Pain's felt when near thee.
Chamont!

Enter CHAMONT.

CHAMONT.

My Lord, may't prove not an unlucky Omen:
Many I ſee are waiting round about you,
And I am come to ask a Bleſſing too.

ACASTO

May'ſt thou be happy!

CHAMONT.

Where?

ACASTO.

In all thy Wiſhes!

CHAMONT.

Confirm me ſo, and make this Fair One mine.
I am unpractis'd in the Trade of Courtſhip,
And know not how to deal Love out with Art;
Onſets in Love ſeem beſt like thoſe in War,
Fierce, reſolute, and done with all the Force;
So I would open my whole Heart at once,
And pour out the abundance of my Soul.

ACASTO.

What ſays *Serina*? can'ſt thou love a Soldier?
One born to Honour, and to Honour bred;
One that has learn'd to treat ev'n Foes with Kindneſs;
To wrong no good Man's Fame, nor praiſe himſelf.

SERINA.

Oh! name not Love, for that's ally'd to Joy,
And Joy muſt be a Stranger to my Heart,
When you're in Danger. May *Chamont*'s good Fortue
Render him lovely to ſome happier Maid!
Whilſt I at friendly diſtance ſee him bleſt,
Praiſe the kind Gods, and wonder at his Virtues.

ACASTO.

ACASTO.

Chamont, purſue her, conquer and poſſeſs her,
And, as my Son, a third of all my Fortune
Shall be thy Lot.
But keep thy Eyes from wandering, Man of Frailty.
Beware the dangerous Beauty of the Wanton,
Shun their Enticements; Ruin like a Vulture
Waits on their Conqueſts: Falſhood too's their Buſineſs,
They put falſe Beauty off to all the World;
Uſe falſe Endearments to the Fools that love 'em,
And when they marry, to their ſilly Husbands
They bring falſe Virtue, broken Fame and Fortune.

MONIMIA.

Hear you that, my Lord?

POLYDORE.

Yes, my fair Monitor, old Men always talk thus.

ACASTO.

Chamont, you told me of ſome Doubts that preſt you
Are you yet ſatisfied that I'm your Friend!

CHAMONT.

My Lord, I would not loſe that Satisfaction
For any Bleſſing I could ever wiſh for.
As to my Fears, already I have loſt 'em;
They ne'er ſhall vex me more, or trouble you.

ACASTO.

I thank you. Daughter, you muſt do ſo too.
My Friends, 'tis late,
For my Diſorder ſeems all paſt and over,
And I methinks begin to feel new Health.

CASTALIO.

Would you but reſt, it might reſtore you quite.

ACASTO.

Yes, I'll to Bed; old Men muſt humour Weakneſs.
Let me have Muſic then to lull and chaſe
This melancholy Thought of Death away.
Good-night! my Friends, Heav'n guard ye all! Good-nig
To-morrow early we'll ſalute the Day,

Find out new Pleaſures, and redeem loſt Time.

[*Exeunt all but* Chamont *and* Chaplain.

CHAMONT.

Hiſt, hiſt, Sir *Gravity*, a Word with you.

CHAPLAIN.

With me, Sir!

CHAMONT.

If you're at leiſure, Sir; we'll waſte an Hour.
'Tis yet too ſoon to ſleep, and 'twill be Charity
To lend your Converſation to a Stranger.

CHAPLAIN

Sir, you're a Soldier?

CHAMONT.

Yes.

CHAPLAIN.

I love a Soldier,
And had been one myſelf, but that my Parents
Would make me what you ſee me; yet I'm honeſt
For all that I wear Black.

CHAMONT.

And that's a Wonder.
Have you had long Dependance on this Family?

CHAPLAIN.

I have not thought it ſo, becauſe my Time's
Spent pleaſantly. My Lord's not haughty nor imperious,
Nor I gravely whimſical; he has Good-nature,
And I have Manners:
His Sons too are civil to me, becauſe
I do not pretend to be wiſer than they are;
I meddle with no Man's Buſineſs but my own;
I riſe in a Morning early, ſtudy moderately,
Eat and drink chearfully, live ſoberly,
Take my innocent Pleaſures freely,
So meet with Reſpect, and am not the Jeſt of the Family.

CHAMONT.

I'm glad you are ſo happy.
A pleaſant Fellow this, and may be uſeful.

Knew

Knew your my Father, the old *Chamont?*

CHAPLAIN.

I did, and was moſt ſorry when we loſt him.

CHAMONT.

Why? didſt thou love him?

CHAPLAIN.

Every body lov'd him; beſides he was my Maſter's Friend.

CHAMONT.

I could embrace thee for that very Notion.
If thou didſt love my Father, I could think
Thou wouldſt not be an Enemy to me.

CHAPLAIN.

I can be no Man's Foe.

CHAMONT.

Then pr'ythee tell me;
Think'ſt thou the Lord *Caſtalio* loves my Siſter?
Nay, never ſtart. Come, come, I know thy Office
Opens thee all the Secrets of the Family.
Then if thou'rt honeſt, uſe this Freedom kindly.

CHAPLAIN.

Love your Siſter!

CHAMONT.

Ay, Love her.

CHAPLAIN.

Sir, I never ask'd him,
And wonder you ſhould ask it me.

CHAMONT.

Nay, but thou'rt an Hypocrite; is there not one
Of all thy Tribe that's honeſt in your Schools?
The Pride of your Superiors makes ye Slaves:
Ye all live loathſom ſneaking ſervile Lives;
Not free enough to practiſe generous Truth,
Though ye pretend to teach it to the World.

CHAPLAIN.

I would deſerve a better Thought from you.

CHAMONT.

If thou wouldſt have me not contemn thy Office

And

And Character, think all thy Brethren Knaves,
Thy Trade a Cheat, and thou its worſt Profeſſor;
Inform me; for I tell thee, Prieſt, I'll know.

CHAPLAIN.

Either he loves her, or he much has wrong'd her.

CHAMONT.

How, wrong'd her? have a care: For this may lay,
A Scene of Miſchief to undo us all.
But tell me, wrong'd her, ſaidſt thou?

CHAPLAIN.

Ay, Sir, wrong'd her.

CHAMONT.

This is a Secret worth a Monarch's Fortune;
What ſhall I give thee for't! thou dear Phyſician
Of ſickly Souls unfold this Riddle to me,
And comfort mine——

CHAPLAIN.

I would hide nothing from you willingly.

CHAMONT.

Nay, then again thou'rt honeſt. Wouldſt thou tell me?

CHAPLAIN.

Yes, if I durſt.

CHAMONT.

Why, what affrights thee?

CHAPLAIN.

You do,
Who are not to be truſted with the Secret.

CHAMONT.

Why, I am no Fool.

CHAPLAIN.

So indeed you ſay.

CHAMONT.

Pr'ythee, be ſerious then.

CHAPLAIN.

You ſee I am ſo,
And hardly ſhall be mad enough to-night.
To truſt you with my Ruin.

CHAMONT.

Art thou then
So far concern'd in't? What has been thy Office?
Curſe on that formal ſteady Villain's Face!
Juſt ſo do all Bawds look; nay, Bawds, they ſay,
Can pray upon occaſion, talk of Heav'n,
Turn up their gogling Eye-balls, rail at Vice,
Diſſemble, lye, and preach like any Prieſt.
Art thou a Bawd?

CHAPLAIN.

Sir, I'm not often us'd thus.

CHAMONT.

Be juſt then.

CHAPLAIN.

So I ſhall be to the Truſt
That's laid upon me.

CHAMONT.

By the reverenc'd Soul
Of that great honeſt Man that gave me Being,
Tell me but what thou know'ſt concerns my Honour,
And if I e'er reveal it to thy wrong,
May this good Sword ne'er do me right in Battel!
May I ne'er know that bleſſed Peace of Mind,
That dwells in good and pious Men, like thee!

CHAPLAIN.

I ſee your Temper's mov'd, and I will truſt you.

CHAMONT.

Wilt thou?

CHAPLAIN.

I will; but if it ever 'ſcape you——

CHAMONT.

It never ſhall.

CHAPLAIN.

Swear then.

CHAMONT.

I do by all
That's dear to me, by th' Honour of my Name,

And

And that dread Power I ſerve, it never ſhall.

CHAPLAIN.

Then this good Day, when all the Houſe was buſy,
When Mirth and kind Rejoicing fill'd each Room,
As I was walking in the Grove I met them.

CHAMONT.

What, met them in the Grove together? tell me.
How, walking, ſtanding, ſitting, lying, hah!

CHAPLAIN

I by their own Appointment met them there,
Receiv'd their Marriage Vows, and join'd their Hands.

CHAMONT.

How! marry'd!

CHAPLAIN

Yes, Sir.

CHAMONT.

Then my Soul's at Peace:
But why would you delay ſo long to give it?
~~CHAMONT.~~ *Chaplain.*
Not knowing what Reception it may find
With old *Acaſto*; may be I was too cautious
To truſt the Secret from me.

CHAMONT.

What's the Cauſe
I cannot gueſs, tho' 'tis my Siſter's Honour,
I do not like this Marriage
Huddled i'th'dark, and done at too much venture:
The Buſineſs looks with an unlucky Face.
Keep ſtill the Secret for it ne'er ſhall 'ſcape me,
Not even to them, the new-match'd Pair. Farewel.
Believe my Truth, and know me for thy Friend. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CASTALIO *and* MONIMIA.

CASTALIO.

Young *Chamont*, and the Chaplain! ſure 'tis they!
No matter what's contriv'd, or who conſulted,
Since my *Monimia*'s mine; tho' this ſad Look

Seems no good boading Omen to her Bliſs,
Elſe, pr'ythee, tell me why that Look caſt down?
Why that ſad Sigh as if thy Heart were breaking?

MONIMIA.

Caſtalio, I am thinking what we've done.
The Heav'nly Powers were ſure diſpleas'd to-day?
For at the Ceremony as we ſtood,
And as your Hand was kindly join'd with mine,
As the good Prieſt pronounc'd the Sacred Words,
Paſſion grew big, and I could not forbear,
Tears drown'd my Eyes, and Trembling ſeiz'd my Soul.
What ſhould that mean?

CASTALIO.

Oh thou art tender all!
Gentle and kind as ſympathizing Nature!
When a ſad Story has been told, I've ſeen
Thy little Breaſts with ſoft Compaſſion ſwell'd,
Shove up and down, and heave like dying Birds;
But now let Fear be baniſh'd, think no more
Of Danger, for there's Safety in my Arms;
Let them receive thee: Heav'n grows jealous now;
Sure ſhe's too good for any mortal Creature!
I could grow wild, and praiſe thee ev'n to madneſs.
But wherefore do I dally with my Bliſs?
The Night's far ſpent, and Day draws on apace;
To Bed my Love, and wake till I come thither.

POLYDORE.

So hot, my Brother? [Polidore *at the Door.*

MONIMIA.

'Twill be impoſſible:
You know your Father's Chamber's next to mine,
And the leaſt Noiſe will certainly alarm him.

CASTALIO.

Impoſſible? impoſſible? alas!
Is't poſſible to live one Hour without thee?
Let me behold thoſe Eyes; they'll tell me truth.
Haſt thou no Longing? Art thou ſtill the ſame

Cold,

Cold icy Virgin? No; th'art alter'd quite.
Haſte, haſte to Bed, and let looſe all thy Wiſhes.

MONIMIA.

'Tis but one Night, my Lord; I pray be rul'd.

CASTALIO.

Try if th'aſt Power to ſtop a flowing Tide,
Or in a Tempeſt make the Seas be calm;
And when that's done I'll conquer my Deſires.
No more, my Bleſſing. What ſhall be the Sign!
When ſhall I come? For to my Joys I'll ſteal
As if I ne'er had paid my Freedom for them.

MONIMIA.

Juſt three ſoft Strokes upon the Chamber-Door;
And at that Signal you ſhall gain Admittance:
But ſpeak not the leaſt Word; for if you ſhould,
'Tis ſurely heard, and all will be betray'd.

CASTALIO.

Oh! doubt it not, *Monimia*; our Joys
Shall be as ſilent as th'ecſtatic Bliſs
Of Souls that by Intelligence converſe:
Immortal Pleaſures ſhall our Senſes drown,
Thought ſhall be loſt, and ev'ry Pow'r diſſolv'd:
Away, my Love; firſt take this Kiſs. Now haſte.
I long for that to come, yet grudge each Minute paſt.

[*Exit* Mon.

My Brother wandring too ſo late this way!

POLYDORE.

Caſtalio!

CASTALIO.

My *Polydore*, how doſt thou?
How does our Father; is he well recover'd?

POLYDORE.

I left him happily repos'd to Reſt;
He's ſtill as gay as if his Life were young.
But how does fair *Monimia?*

CASTALIO.

Doubtleſs well.

A cruel Beauty with her Conqueſt pleas'd
Is always joyful, and her Mind in health.

POLYDORE.

Is ſhe the ſame *Monimia* ſtill ſhe was
May we not hope ſhe's made of mortal Mould?

CASTALIO.

She is not Woman elſe:
Tho' I'm grown weary of this tedious Hopeing;
We've in a barren Deſert ſtray'd too long.

POLYDORE.

Yet may Relief be unexpected found,
And Love's ſweet Manna cover all the Field.
Met ye To-day?

CASTALIO.

No, ſhe has ſtill avoided me.
Her Brother too is jealous of her grown,
And has been hinting ſomething to my Father.
I wiſh I'd never meddled with the matter.
And would enjoin thee, *Polydore*——

POLYDORE.

To what?

CASTALIO.

To leave this peeviſh Beauty to her ſelf.

POLYDORE.

What, quit my Love? as ſoon I'd quit my Poſt
In fight, and like a Coward run away.
No, by my Stars, I'll chaſe her 'till ſhe yields
To me, or meets her Reſcue in another.

CASTALIO.

Nay, ſhe has Beauty that might ſhake the Leagues
Of mighty Kings, aud ſet the World at odds:
But I have wond'rous Reaſons on my ſide,
That would perſuade thee, were they known.

POLYDORE.

Then ſpeak 'em.
What are they? Came ye to her Window here
To learn 'em now? *Caſtalio*, have a care;

Uſe honeſt Dealing with your Friend and Brother.
Believe me, I'm not with my Love ſo blinded,
But can diſcern your Purpoſe to abuſe me.
Quit your Pretences to her.

CASTALIO.

Grant I do;
You love Capitulations, *Polydore*,
And but upon Conditions would oblige me.

POLYDORE.

You ſay, you've Reaſons. Why are they conceal'd?

CASTALIO.

To-morrow I may tell you.
It is a matter of ſuch Circumſtance,
As I muſt well conſult ere I reveal:
But, pr'ythee, ceaſe to think I would abuſe thee,
Till more be known.

POLYDORE.

When you, *Caſtalio*, ceaſe
To meet *Monimia* unknown to me,
And then deny it flaviſhly, I'll ceaſe
To think *Caſtalio* faithleſs to his Friend.
Did I not ſee you part this very Moment?

CASTALIO.

It ſeems you've watch'd me then?

POLYDORE.

I ſcorn the Office.

CASTALIO.

Pr'ythee, avoid a thing thou may'ſt repent.

POLYDORE.

That is, henceforward making Leagues with you.

CASTALIO.

Nay, if y'are angry, *Polydore*, good Night. [*Exit.*

POLYDORE.

Good-Night, *Caſtalio*, if y'are in ſuch haſte.
He little thinks I've overheard th'Appointment:
But to his Chamber's gone to wait a while,
Then come and take Poſſeſſion of my Love.

This is the utmoſt Point of all my Hopes,
Or now ſhe muſt or never can be mine.
Oh! for a means now how to Counterplot,
And diſappoint this happy elder Brother.
In every thing we do, or undertake,
He ſoars above me, mount what height I can,
And keeps the ſtart he got of me in Birth.
Cordelio!

Enter PAGE.

PAGE.

My Lord!

POLYDORE.

Come hither, Boy.
Thou haſt a pretty forward lying Face,
And may'ſt in time expect Preferment; canſt thou
Pretend to Secreſy, cajole and flatter
Thy Maſter's Follies, and aſſiſt his Pleaſures?

PAGE.

My Lord, I could do any thing for you,
And ever be a very faithful Boy.
Command, what e'er's your Pleaſure I'll obſerve.
Be it to run, or watch; or to convey
A Letter to a beauteous Lady's Boſom;
At leaſt I am not dull, and ſoon ſhould learn.

POLYDORE.

'Tis pity then thou ſhouldſt not be employ'd.
Go to my Brother, he's in's Chamber now
Undreſſing, and preparing for his Reſt;
Find out ſome means to keep him up a while:
Tell him a pretty Story that may pleaſe
His Ear: Invent a Tale, no matter what:
If he ſhould ask of me, tell him I'm gone
To Bed, and ſent you there to know his Pleaſure
Whether he'll Hunt To-morrow. Well ſaid *Polydore*;
Diſſemble with thy Brother: That's one Point.
But do not leave him 'till he's in his Bed;
Or if he chance to walk again this way,

Follow

Follow and do not quit him, but ſeem fond
To do him little Offices of Service.
Perhaps at laſt it may offend him; then
Retire, and wait 'till I come in. Away:
Succeed in this and be employ'd again.

PAGE.

Doubt not, my Lord; he has been always kind
To me; would often ſet me on his Knee;
Then give me Sweetmeats, call me pretty Boy,
And ask me what the Maids talk'd of at Nights.

POLYDORE.

Run quickly then, and proſperous be thy Wiſhes.

[*Exit Page.*

Here I'm alone and fit for Miſchief; now
To cheat this Brother, will't be honeſt, that
I heard the Sign ſhe order'd him to give.
Oh for the Art of *Proteus*, but to change
The happy *Polydore* to bleſt *Caſtalio!*
She's not ſo well acquainted with him yet,
But I may fit her Arms as well as he.
Then when I'm happily poſſeſt of more
Than Senſe can think, all looſen'd into Joy,
To hear my diſappointed Brother come,
And give the unregarded Signal; Oh!
What a malicious Pleaſure will that be!
Juſt three ſoft Strokes upon the Chamber-Door:
But ſpeak not the leaſt Word; for if you ſhould,
'Tis ſurely heard, and we are both betray'd.
How I adore a Miſtreſs that contrives
With care to lay the buſineſs of her Joys!
One that has Wit to charm the very Soul,
And give a double Reliſh to Delight!
Bleſt Heav'ns aſſiſt me but in this dear Hour,
And my kind Stars be but propitious now,
Diſpoſe of me hereafter as you pleaſe.
Monimia! Monimia! [*Gives the Sign.*

[*Maid at the Window.*] Who's there?

POLYDORE.

'Tis I.

MAID.

My Lord *Caſtalio?*

POLYDORE.

The ſame.

How does my Love, my Dear *Monimia?*

MAID.

Oh!

She wonders much at your unkind delay;
You've ſtaid ſo long that at each little Noiſe
The Wind but makes, ſhe asks if you are coming.

POLYDORE.

Tell her I'm here, and let the Door be open'd.

[*Maid deſcends.*

Now boaſt, *Caſtalio*, triumph now and tell
Thyſelf ſtrange Stories of a promis'd Bliſs.

[*The Door unbolts.*

It opens, hah! what means my trembling Fleſh!
Limbs, do your Office and ſupport me well,
Bear me to her, then fail me if you can. [*Exit.*

Enter CASTALIO *and* PAGE.

PAGE.

Indeed, my Lord, 'twill be a lovely Morning.
Pray let us hunt.

CASTALIO.

Go, you're an idle Pratler,
I'll ſtay at Home To-morrow; if your Lord
Thinks fit, he may command my Hounds: Go leave me,
I muſt to Bed.

PAGE.

I'll wait upon your Lordſhip,
If you think fit, and ſing you to Repoſe.

CAST-

CASTALIO.

No, my kind Boy, the Night is too far waited,
My Senses too are quite diverted of Thought,
And ready all with me to go to rest.
Good-night: commend me to my Brother.

PAGE.

Oh!
You never heard the last new Song I learn'd;
It is the sweet, prettiest Song indeed,
Of my Lord and my Lady you know who,
That were caught together, you know where.
My Lord, indeed it is.

CASTALIO.

You must be whipt, Youngster, if you get such
Songs as these are.
What means this Boy's Impertinence To-night?

PAGE.

Why, what must I sing, pray, my dear Lord?

CASTALIO.

Psalms, Child, Psalms.

PAGE.

Oh dear me! Boys that go to School learn Psalms,
But Pages that are better bred sing Lampoons.

CASTALIO.

Well, leave me; I am weary.

PAGE.

Oh! but you promis'd me last time I told you what Colour my Lady *Monimia*'s Stockings were of, and that She garter'd them above Knee, that you would give me a little Horse to go a hunting upon, so you did, I'll tell you no more Stories, except you keep your Word with me.

CASTALIO.

Well go, you Trifler, and To-morrow ask me.

PAGE.

Indeed, my Lord, I can't abide to leave you.

CASTALIO.

Why, wert thou instructed to attend me?

PAGE

PAGE.

No, no, indeed, indeed, my Lord, I was not;
But I know what I know.

CASTALIO.

What doſt thou know! Death! what can all this mean?

PAGE.

Oh! I know who loves ſome-body.

CASTALIO.

What's that to me, Boy?

PAGE.

Nay, and I know who loves you too.

CASTALIO.

That's a wonder, pr'ythee tell it me.

PAGE.

'Tis——'tis——I know who——
But will you give me the Horſe then?

CASTALIO.

I will, my Child.

PAGE.

It is my Lady *Monimia*, look you, but don't you tell her I told you, She'll give me no more Play-things then. I heard her ſay ſo as ſhe lay a-bed, Man.

CASTALIO.

Talk'd ſhe of me when in her Bed, *Cordelio?*

PAGE.

Yes, and I ſung her the Song you made too.
And ſhe did ſo ſigh, and ſo look with her Eyes;
And her Breaſts did ſo lift up and down; I could have found in my Heart to have beat 'em, for they made me aſham'd.

CASTALIO.

Hark, What's that Noiſe?
Take this, be gone, and leave me.
You Knave, you little Flatterer, get you gone. [*Exit Page.*
Surely it was a Noiſe. Hiſt——only Fancy.
For all is huſh'd, as Nature were retir'd,
And the perpetual Motion ſtanding ſtill:
So much ſhe from her Work appears to ceaſe,

And

And every waiting Element's at peace;
All the wild Herds are in their Covents [illegible];
The Fishes to their Banks or Cave [illegible],
And to the Mormons of the Waters sleep;
The feeling Air's at rest and finds no Noise,
Except of some soft Breaths among the Trees,
Rocking the harmless Birds that rest upon 'em.
'Tis now that guided by my Love I go,
To take Possession of *Monimia's* Arms.
Sure *Polydore's* by this time gone to Bed.
At Midnight thus the Usurer steals untrack'd,
To make a Visit to his hoarded Gold,
And feasts his Eyes upon the shining Mammon: [*Knocks.*
She hears me not, sure she already sleeps.
Her Wishes could not brook so long Delay,
And her poor Heart has beat itself to rest. [*Knocks again.*
Monimia! my Angel—hah—not yet——
How long's the softest Moment of delay
To a Heart impatient of its Pangs like mine,
In sight of Ease, and panting to the Goal? [*Knocks again.*
Once more——

MAID.

Who's there,
That comes thus rudely to disturb our Rest?

CASTALIO.

'Tis I.

MAID.

Who are you, what's your Name?

CASTALIO.

Suppose
The Lord *Castalio.*

MAID.

I know you not.
The Lord *Castalio* has no Business here.

CASTALIO.

Hah! have a care; what can this mean?
Who e'er thou art, I charge thee to *Monimia* fly;

Tell

Tell her I'm here, and wait upon my Doom.

MAID.

Who e'er ye are, ye may repent this Outrage,
My Lady muſt not be diſturb'd. Good-night!

CASTALIO.

She muſt, tell her ſhe ſhall; go, I'm in haſte,
And bring her Tidings from the State of Love;
They're all in Conſultation met together,
How to reward my Truth, and crown her Vows.

MAID.

Sure the Man's mad.

CASTALIO.

Or this will make me ſo:
Obey me, or by all the Wrongs I ſuffer,
I'll ſcale the Window, and come in by force,
Let the ſad Conſequence be what it will;
This Creature's trifling Folly makes me mad.

MAID.

My Lady's Anſwer is, you may depart,
She ſays ſhe knows you: You are *Polydore*,
Sent by *Caſtalio*, as you were To-day,
T'affront and do her Violence again.

CASTALIO.

I'll not believe't.

MAID.

You may, Sir.

CASTALIO.

Curſes blaſt thee!

MAID.

Well, 'tis a fine cool Evening, and I hope
May cure the raging Fever in your Blood.
Good-night.

CASTALIO.

And farewel all that's juſt in Woman!
This is contriv'd, a ſtudied Trick to abuſe
My eaſy Nature, and torment my Mind;
Sure now ſhe'as bound me faſt, and means to lord it,

To

To rein me hard, and ride me at her Will,
Till by degrees ſhe ſhape me into Fool
For all her future Uſes. Death and Torment!
'Tis impudence to think my Soul will bear it.
Oh I could grow ev'n wild, and tear my Hair:
'Tis well, *Monimia*, that thy Empire's ſhort;
Let but To-morrow, but To-morrow come,
And try if all thy Arts appeaſe my wrong;
Till when be this deteſted Place my Bed, [*Lies down.*
Where I will ruminate on Woman's Ills,
Laugh at myſelf, and curſe th' inconſtant Sex,
Faithleſs *Monimia!* Oh *Monimia!*

Enter ERNESTO.

ERNESTO.

Either
My Senſe has been deluded, or this way,
I heard the ſound of Sorrow; 'tis late Night,
And none, whoſe Mind's at Peace, would wander now.

CASTALIO.

Who's there?

ERNESTO.

A Friend.

CASTALIO.

If thou art ſo, retire,
And leave this Place, for I would be alone.

ERNESTO.

Caſtalio! My Lord, why in this Poſture,
Stretch'd on the Ground? Your honeſt true old Servant,
Your poor *Erneſto* cannot ſee you thus;
Riſe, I beſeech you.

CASTALIO.

If thou art *Erneſto*,
As by thy Honeſty thou ſeem'ſt to be,
Once leave me to my Folly.

ERNESTO.

I can't leave you,

And

And not the reaſon know of your Diſorders.
Remember how when young I in my Arms
Have often borne you, pleas'd you in your Pleaſures,
And ſought an early ſhare in your Affection.
Do not diſcard me now, but let me ſerve you.

CASTALIO.

Thou canſt not ſerve me.

ERNESTO.

Why?

CASTALIO.

Becauſe my Thoughts
Are full of Woman; thou, poor Wretch, art paſt 'em.

ERNESTO.

I hate the Sex.

CASTALIO.

Then I'm thy Friend, *Erneſto.* [*Riſes.*
I'd leave the World for him that hates a Woman.
Woman the Fountain of all human Frailty!
What mighty Ills have not been done by Woman?
Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A Woman.
Who loſt *Mark Antony* the World? A Woman.
Who was the Cauſe of a long ten years War,
And laid at laſt Old *Troy* in Aſhes? Woman.
Deſtructive, damnable, deceitful Woman.
Woman to Man firſt as a Bleſſing giv'n,
When Innocence and Love were in their prime,
Happy a while in Paradiſe they lay.
But quickly Woman long'd to go aſtray;
Some fooliſh new Adventure needs muſt prove,
And the firſt Devil ſhe ſaw, ſhe chang'd her Love;
To his Temptations lewdly ſhe inclin'd
Her Soul, and for an Apple damn'd Mankind. [*Exe.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

ACASTO *ſolus.*

ACASTO.

BLeſt be the Morning that has brought me Health;
A happy Reſt has ſoften'd Pain away,
And I'll forget it, though my Mind's not well.
A heavy Melancholy clogs my Heart,
I droop and ſigh, I know not why. Dark Dreams,
Sick Fancy's Children, have been over-buſy,
And all the Night play'd Farces in my Brains;
Methought I heard the Mid-night Raven cry,
Wak'd with th' imagin'd Noiſe, my Curtains ſeem'd
To ſtart, and at my Feet my Sons appear'd
Like Ghoſts, all pale and ſtiff: I ſtrove to ſpeak,
But could not: ſuddenly the Forms were loſt,
And ſeem'd to vaniſh in a bloody Cloud;
'Twas odd, and for the preſent ſhook my Thoughts,
But was th'effect of my diſtemper'd Blood;
And when the Health's diſturb'd, the Mind's unruly.

Enter POLYDORE.

Good Morning, *Polydore.*

POLYDORE.

Heav'n keep your Lordſhip.

ACASTO.

Have you yet ſeen *Caſtalio* To-day?

POLYDORE.

My Lord, 'tis early Day; he's hardly riſen.

ACASTO.

Go, call him up, and meet me in the Chapel.

[*Exit* Polydore.

I cannot think all has gone well To-night;
For as I waking lay (and ſure my Senſe

Was

Was then my own) methought I heard my Son
Caſtalio's Voice; but it ſeem'd low and mournful,
Under my Window too I thought I heard it;
M'untoward Fancy could not be deceiv'd
In every thing; and I will ſearch the Truth out.

Enter MONIMIA, *and her* MAID.

Already up, *Monimia!* you roſe
Thus early ſurely to out-ſhine the Day!
Or was there any thing that croſt your Reſt?
They were naughty Thoughts that would not let you ſlee

MONIMIA.

Whatever are my Thoughts, my Lord, I've learnt
By your Example to correct their Ills,
And Morn, and Evening, give up the Account.

ACASTO.

Your Pardon Sweet-one, I upbraid you not;
Or if I would, you are ſo good I could not.
Though I'm deceiv'd, or you're more fair To-day;
For Beauty's heighten'd in your Cheeks, and all
Your Charms ſeem up, and ready in your Eyes.

MONIMIA.

The little ſhare I have's ſo very mean,
That it may eaſily admit Addition;
Though you, my Lord, ſhould moſt of all beware
To give it too much praiſe, and make me proud.

ACASTO.

Proud of an old Man's Praiſes! No, *Monimia!*
But if my Prayers can work thee any good,
Thou ſhalt not want the largeſt ſhare of 'em:
Heard you no Noiſe To-night?

MONIMIA.

Noiſe! my good Lord!

ACASTO.

Ay! about Midnight.

MONIMIA.

Indeed, my Lord, I don't remember any.

ACA

ACASTO.

You muſt ſure! went you early to your Reſt?

MONIMIA.

About the wonted Hour. Why this Enquiry? [*Aſide.*

ACASTO.

And went your Maid to Bed too?

MONIMIA.

My Lord, I gueſs ſo;
I've ſeldom known her diſobey my Orders.

ACASTO.

Sure Goblins then or Fairies haunt the Dwelling;
I'll have Enquiry made through all the Houſe,
But I'll find out the Cauſe of theſe Diſorders.
Good-day to thee, *Monimia*—I'll to Chapel. [*Ex.* Acaſ.

MONIMIA.

I'll but diſpatch ſome Orders to my Woman,
And wait upon your Lordſhip there.
I fear the Prieſt has play'd us falſe; if ſo,
My poor *Caſtalio* loſes all for me;
I wonder though he made ſuch haſte to leave me;
Was't not unkind, *Florella!* ſurely 'twas!
He ſcarce afforded one kind parting Word,
But went away ſo cold: The Kiſs he gave me
Seem'd the forc'd Compliment of fated Love.
Would I had never marry'd!

MAID.

Why?

MONIMIA.

Methinks
The Scene's quite alter'd; I am not the ſame;
I've bound up for myſelf a weight of Cares,
And how the Burden will be borne none knows.
A Huſband may be jealous, rigid, falſe;
And ſhould *Caſtalio* e'er prove ſo to me;
So tender is my Heart, ſo nice my Love,
'Twould ruin and diſtract my Reſt for ever.

MAID.

MAID.

Madam, he's coming.

MONIMIA.

Where, *Florella?* where?
Is he returning? To my Chamber lead;
I'll meet him there; The Myſteries of our Love
Should be kept private as Religious Rites,
From the unhallow'd View of common Eyes.

[*Exeunt* Mon. *and* Maid.

Enter CASTALIO.

CASTALIO.

Wiſh'd Morning's come! And now upon the Plains
And diſtant Mountains, where they feed their Flocks,
The happy Shepherd's leave their homely Huts,
And with their Pipes proclaim the new-born Day.
The luſty Swain comes with his well fill'd Scrip
Of healthful Viands, which when Hunger calls,
With much Content and Appetite he eats,
To follow in the Fields his daily Toil,
And dreſs the grateful Glebe, that yields him Fruits.
The Beaſts that under the warm Hedges ſlept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak Night, are up,
And looking towards the Neighb'ring Paſtures, raiſe
Their Voice, and bid their fellow brutes Good-morrow;
The chearful Birds too, on the tops of Trees,
Aſſemble all in Quires, and with their Notes
Salute and welcome up the riſing Sun.
There's no Condition ſure ſo curs'd as mine;
I'm marry'd! 'Sdeath! I'm ſped. How like a Dog
Look'd *Hercules*, thus to a Diſtaff chain'd?
Monimia! oh *Monimia!*

Enter MONIMIA, *and* MAID.

MONIMIA.

I come,
I fly to my ador'd *Caſtalio*'s Arms,
My Wiſhes Lord. May every Morn begin

Like

Like this; and with our Days our Loves renew.
Now I may hope you are ſatisfy'd———
[*Looking languiſhingly on him.*

CASTALIO.

I am
Well ſatisfy'd, that thou art———Oh———

MONIMIA.

What? ſpeak:
Art thou not well, *Caſtalio?* Come, lean
Upon my Breaſt, and tell me where's thy Pain.

CASTALIO.

'Tis here! 'tis in my Head; 'tis in my Heart,
'Tis every where; it rages like a Madneſs;
And I moſt wonder how my Reaſon holds;
Nay, wonder not, *Monimia:* the Slave
You thought you had ſecur'd within my Breaſt,
Is grown a Rebel, and has broke his Chain,
And now he walks there like a Lord at large.

MONIMIA.

Am I not then your Wife, your lov'd *Monimia?*
I once was ſo, or I've moſt ſtrangely dream't.
What ails my Love?

CASTALIO.

What e'er thy Dreams have been,
Thy waking Thoughts ne'er meant *Caſtalio* well.
No more, *Monimia*, of your Sexes Arts,
They are uſeleſs all: I'm not that pliant Tool,
That neceſſary Utenſil you'd make me,
I know my Charter better——I am Man,
Obſtinate Man; and will not be enſlav'd.

MONIMIA.

You ſhall nor fear't: Indeed my Nature's eaſy,
I'll ever live your moſt obedient Wife,
Nor ever any Privilege pretend
Beyond your Will; for that ſhall be my Law;
Indeed I will not.

CASTALIO.

Nay, you ſhall not, Madam;
By yon bright Heav'n, you ſhall not; all the Day
I'll play the Tyrant, and at Night forſake thee;
Till by Afflictions and continued Cares,
I've worn thee to a homely houſhold Drudge:
Nay, if I've any too, thou ſhalt be made
Subſervient to all my looſer Pleaſures,
For thou haſt wrong'd *Caſtalio.*

MONIMIA.

No more:
Oh kill me here, or tell me my Offence,
I'll never quit you elſe; but on theſe Knees,
Thus follow you all Day, 'till th'are worn bare,
And hang upon you like a drowning Creature.
Caſtalio——

CASTALIO.

Away; laſt Night, laſt Night.

MONIMIA.

It was our Wedding-night.

CASTALIO.

No more, forget it.

MONIMIA.

Why? Do you then repent?

CASTALIO.

I do.

MONIMIA.

Oh Heav'n!
And will you leave me thus? help, help, *Florella.*
[*He drags her to the Door, and breaks from her.*
Help me to hold this yet lov'd cruel Man.
Oh my Heart breaks——I'm dying, Oh——ſtand off;
I'll not indulge this Woman's Weakneſs; ſtill
Chaft, and fomented, let my Heart ſwell on,
Till with its Injuries it burſt, and ſhake
With the dire Blow this Priſon to the Earth.

MAID.

MAID.

What ſad Miſtake has been the Cauſe of this?

MONIMIA.

Caſtalio: Oh! how often has he ſwore,
Nature ſhould change, the Sun and Stars grow dark,
Ere he would falſify his Vows to me.
Make haſte, Confuſion, then: Sun loſe thy light,
And Stars drop dead with Sorrow to the Earth;
For my *Caſtalio*'s falſe.

MAID.

Unhappy Day!

MONIMIA.

Falſe as the Wind, the Water, or the Weather;
Cruel as Tygers o'er their trembling Prey.
I feel him in my Breaſt, he tears my Heart,
And at each Sigh he drinks the guſhing Blood;
Muſt I be long in pain?

Enter CHAMONT.

CHAMONT.

In Tears, *Monimia!*

MONIMIA.

Who e'er thou art,
Leave me alone to my belov'd Deſpair.

CHAMONT.

Lift up thy Eyes, and ſee who comes to cheer thee.
Tell me the Story of thy Wrongs, and then
See if my Soul has Reſt till thou haſt Juſtice.

MONIMIA.

My Brother!

CHAMONT.

Yes, *Monimia*, if thou think'ſt
That I deſerve the Name, I am thy Brother.

MONIMIA.

Oh *Caſtalio!*

CHAMONT.

Hah!

Name

Name me that Name again! My Soul's on fire
Till I know all: There's Meaning in that Name.
I know he is thy Huſband: Therefore truſt me
With all the following truth——

MONIMIA.

Indeed, *Chamont*,
There's nothing in it but the fault of Nature:
I'm often thus ſeiz'd ſuddenly with Grief,
I know not why.

CHAMONT.

You uſe me ill, *Monimia*;
And I might think with Juſtice moſt ſeverely
Of this unfaithful Dealing with your Brother.

MONIMIA.

Truly I'm not to blame: Suppoſe I'm fond,
And grieve for what as much may pleaſe another.
Should I upbraid the deareſt Friend on Earth
For the firſt Fault? you would not do ſo: Would you?

CHAMONT.

Not, if I'd cauſe to think it was a Friend.

MONIMIA.

Why do you then call this unfaithful Dealing?
I ne'er conceal'd my Soul from you before:
Bear with me now, and ſearch my Wounds no farther,
For every Probing pains me to the Heart.

CHAMONT.

'Tis ſign there's Danger, and muſt be prevented.
Where's your new Huſband? Still that Thought diſturbs you.
What, only anſwer me with Tears? *Caſtalio!*
Nay, now they ſtream,
Cruel unkind *Caſtalio!* Is't not ſo?

MONIMIA.

I cannot ſpeak, Grief flows ſo faſt upon me,
It chokes and will not let me tell the Cauſe.

CHAMONT.

Oh, my *Monimia*, to my Soul thou'rt dear,
As Honour to my Name: Dear as the Light

To

To Eyes but juſt reſtor'd, and heal'd of Blindneſs.
Why wilt thou not repoſe within my Breaſt
The Anguiſh that torments thee?

MONIMIA.

Oh! I dare not.

CHAMONT.

I have no Friend but thee: We muſt confide
In one another: Two unhappy Orphans,
Alas, we are; and when I ſee thee grieve,
Methinks it is a part of me that ſuffers.

MONIMIA.

Oh ſhouldſt thou know the Cauſe of my Lamenting,
I'm ſatisfy'd, *Chamont*, that thou wouldſt ſcorn me;
Thou wouldſt deſpiſe the abject loſt *Monimia*,
No more wouldſt praiſe this hated Beauty; but
When in ſome Cell diſtracted, as I ſhall be,
Thou ſeeſt me lie; theſe unregarded Locks
Matted like Furies Treſſes; my poor Limbs
Chain'd to the Ground, and 'ſtead of the Delights
Which happy Lovers taſte, my Keeper's Stripes,
A Bed of Straw, and a coarſe wooden Diſh
Of wretched Suſtenance; when thus thou ſeeſt me,
Pr'ythee have Charity and Pity for me.
Let me enjoy this Thought.

CHAMONT.

Why wilt thou rack
My Soul ſo long, *Monimia?* Eaſe me quickly;
Or thou wilt run me into Madneſs firſt.

MONIMIA.

Could you be ſecret?

CHAMONT.

Secret as the Grave.

CHAMONT.

But when I've told you, will you keep your Fury
Within its Bounds? Will you not do ſome raſh
And horrid Miſchief? for indeed, *Chamont*,
You would not think how hardly I've been us'd

From a near Friend; from one that has my Soul
A Slave, and therefore treats it like a Tyrant.

CHAMONT.

I will be calm; but has *Caſtalio* wrong'd thee?
Has he already waſted all his Love?
What has he done? quickly; for I'm all trembling
With expectation of a horrid Tale.

MONIMIA.

Oh! could you think it!

CHAMONT.

What?

MONIMIA.

I fear he'll kill me.

CHAMONT.

Hah!

MONIMIA.

Indeed I do; he's ſtrangely cruel to me,
Which if it laſts, I'm ſure muſt break my Heart.

CHAMONT.

What has he done?

MONIMIA.

Moſt barbarouſly us'd me;
Nothing ſo kind as he, when in my Arms;
In thouſand Kiſſes, tender Sighs and Joys,
Not to be thought again, the Night was waſted;
At dawn of Day he roſe, and left his Conqueſt.
But when we met, and I with open Arms
Ran to embrace the Lord of all my Wiſhes,
Oh then!

CHAMONT.

Go on!

MONIMIA.

He threw me from his Breaſt,
Like a deteſted Sin.

CHAMONT.

How?

CHA-

MONIMIA.

As I hung too
Upon his Knees, and begg'd to know the Cauſe,
He dragg'd me like a Slave upon the Earth,
And had no Pity on my Cries.

CHAMONT.

How! did he
Daſh thee diſdainfully away with ſcorn!

MONIMIA.

He did; and more I fear, will ne'er be Friends,
Though I ſtill love him with unbaſed Paſſion.

CHAMONT.

What, throw thee from him!

MONIMIA.

Yes, indeed he did.

CHAMONT.

So may this Arm
Throw him to th' Earth, like a dead Dog deſpis'd;
Lameneſs and Leproſy, Blindneſs and Lunacy,
Poverty, Shame, Pride, and the Name of Villain
Light on me, if, *Caſtalio*, I forgive thee.

MONIMIA.

Nay, now, *Chamont*, art thou unkind as he is:
Didſt thou not promiſe me thou wouldſt be calm?
Keep my Diſgrace conceal'd? why ſhouldſt thou kill him?
By all my Love, this Arm ſhould do him Vengeance.
Alas, I love him ſtill, and though I ne'er
Claſp him again within theſe longing Arms,
Yet bleſs him, bleſs him (Gods), wherever he goes.

Enter ACASTO.

ACASTO.

Sure ſome ill Fate is towards me; in my Houſe
I only meet with Oddneſs and Diſorder;
Each Vaſſal has a wild diſtracted Face;
And looks as full of Buſineſs as a Blockhead
In Times of Danger; Juſt this very Moment

I met *Caſtalio*———

CHAMONT.

Then you met a Villain.

ACASTO.

Hah!

CHAMANT.

Yes, a Villain.

ACASTO.

Have a care, young Soldier,
How thou'rt too buſy with *Acaſto*'s Fame;
I have a Sword, my Arm's good old Acquaintance.
Villain to thee———

CHAMONT.

Curſe on thy ſcandalous Age,
Which hinders me to ruſh upon thy Throat,
And tear the Root up of that curs'd Bramble!

ACASTO.

Ungrateful Ruffian! ſure my good old Friend
Was ne'er thy Father; nothing of him's in thee:
What have I done in my unhappy Age,
To be thus us'd? I ſcorn to upbraid thee, Boy,
But I could put thee in Remembrance——

CHAMONT.

Do.

ACASTO.

I ſcorn it——

CHAMONT.

No, I'll calmly hear the Story,
For I would fain know all, to ſee which Scale
Weighs moſt—Hah, is not that good old *Acaſto*?
What have I done? Can you forgive this Folly?

ACASTO.

Why doſt thou ask it?

CHAMONT.

'Twas the rude o'er-flowing
Of too much Paſſion; pray, my Lord, forgive me. [*Kneels.*

ACAS-

ACASTO.

Mock me not, Youth; I can revenge a Wrong.

CHAMONT.

I know it well; but for this thought of mine,
Pity a Mad-man's Frenzy, and forget it.

ACASTO.

I will; but henceforth, pr'ythee be more kind.
[*Raiſes him.*
Whence came the Cauſe?

CHAMONT.

Indeed I've been to blame,
But I'll learn better; for you've been my Father:
You've been her Father too— [*Takes* Mon. *by the Hand.*

ACASTO.

Forbear the Prologue——
And let me know the Subſtance of thy Tale.

CHAMONT.

You took her up a little tender Flower,
Juſt ſprouted on a Bank, which the next Froſt
Had nipt; and with a careful loving Hand,
Tranſplanted her into your own fair Garden,
Where the Sun always ſhines: There long ſhe flouriſh'd,
Grew ſweet to Senſe, and lovely to the Eye,
'Till at the laſt a cruel Spoiler came,
Cropt this fair Roſe, and rifled all its Sweetneſs,
Then caſt it like a loathſome Weed away.

ACASTO.

You talk to me in Parables; *Chamont*,
You may have known that I'm no wordy Man;
Fine Speeches are the Inſtruments of Knaves
Or Fools, that uſe 'em, when they want good Senſe;
But Honeſty
Needs no Diſguiſe nor Ornament; be plain.

CHAMONT.

Your Son——

ACASTO.

I've two, and both I hope have Honour.

CHAMONT.

I hope so too——but——

ACASTO.

Speak.

CHAMONT.

I muſt inform you,
Once more, *Caſtalio*——

ACASTO.

Still, *Caſtalio?*

CHAMONT.

Yes,
Your Son *Caſtalio* has wrong'd *Monimia.*

ACASTO.

Hah! wrong'd her?

CHAMONT.

Marry'd her.

ACASTO.

I'm ſorry for't.

CHAMONT.

Why ſorry?
By yon bleſt Heav'n there's not a Lord
But might be proud to take her to his Heart.

ACASTO.

I'll not deny't.

CHAMONT.

You dare not, by the Gods,
You dare not; all your Family combin'd
In one damn'd Falſhood to out-do *Caſtalio,*
Dare not deny't.

ACASTO.

How has *Caſtalio* wrong'd her?

CHAMONT.

Ask that of him: I ſay, my Siſter's wrong'd:
Monimia, my Siſter, born as high
And noble as *Caſtalio*——Do her Juſtice,
Or by the Gods, I'll lay a Scene of Blood,
Shall make this Dwelling horrible to Nature.

I'll

I'll do't; hark you, my Lord, your Son *Caſtalio*,
Take him to your Cloſet, and there teach him Manners.

ACASTO.

You ſhall have Juſtice.

CHAMONT.

Nay——I will have Juſtice.
Who'll ſleep in Safety that has done me wrong?
My Lord, I'll not diſturb you to repeat
The Cauſe of this; I beg you (to preſerve
Your Houſe's Honour) ask it of *Caſtalio*.

ACASTO.

I will.

CHAMONT.

'Till then farewel—— [*Exit.*

ACASTO.

Farewel, proud Boy.

Monimia.

MONIMIA.

My Lord.

ACASTO.

You are my Daughter.

MONIMIA.

I am, my Lord, if you'll vouchſafe to own me.

ACASTO.

When you'll complain to me, I'll prove a Father. [*Exit.*

MONIMIA.

Now I'm undone for ever: Who on Earth
Is there ſo wretched as *Monimia*?
Firſt by *Caſtalio* cruelly forſaken;
I've loſt *Acaſto* now: His parting Frowns
May well inſtruct me, Rage is in his Heart;
I ſhall be next abandon'd to my Fortune,
Thruſt out a naked Wandrer to the World,
And branded for the miſchievous *Monimia*;
What will become of me? My cruel Brother
Is framing Miſchiefs too, for ought I know,
That may produce Bloodſhed, and horrid Murder:

I would not be the Cauſe of one Man's Death,
To reign the Empreſs of the Earth; nay, more,
I'd rather loſe for ever my *Caſtalio*,
My dear unkind *Caſtalio*.

Enter POLYDORE.

POLYDORE.

Monimia weeping!
So Morning Dews on new-blown Roſes lodge,
By the Sun's amorous Heat to be exhal'd.
I come my Love, to kiſs all Sorrow from thee.
What mean theſe Sighs? And why thus beats thy Heart?

MONIMIA.

Let me alone to Sorrow: 'Tis a Cauſe
None ere ſhall know; but it ſhall with me die.

POLYDORE.

Happy, *Monimia*, he, to whom theſe Sighs,
Theſe Tears, and all theſe Languiſhings are paid!
I am no Stanger to your deareſt Secret;
I know your Heart was never meant for me.
That Jewel's for an elder Brother's Price.

MONIMIA.

My Lord!

POLYDORE.

Nay, wonder not; laſt Night I heard
His Oaths, your Vows, and to my Torment ſaw
Your wild Embraces: Heard the Appointment made:
I did, *Monimia*, and I curſt the Sound.
Wilt thou be ſworn, my Love? will thou be ne'er
Unkind again?

MONIMIA.

Baniſh ſuch fruitleſs Hopes!
Have you ſworn Conſtancy to my Undoing?
Will you be ne'er my Friend again?

POLYDORE.

What means my Love?

MONI-

MONIMIA.

Away; what meant my Lord?
Laſt Night?

POLYDORE.

Is that a Queſtion now to be demanded?
I hope *Monimia* was not much diſpleas'd.

MONIMIA.

Was it well done to treat me like a Proſtitute,
T'aſſault my Lodging at the dead of Night,
And threaten me, if I deny'd Admittance——
You ſaid you were *Caſtalio*——

POLYDORE.

By thoſe Eyes
It was the ſame; I ſpent my Time much better;
I tell thee, ill-natur'd fair One, I was poſted
To more Advantage on a pleaſant Hill
Of ſpringing Joy, and everlaſting Sweetneſs.

MONIMIA.

Hah——have a Care——

POLYDORE.

Where is the Danger near me?

MONIMIA.

I fear you're on a Rock will wreck your Quiet,
And drown your Soul in Wretchedneſs for ever;
A thouſand horrid Thoughts crowd on my Memory.
Will you be kind and anſwer me one Queſtion?

POLYDORE.

I'd truſt thee with my Life on thoſe ſoft Breaſts;
Breathe out the choiceſt Secrets of my Heart;
'Till I had nothing in it left but Love.

MONIMIA.

Nay, I'll conjure you by the Gods, and Angels,
By the Honour of your Name, that's moſt concern'd,
To tell me, *Polydore*, and tell me truly,
Where did you reſt laſt Night?

POLYDORE.

Within thy Arms.

I triumph'd: Reft had been my Foe.

MONIMIA.

'Tis done—— [*She faints.*

POLYDORE.

She faints! No help! who waits? a Curſe
Upon my Vanity, that could not keep
The Secret of my Happineſs in ſilence.
Confuſion! we ſhall be ſurpriz'd anon,
And conſequently all muſt be betray'd,
Monimia! ſhe breathes—*Monimia*——

MONIMIA.

Well——
Let Miſchiefs multiply! Let every Hour
Of my loath'd Life yield me increaſe of Horror!
Oh let the Sun to theſe unhappy Eyes
Ne'er ſhine again, but be eclips'd for ever!
May every thing I look on ſeem a Prodigy,
To fill my Soul with Terrors, 'till I quite
Forget I ever had Humanity,
And grow a Curſer of the Works of Nature!

POLYDORE.

What means all this?

MONIMIA.

Oh, *Polydore*, if all
The Friendſhip e'er you vow'd to good *Caſtalio*
Be not a Falſhood, if you ever lov'd
Your Brother, you've undone yourſelf and me.

POLYDORE.

Which way can Ruin reach the Man that's rich,
As I am, in Poſſeſſion of thy Sweetneſs?

MONIMIA.

Oh, I'm his Wife.

POLYDORE.

What ſays *Monimia!* hah!
Speak that again.

MONIMIA.

I am *Caſtalio*'s Wife.

POLY-

POLYDORE.

His marry'd, wedded Wife?

MONIMIA.

Yesterday's Sun
Saw it perform'd.

POLYDORE.

And then have I enjoy'd
My Brother's Wife?

MONIMIA.

As surely as we both
Must taste of Misery, that Guilt is thine.

POLYDORE.

Must we be miserable then?

MONIMIA.

Oh!

POLYDORE.

Oh! thou may'st yet be happy?

MONIMIA.

Couldst thou be
Happy with such a Weight upon thy Soul?

POLYDORE.

It may be yet a Secret: I'll go try
To reconcile and bring *Castalio* to thee,
Whilst from the World I take myself away,
And waste my Life in Penance for my Sin.

MONIMIA.

Then thou wouldst more undo me: Heap a load
Of added Sins upon my wretched Head:
Wouldst thou again have me betray thy Brother,
And bring Pollution to his Arms? curst Thought!
Oh when shall I be mad indeed!

POLYDORE.

Nay then
Let us embrace, and from this very Moment
Vow an eternal Misery together.

MONIMIA.

And wilt thou be a very faithful Wretch?

Never

Never grow fond of chearful Peace again?
Wilt thou with me ſtudy to be Unhappy,
And find out ways how to encreaſe Affliction?

POLYDORE.

We'll inſtitute new Arts unknown before,
To vary Plagues, and make 'em look like new ones.
Firſt, if the Fruit of our deteſted Joy,
A Child be born, it ſhall be murder'd——

MONIMIA.

No,
Sure that may live.

POLYDORE.

Why?

MONIMIA.

To become a thing
More wretched than its Parents, to be branded
With all our Infamy, and curſe its Birth.

POLYDORE.

That's well contriv'd; then thus let's go together,
Full of our Guilt, diſtracted where to roam,
Like the firſt wretched Pair expell'd their Paradiſe.
Let's find ſome Place where Adders neſt in Winter,
Loathſom and venomous: where Poiſons hang
Like Gums againſt the Walls; where Witches meet
By Night, and feed upon ſome pamper'd Imp,
Fat with the Blood of Babes: There we'll inhabit,
And live up to the Height of Deſperation;
Deſire ſhall languiſh like a withering Flower,
And no Diſtinction of the Sex be thought of.
Horrors ſhall fright me from thoſe pleaſing Harms,
And I'll no more be caught with Beauty's Charms,
But when I'm dying take me in thy Arms. [*Exe.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

CASTALIO *lying on the Ground.*

SONG.

I.

COME, all ye Youths, whoſe Hearts e'er bled
By cruel Beauty's Pride,
Bring each a Garland on his Head,
Let none his Sorrows hide,
But Hand in Hand around me move,
Singing the ſaddeſt Tales of Love;
And ſee, when your Complaints ye join,
If all your Wrongs can equal mine.

II.

The happieſt Mortal once was I,
My Heart no Sorrows knew.
Pity the Pain with which I die,
But ask not whence it grew.
Yet if a tempting Fair you find
That's very lovely, very kind,
Tho' bright as Heav'n, whoſe Stamp ſhe bears.
Think of my Fate, and ſhun her Snares.

CASTALIO.

See where the Deer trot after one another,
Male, Female, Father, Daughter, Mother, Son,
Brother and Siſter mingled all together;
No Diſcontent they know, but in delightful
Wildneſs and Freedom, pleaſant Springs, freſh Herbage,
Calm Harbours, luſty Health and Innocence,
Enjoy their Portion; if they ſee a Man,
How will they turn together all, and gaze
Upon the Monſter——

Once

Once in a Seaſon too they taſte of Love:
Only the Beaſt of Reaſon is its Slave,
And in that Folly drudges all the Year.

Enter ACASTO.

ACASTO.

Caſtalio! Caſtalio!

CASTALIO.

Who's there ſo wretched but to name *Caſtalio?*

ACASTO.

I hope my Meſſage may ſucceed.

CASTALIO.

My Father,
'Tis Joy to ſee you, though where Sorrows nouriſh'd.

ACASTO.

I'm come, in Beauty's Cauſe; you'll gueſs the reſt.

CASTALIO.

A Woman! if you love my Peace of Mind,
Name not a Woman to me; but to think
Of Woman were enough to taint my Brains,
Till they ferment to Madneſs! Oh! my Father.

ACASTO.

What ails my Boy?

CASTALIO.

A Woman is the thing
I would forget, and blot from my Remembrance.

ACASTO.

Forget *Monimia!*

CASTALIO.

She to chuſe: *Monimia!*
The very Sound's ungrateful to my Senſe.

ACASTO.

This might ſeem ſtrange; but you I've found will hide
Your Heart from me; you dare not truſt your Father.

CASTALIO.

No more *Monimia.*

ACASTO.

ACASTO.

Is she not your Wife?

CASTALIO.

So much the worse: who loves to hear of Wife?
When you would give all wordly Plagues a Name
Worse than they have already, call 'em Wife:
But a new-married Wife's a seeming Mischief,
Full of herself: Why, what a deal of Horror
Has that poor Wretch to come, that wedded Yesterday?

ACASTO.

Castalio, you must go along with me,
And see *Monimia*.

CASTALIO.

Sure, my Lord but mocks me:
Go see *Monimia!* Pray, my Lord, excuse me;
And leave the Conduct of this part of Life
To my own Choice.

ACASTO.

I say, no more Dispute.
Complaints are made to me, that you have wrong'd her.

CASTALIO.

Who has complain'd?

ACASTO.

Her Brother to my Face proclaim'd her wrong'd;
And in such Terms they've warm'd me.

CASTALIO.

What Terms? her Brother! Heav'n! Where learnt he that?
What, does she send her Hero with Defiance?
He durst not sure affront you?

ACASTO.

No not much,
But———

CASTALIO.

Speak, what said he?

ACASTO.

That thou wert a Villain:
Methinks I would not have thee thought a Villain.

CAS-

CASTALIO.

Shame on th' ill-manner'd Brute; your Age ſecur'd him,
He durſt not elſe have ſaid ſo.

ACASTO.

By my Sword,
I would not ſee thee wrong'd, and bear it vilely:
Though I have paſt my Word ſhe ſhall have Juſtice.

CASTALIO.

Juſtice! to give her Juſtice wou'd undo her:
Think you this Solitude I now had choſen,
Left Joys juſt opening to my Senſe, ſought here
A Place to curſe my Fate in, meaſur'd out
My Grave at length, wiſh'd to have grown one piece
With this cold Clay, and all without a Cauſe?

Enter CHAMONT.

CHAMONT.

Where is the Hero famous and renown'd
For wronging Innocence, and breaking Vows;
Whoſe mighty Spirit, and whoſe ſtubborn Heart,
No Woman can appeaſe, nor Man provoke?

ACASTO.

I gueſs, *Chamont*, you come to ſeek *Caſtalio*.

CHAMONT.

I come to ſeek the Husband of *Monimia*.

CASTALIO.

The Slave is here.

CHAMONT.

I thought ere now to have found you
Atoning for the Ills you've done *Chamont*:
For you have wrong'd the deareſt part of him.
Monimia, young Lord, weeps in this Heart;
And all the Tears thy Injuries have drawn
From her poor Eyes are Drops of Blood from hence.

CASTALIO.

Then you're *Chamont*?

CHA-

CHAMONT.

Yes, and I hope no Stranger
To great *Caſtalio.*

CASTALIO.

I've heard of ſuch a Man
That has been very buſy with my Honour:
I own I'm much indebted to you, Sir,
And here return the Villain back again
You ſent me by my Father.

CHAMONT.

Thus I'll thank you. [*Draws.*

ACASTO.

By this good Sword, who firſt preſumes to Violence
[*Draws and interpoſes.*
Makes me his Foe—Young Man, it once was thought.
[*To* Caſtalio.
I was fit Guardian of my Houſe's Honour,
And you might truſt your Share with me——For you,
[*To* Cham.
Young Soldier, I muſt tell you, you have wrong'd me:
I promis'd you to do *Monimia* Right;
And thought my Word a Pledge, I would not forfeit:
But you, I find, would fright us to performance.

CASTALIO.

Sir, in my younger Years with Care you taught me,
That brave Revenge was due to injur'd Honour;
Oppoſe not then the Juſtice of my Sword,
Leſt you ſhould make me jealous of your Love.

CHAMONT.

Into thy Father's Arms thou fly'ſt for Safety,
Becauſe thou know'ſt the Place is ſanctify'd,
With the Remembrance of an ancient Friendſhip.

CASTALIO.

I am a Villain if I will not ſeek thee,
Till I may be reveng'd for all the Wrongs
Done me by that ungrateful Fair thou plead'ſt for.

CHAMONT.

She wrong'd thee! by the Fury in my Heart,

Thy Father's Honour's not above *Monimia*'s;
Nor was thy Mother's Truth and Virtue fairer.

ACASTO.

Boy, don't disturb the Ashes of the dead
With thy capricious Follies: The Remembrance
Of the lov'd Creature, that once fill'd these Arms——

CHAMONT.

Has not been wrong'd.

CASTALIO.

It shall not.

CHAMONT.

No, nor shall
Monimia, though a helpless Orphan, destitute
Of Friends and Fortune, though th' unhappy Sister
Of poor *Chamont*, whose Sword is all his Portion,
Be oppress by thee, thou proud imperious Traitor.

CASTALIO.

Hah! let me free.

CHAMONT.

Come both.

Enter SERINA.

SERINA.

Alas! alas!
The cause of these Disorders; my *Chamont?*
Who is't has wrong'd thee?

CASTALIO.

Now where art thou fled
For shelter?

CHAMONT.

Come from thine, and see what Safeguard
Shall shen betray my Fears.

SERINA.

Cruel *Castalio*,
Sheath up thy angry Sword, and don't affright me:
Chamont, let once *Serina* calm thy Breast;
If any of my Friends have done thee Injuries,

I'll

I'll be reveng'd, and love thee better for't.

CASTALIO.

Sir, if you'd have me think you did not take
This Opportunity to ſhew your Vanity,
Let's meet ſome other time, when by ourſelves
We fairly may diſpute our Wrongs together.

CHAMONT.

Till then, I am *Caſtalio*'s Friend.

CASTALIO.

Serina,
Farewel, I wiſh much Happineſs attend you.

SERINA.

Chamont's the deareſt thing I have on Earth;
Give me *Chamont*, and let the World forſake me.

CHAMONT.

Witneſs the Gods, how happy I'm in thee!
No beauteous Bloſſom of the fragrant Spring,
Though the fair Child of Nature newly born,
Can be ſo lovely. Angry, unkind *Caſtalio*,
Suppoſe I ſhould awhile lay by my Paſſions,
And be a Beggar in *Monimia*'s Cauſe,
Might I be heard?

CASTALIO.

Sir, 'twas my laſt Requeſt,
You wou'd (though you I find will not) be ſatisfy'd:
So in a Word, *Monimia* is my Scorn;
She baſely ſent you here to try my Fears;
That was your buſineſs.
No artful Proſtitute, in Falſhoods practis'd,
To make advantage of her Coxcomb's Follies,
Could have done more——Diſquiet vex her for't.

CHAMONT.

Farewel. [*Ex.* Cham. *and* Ser.

CASTALIO.

Farewel—My Father, you ſeem troubled.

ACASTO.

Would I'ad been abſent when this boiſt'rous Brave
Came

Came to diſturb thee thus: I'm griev'd I hinder'd
Thy juſt Reſentment——But *Monimia*——

CASTALIO.

Damn her.

ACASTO.

Don't curſe her.

CASTALIO.

Did I?

ACASTO.

Yes.

CASTALIO.

I'm ſorry for't.

ACASTO.

Methinks, as if I gueſs the Fault's but ſmall,
It might be pardon'd.

CASTALIO.

No.

ACASTO.

What has ſhe done?

CASTALIO.

That ſhe's my Wife, may Heav'n and you forgive m

ACASTO.

Be reconcil'd then.

CASTALIO.

No.

ACASTO

Go ſee her.

CASTALIO.

No.

ACASTO.

I'll ſend and bring her hither.

CASTALIO.

No.

ACASTO.

For my ſake,
Caſtalio, and the quiet of my Age.

CASTALIO.

Why will you urge a thing my Nature ſtarts at?

ACASTO.

Pr'ythee forgive her.

CASTALIO.

Lightnings firſt ſhall blaſt me.
I tell you, were ſhe proſtrate at my Feet,
Full of her Sexes beſt diſſembled Sorrows,
And all that wondrous Beauty of her own,
My Heart might break, but it ſhould never ſoften.

Enter FLORELLA.

FLORELLA.

My Lord, where are you? Oh *Caſtalio!*

ACASTO.

Hark.

CASTALIO.

What's that?

FLORELLA.

Oh ſhew me quickly, where's *Caſtalio!*

CASTALIO.

Why, what's the Buſineſs?

FLORELLA.

Oh the poor *Monimia!*

CASTALIO.

Hah!

ACASTO.

What's the matter?

FLORELLA.

Hurry'd by Deſpair,
She flies with Fury over all the Houſe,
Through every Room of each Apartment, crying,
Where's my *Caſtalio?* give me my *Caſtalio.*
Except ſhe ſees you, ſure ſhe'll grow diſtracted.

CASTALIO.

Hah! will ſhe? does ſhe name *Caſtalio?*
And with ſuch Tenderneſs? Conduct me quickly

To

To the poor lovely Mourner. Oh my Father!

ACASTO.

Then wilt thou go? Bleſſings attend thy Purpoſe.

CASTALIO.

I cannot hear *Monimia*'s Soul's in Sadneſs,
And be a Man; my Heart will not forget her.
But do not tell the World you ſaw this of me.

ACASTO.

Delay not then, but haſte and chear thy Love.

CASTALIO.

Oh I will throw m'impatient Arms about her,
In her ſoft Boſom ſigh my Soul to Peace.
Till through the panting Breaſt ſhe finds the way
To mould my Heart and make it what ſhe will.
Monimia! Oh! [*Ex.* Acaſt. Caſt.

Enter MONIMIA.

MONIMIA.

Stand off, and give me room,
I will not reſt till I have found *Caſtalio*.
My Wiſhes Lord, comely as riſing Day,
Amidſt ten thouſand eminently known.
Flowers ſpring up where-e'er he treads, his Eyes,
Fountains of Brightneſs, cheering all about him!
When will they ſhine on me?——Oh ſtay my Soul!
I cannot die in Peace till I have ſeen him.

CASTALIO *Re-enters.*

CASTALIO.

Who talks of dying with a Voice ſo ſweet,
That Life's in love with it?

MONIMIA.

Hark! 'tis he that anſwers;
So in a Camp, though at the dead of Night,
If but the Trumpet's chearful Noiſe is heard,
All at the Signal leap from downy Reſt,
And every Heart awakes, as mine does now.

Where

Where art thou?

CASTALIO.

Here, my Love.

MONIMIA.

No nearer, leſt I vaniſh.

CASTALIO.

Have I been in a Dream then all this while!
And art thou but the Shadow of *Monimia!*
Why doſt thou fly me thus?

MONIMIA.

Oh! were it poſſible that we could drown
In dark Oblivion but a few paſt Hours,
We might be happy.

CASTALIO.

Is't then ſo hard, *Monimia*, to forgive
A Fault, where humble Love, like mine, implores thee?
For I muſt love thee, though it prove my Ruin.
Which way ſhall I court thee?
What ſhall I do to be enough thy Slave,
And ſatisfy the lovely Pride that's in thee.
I'll kneel to thee, and weep a Flood before thee.
Yet pr'ythee, Tyrant, break not quite my Heart;
But when my Taſk of Penitence is done,
Heal it again, and comfort me with Love.

MONIMIA.

If I am dumb, *Caſtalio*, and want Words,
To pay thee back this mighty Tenderneſs;
It is becauſe I look on thee with Horror,
And cannot ſee the Man I ſo have wrong'd.

CASTALIO.

Thou haſt not wrong'd me.

MONIMIA.

Ah! alas, thou talk'ſt
Juſt as thy poor Heart thinks; have not I wrong'd thee!

CASTALIO.

No.

MO-

MONIMIA.

Still thou wander'ſt in the Dark, *Caſtalio*;
But wilt ere long ſtumble on horrid Danger.

CASTALIO.

What means my Love!

MONIMIA

Couldſt thou but forgive me!

CASTALIO.

What?

MONIMIA.

For my Fault laſt Night; alas, thou canſt not.

CASTALIO.

I can, and do.

MONIMIA.

Thus crawling on the Earth
Would I that Pardon meet; the only thing
Can make me view the Face of Heav'n with Hope.

CASTALIO.

Then let's draw near.

MONIMIA.

Ah me!

CASTALIO.

So in the Fields,
When the Deſtroyer has been out for Prey,
The ſcatter'd Lovers of the feather'd Kind,
Seeking when Danger's paſt to meet again,
Make moan, and call, by ſuch Degrees approach;
'Till joining thus they bill, and ſpread their Wings,
Murmuring Love, and Joy, their Fears are over.

MONIMIA.

Yet have a Care, be not too fond of Peace,
Leſt in Purſuance of the goodly Quarry,
Thou meet a Diſappointment that diſtracts thee.

CASTALIO.

My better Angel, then do thou inform me,
What Danger threatens me, and where it lies:
Why didſt thou (pr'ythee ſmile and tell me why)

When

When I ſtood waiting underneath the Window,
Quaking with fierce and violent Deſires;
The dropping Dews fell cold upon my Head,
Darkneſs enclos'd, and the Winds whiſtled round me;
Which with my mournful Sighs made ſuch ſad Muſic
As might have mov'd the hardeſt Heart; why wert thou
Deaf to my Cries, and Senſeleſs of my Pains?

MONIMIA.

Did I not beg thee to forbear Inquiry?
Read'ſt thou not ſomething in my Face, that ſpeaks
Wonderful Change, and Horror from within me?

CASTALIO.

Then there is ſomething yet which I've not known;
What doſt thou mean by Horror, and Forbearance
Of more Inquiry? Tell me, I beg thee, tell me:
And don't betray me to a ſecond Madneſs.

MONIMIA.

Muſt I?

CASTALIO.

If labouring in the Pangs of Death,
Thou wouldſt do any thing to give me Eaſe;
Unfold this Riddle ere my Thoughts grow wild,
And let in Fears of ugly Form upon me.

MONIMIA.

My Heart won't let me ſpeak it; but remember,
Monimia, poor *Monimia* tells you this,
We ne'er muſt meet again———

CASTALIO.

What means my Deſtiny?
For all my good or evil Fate dwells in thee:
Ne'er meet again!

MONIMIA.

No, never.

CASTALIO.

Where's the Pow'r
On Earth, that dares not look like thee, and ſay ſo?
Thou art my Heart's Inheritance, I ſerv'd

A long and painful, faithful Slavery for thee:
And who ſhall rob me of the dear-bought Bleſſing?

MONIMIA.

Time will clear all, but now let this content you:
Heav'n has decreed, and therefore I've reſolv'd,
(With Torment I muſt tell it thee, *Caſtalio*)
Ever to be a Stranger to thy Love;
In ſome far diſtant Country waſte my Life,
And from this Day to ſee thy Face no more.

CASTALIO.

Where am I? ſure I wander midſt Inchantment,
And never more ſhall find the way to Reſt;
But, oh *Monimia*, art thou indeed reſolv'd,
To puniſh me with everlaſting Abſence?
Why turn'ſt thou from me? I'm alone already;
Methinks I ſtand upon a naked Beach,
Sighing to Winds, and to the Seas complaining,
Whilſt afar off the Veſſel ſails away,
Where all the Treaſure of my Soul's embark'd;
Wilt thou not turn——Oh could thoſe Eyes but ſpeak
I ſhould know all, for Love is pregnant in 'em;
They ſwell, they preſs their Beams upon me ſtill:
Wilt thou not ſpeak? if we muſt part for ever,
Give me but one kind Word to think upon,
And pleaſe myſelf withal whilſt my Heart's breaking.

MONIMIA.

Ah poor *Caſtalio!* [*Exit* Monimia.

CASTALIO.

Pity, by the Gods,
She pities me; then thou wilt go eternally?
What means all this? why all this ſtir to plague
A ſingle Wretch? If but your Word can ſhake
This World to Atomes, why ſo much ado
With me? think me but dead, and lay me ſo.

Ente

Enter POLYDORE.

POLYDORE.

To live, and live a Torment to myſelf,
What Dog would bear't, that knew but his Condition?
We have little Knowledge, and that makes us Cowards,
Becauſe it cannot tell us, what's to come.

CASTALIO.

Who's there?

POLYDORE.

Why, what art thou?

CASTALIO.

My Brother *Polydore?*

POLYDORE.

My Name is *Polydore.*

CASTALIO.

Canſt thou inform me——

POLYDORE.

Of what?

CASTALIO.

Of my *Monimia?*

POLYDORE.

No. Good-day.

CASTALIO.

In haſte?
Methinks my *Polydore* appears in Sadneſs.

POLYDORE.

Indeed, and ſo to me does my *Caſtalio.*

CASTALIO.

Do I?

POLYDORE.

Thou doſt.

CASTALIO.

Alas, I've wond'rous Reaſon;
I'm ſtrangely alter'd, Brother, ſince I ſaw thee.

POLYDORE.

Why?

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CASTALIO.

Oh, to tell thee would but put thy Heart
To pain; let me embrace thee but a little,
And weep upon thy Neck; I would repoſe
Within thy friendly Boſom all my Follies,
For thou wilt pardon 'em, becauſe they're mine.

POLYDORE.

Be not too credulous, conſider firſt,
Friends may be falſe. Is there no Friendſhip falſe?

CASTALIO.

Why doſt thou ask me that? does this appear
Like a falſe Friendſhip, when with open Arms
And ſtreaming Eyes, I run upon thy Breaſt?
Oh 'tis in thee alone I muſt have Comfort.

POLYDORE.

I fear, *Caſtalio*, I have none to give thee,

CASTALIO.

Doſt thou not love me then?

POLYDORE

Oh, more than Life:
I never had a Thought of my *Caſtalio*
Might wrong the Friendſhip we had vow'd together.
Haſt thou dealt ſo by me?

CASTALIO.

I hope I have.

POLYDORE.

Then tell me why this Mourning, this Diſorder?

CASTALIO.

Oh, *Polydore*, I know not how to tell thee;
Shame riſes in my Face, and interrupts
The Story of my Tongue.

POLYDORE.

I grieve, my Friend
Knows any thing which he's aſham'd to tell me;
Or didſt thou e'er conceal thy Thoughts from *Polydore*?

CASTALIO.

Oh, much too oft; but let me here conjure thee,

By

By all the kind Affection of a Brother,
(For I'm aſham'd to call myſelf thy Friend)
Forgive me.

POLYDORE.

Well, go on.

CASTALIO.

Our Deſtiny contriv'd
To plague us both with one unhappy Love!
Thou, like a Friend, a conſtant generous Friend,
In its firſt Pangs didſt truſt me with thy Paſſion,
Whilſt I ſtill ſmooth'd my Pain with Smiles before thee,
And made a Contract I ne'er meant to keep.

POLYDORE.

How!

CASTALIO.

Still new ways I ſtudy'd to abuſe thee,
And kept thee as a Stranger to my Paſſion,
'Till Yeſterday I wedded with *Monimia*.

POLYDORE.

Ah, my *Caſtalio*, was that well done?

CASTALIO.

No, to conceal it from thee, was a Fault.

POLYDORE.

A Fault! when thou haſt heard the Tale I'll tell,
What wilt thou call it then?

CASTALIO.

How my Heart throbs!

POLYDORE.

Firſt, for thy Friendſhip, Traitor,
I cancel't thus; after this Day I'll ne'er
Hold Truſt, or Converſe, with the falſe *Caſtalio*!
This, witneſs Heav'n.

CASTALIO.

What will my Fate do with me
I've loſt all Happineſs, and know not why:
What means this, Brother?

POLYDORE.

Perjur'd, treacherous Wretch,
Farewel.

CASTALIO.

I'll be thy Slave, and thou ſhalt uſe me
Juſt as thou wilt, do but forgive me.

POLYDORE.

Never.

CASTALIO.

O! think a little what thy Heart is doing;
How from our Infancy we Hand in Hand
Have trod the Path of Life, in Love together;
One Bed has held us, and the ſame Deſires,
The ſame Averſions ſtill employ'd our Thoughts:
Whene'er had I a Friend, that was not *Polydore*'s;
Or *Polydore* a Foe, that was not mine?
Ev'n in the Womb we embrac'd, and wilt thou now,
For the firſt Fault, abandon and forſake me,
Leave me amidſt Afflictions to myſelf,
Plung'd in the Gulph of Grief, and none to help me?

POLYDORE.

Go to *Monimia*, in her Arms thou'lt find
Repoſe; ſhe has the Art of healing Sorrows.

CASTALIO.

What Arts?

POLYDORE.

Blind Wretch, thou Husband! there's a Queſtion;
Go to her fulſome Bed, and wallow there,
'Till ſome hot Ruffian, full of Luſt and Wine,
Come ſtorm thee out, and ſhew thee what's thy Bargain.

CASTALIO.

Hold there, I charge thee.

POLYDORE.

Is ſhe not a——

CASTALIO.

Whore?

POLY-

POLYDORE.

Ay, Whore; I think that Word needs no explaining.

CASTALIO.

Alas, I can forgive ev'n this to thee;
But let me tell the, *Polydore*, I'm griev'd
To find thee guilty of ſuch low Revenge,
To wrong that Virtue which thou couldſt not ruin.

POLYDORE.

It ſeems I lye then.

CASTALIO.

Should the braveſt Man
That e'er wore conquering Sword, but dare to whiſper
What thou proclaim'ſt, he were the worſt of Liars;
My Friend may be miſtaken.

POLYDORE.

Damn the Evaſion;
Thou mean'ſt the worſt, and he's a baſe-born Villain
That ſaid I ly'd.

CASTALIO.

Do, draw thy Sword, and thruſt it thro' my Heart.
There is no Joy in Life, if thou art loſt.
A baſe-born Villain!

POLYDORE.

Yes, thou never cam'ſt
From old *Acaſto*'s Loins; the Midwife put
A Cheat upon my Mother, and inſtead
Of a true Brother, in the Cradle by me
Plac'd ſome coarſe Peaſant's Cub, and thou art he.

CASTALIO.

Thou art my Brother ſtill.

POLYDORE.

Thou ly'ſt.

CASTALIO.

Nay, then: [*He draws.*
Yet I am calm.

POLYDORE.

A Coward's always ſo.

CASTALIO.

Ah——ah——that ſtings home: Coward!

POLYDORE

Ay, baſe-born Coward, Villain.

CASTALIO.

This to thy Heart then, tho' my Mother bore thee.

[*Fight*; Polydore *drops his Sword, and runs on* Caſtalio's.

POLYDORE.

Now my *Caſtalio* is again my Friend.

CASTALIO.

What have I done! my Sword is in thy Breaſt.

POLYDORE.

So I would have it be, thou beſt of Men,
Thou kindeſt Brother, and thou trueſt Friend.

CASTALIO.

Ye Gods, we're taught, that all your Works are Juſtice:
You're painted merciful, and Friends to Innocence:
If ſo, then why theſe Plagues upon my Head?

POLYDORE.

Blame not the Heav'ns; here lies thy Fate, *Caſtalio*;
They're not the Gods, 'tis *Polydore* has wrong'd thee;
I've ſtain'd thy Bed, thy ſpotleſs Marriage Joys
Have been polluted by thy Brother's Luſt.

CASTALIO.

By thee!

POLYDORE.

By me; laſt Night the horrid Deed
Was done; when all things ſlept but Rage and Inceſt.

CASTALIO.

Now, where's *Monimia?* Oh!

Enter MONIMIA.

MONIMIA.

I'm here, who calls me?
Methought I heard a Voice
Sweet as the Shepherd's Pipe upon the Mountains,
When all his little Flock's at feed before him.

But

But what means this? here's Blood.

CASTALIO.

Ay, Brother's Blood!
Art thou prepar'd for everlasting Pains?

POLYDORE.

O let me charge thee by th' eternal Justice,
Hurt not her tender Life!

CASTALIO.

Not kill her? Rack me,
Ye Powers above, with all your choicest Torments,
Horror of Mind, and Pains yet uninvented,
If I not practise Cruelty upon her.
And treat Revenge some way yet never known.

MONIMIA.

That Task myself have finish'd, I shall die
Before we part; I've drank a healing Draught
For all my Cares, and never more shall wrong thee.

POLYDORE.

Oh, she is innocent.

CASTALIO.

Tell me that Story,
And thou wilt make a Wretch of me indeed.

POLYDORE.

Hadst thou, *Castalio*, us'd me like a Friend,
This ne'er had happen'd; hadst thou let me know
Thy Marriage, we had all now met in Joy:
But ignorant of that,
Hearing the Appointment made, inrag'd to think
Thou hadst out-done me in successful Love,
I in the dark went and supply'd thy place;
Whilst all the Night 'midst our triumphant Joys,
The trembling, tender, kind, deceiv'd *Monimia*,
Embrac'd, caress'd, and call'd me her *Castalio*.

CASTALIO.

And all this is the Work of my own Fortune:
None but myself cou'd e'er have been so curst.
My fatal Love, alas! has ruin'd thee,

Thou fairest, goodl'eſt Frame the Gods e'er made,
Or ever human Eyes, and Hearts ador'd!
I've murder'd too my Brother.
Why wouldſt thou ſtudy ways to damn me further,
And force the Sin of Parricide upon me?

POLYDORE.

'Twas my own Fault, and thou art innocent;
Forgive the barbarous Treſpaſs of my Tongue,
'Twas a hard Violence; I could have dy'd
With Love of thee, ev'n when I us'd thee worſt;
Nay, at each Word that my Diſtraction utter'd,
My Heart recoil'd, and 'twas half Death to ſpeak 'em.

MONIMIA.

Now, my *Caſtalio*, the moſt dear of Men,
Wilt thou receive Pollution to thy Boſom,
And cloſe the Eyes of one that has betray'd thee?

CASTALIO.

Oh I'm th' unhappy Wretch, whoſe curſed Fate
Has weigh'd thee down into Deſtruction with him;
Why then thus kind to me?

MONIMIA.

When I'm laid low in the Grave, and quite forgotten,
May'ſt thou be happy in a fairer Bride;
But none can ever love thee like *Monimia*.
When I am dead, as preſently I ſhall be,
(For the grim Tyrant graſps my Heart already)
Speak well of me: and if thou find ill Tongues
Too buſy with my Fame, don't hear me wrong'd;
'Twill be a noble Juſtice to the Memory
Of a poor Wretch once honour'd with thy Love.
How my Head ſwims! 'Tis very dark. Good-night. [*Dies.*

CASTALIO.

If I ſurvive thee! what a Thought was that!
Thank Heav'n I go prepar'd againſt that Curſe.

Enter CHAMONT, *disarm'd, and seiz'd by* ACASTO *and Servants.*

CHAMONT.

Gape Hell, and swallow me to quick Damnation,
If I forgive your House, if I not live
An everlasting Plague to thee, *Acasto*,
And all thy Race. Y'have overpower'd me now,
But hear me, Heav'n!——Ah! here's the Scene of Death,
My Sister, my *Monimia!* Breathless! now,
Ye Pow'rs above, if ye have Justice, strike,
Strike Bolts thro' me, and thro' the curst *Castalio.*

ACASTO.

My *Polydore.*

POLYDORE.

Who calls?

ACASTO.

How cam'st thou wounded?

CASTALIO.

Stand off thou hot-brain'd boisterous noisy Ruffian,
And leave me to my Sorrows.

CHAMONT.

By the Love
I bore her living, I will ne'er forsake her,
But here remain till my Heart burst with sobbing.

CASTALIO.

Vanish I charge thee, or—— [*Draws a Dagger.*

CHAMONT.

Thou canst not kill me,
That would be Kindness, and against thy Nature.

ACASTO.

What means *Castalio?* Sure thou wilt not pull
More Sorrows on thy aged Father's Head,
Tell me, I beg you, tell me the sad Cause
Of all this Ruin.

POLYDORE.

That must be my Task;

But

But 'tis too long for one in Pain to tell;
You'll in my Closet find the Story written
Of all our Woes. *Castalio*'s Innocent,
And so's *Monimia*, only I'm to blame:
Inquire no farther.

CASTALIO.

Thou unkind *Chamont*,
Unjustly hast pursu'd me with thy Hate,
And sought the Life of him that never wrong'd thee:
Now if thou wilt embrace a noble Vengeance,
Come join with me and curse.

CHAMONT.

What?

CASTALIO.

First thyself,
As I do, and the Hour that gave thee Birth;
Confusion and Disorder seize the World,
To spoil all Trust and Converse amongst Men;
'Twixt Families engender endless Feuds,
In Countries needless Fears, in Cities Factions,
In States Rebellion, and in Churches Schism:
'Til all things move against the Course of Nature;
'Til Form's dissolv'd, the Chain of Causes broken,
And the Originals of Being lost.

ACASTO.

Have Patience.

CASTALIO.

Patience! preach it to the Winds,
To roaring Seas, or raging Fires; the Knaves
That teach it laugh at ye, when ye believe 'em.
Strip me of all the common needs of Life,
Scald me with Leprosy, let Friends forsake me,
I'll bear it all; but curst to the Degree
That I am now, 'tis this must give me Patience:
Thus I find Rest, and shall complain no more.

[*Stabs himself.*

POLY-

POLYDORE.

Caſtalio Oh!

CASTALIO.

I come.
Chamont, to thee my Birth-right I bequeath:
Comfort my mourning Father, heal his Griefs;
[Acaſto *faints into the Arms of a Servant.*
For I perceive they fall with weight upon him.
And for *Monimia*'s ſake, whom thou wilt find
I never wrong'd, be kind to poor *Serina*.
Now all I beg, is, lay me in one Grave
Thus with my Love. Farewel, I now am——nothing.
[*Dies.*

CHAMONT.

Take care of good *Acaſto*, whilſt I go
To ſearch the Means by which the Fates have plagu'd us.
'Tis thus that Heav'n its Empire does maintain,
It may afflict, but Man muſt not complain. [*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

YOU'VE ſeen one Orphan *ruin'd here, and I*
May be the next, if old Acaſto *die:*
Should it prove ſo, I'd fain amongſt you find,
Who 'tis would to the Fatherleſs be kind.
To whoſe Protection might I ſafely go?
Is there amongſt you no Good-nature? No.
What ſhould I do? ſhould I the Godly ſeek,
And go a Conventicling twice a Week?
Quit the lewd Stage, and its prophane Pollution,
Affect each Form and Saint-like Inſtitution,
So draw the Brethren all to Contribution?
Or ſhall I (as I gueſs the Poet may
Within theſe three Days) fairly run away?
No, to ſome City-Lodgings I'll retire,
Seem very grave, and Privacy deſire:
Till I am thought ſome Heireſs rich in Lands,
Fled to eſcape a cruel Guardian's Hands;
Which may produce a Story worth the telling
Of the next Sparks that go a Fortune-ſtealing.

THE

THE

HISTORY *and* FALL

OF

CAIUS MARIUS.

A

TRAGEDY.

Qui color Albus erat nunc eſt contrarius Albo.

TO THE

Lord Viſcount FALKLAND.

My LORD,

WHEN firſt it enter'd into my Thoughts to make this Preſent to Your Lordſhip, I receiv'd not only Encouragement, but Pleaſure; ſince upon due Examination of my Self, I found it was not a bare Preſumption, but my Duty to the Remembrance of many extraordinary Favours which I have receiv'd at your Hands.

For heretofore having had the Honour to be near You, and bred under the ſame Diſcipline with You, I cannot but own

it

that in a great Meaſure I owe the ſmall Share of Letters I have to your Lordſhip. For Your Lordſhip's Example taught me to be aſham'd of Idleneſs; and I firſt grew in love with Books, and learn'd to value them, by the wonderful Progreſs which even in Your tender Years You made in them; ſo that Learning and Improvement grew daily more and more lovely in my Eyes, as they ſhone in You.

Your Lordſhip has an extraordinary Reaſon to be a Patron of Poetry, for Your great Father lov'd it. May Your Lordſhip's Fame and Employments grow as great or greater than his were; and may Your Virtues find a Poet to record them, equal (if poſſible) to that great * Genius which ſung of him.

My ſlender humble Talent muſt not hope for it; for You have a Judgment which I muſt always ſubmit to, to a general Goodneſs which I never (to its worth) can value: And who can praiſe that well which he knows not how to comprehend?

Already the Eyes and Expectations of Men of the beſt Judgment are fix'd upon You:

* *Mr. Waller.*

You: For whereſoever You come, You have their Attention when preſent, and their Praiſe when You are gone: And I am ſure (if I obtain but your Lordſhip's Pardon) I ſhall have the Congratulation of all my Friends, for having taken this Opportunity to expreſs myſelf,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt humble Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

IN Ages paſt, (when will thoſe times renew?)
When Empires flouriſh'd, ſo did Poets too.
When great Auguſtus *the World's Empire held,*
Horace *and* Ovid's *happy Verſe excell'd.*
Ovid's *ſoft Genius, and his tender Arts*
Of moving Nature, melted hardeſt Hearts.
It did th' Imperial Beauty, Julia, *move*
To liſten to the Language of his Love.
Her Father honour'd him: And on her Breaſt,
With raviſh'd Senſe in her Embraces preſt,
He lay tranſported, fancy-full and bleſt.
Horace's *lofty Genius boldlier rear'd*
His manly Head, and through all Nature ſteer'd;
Her richeſt Pleaſures in his Verſe refin'd,
And wrought 'em to the Reliſh of the Mind.
He laſh'd, with a true Poet's fearleſs Rage,
The Villanies and Follies of the Age.
Therefore Mecænas, *that great Fav'rite, rais'd*
Him high, and by him was he highly prais'd.
Our Shakeſpear *wrote too in an Age as bleſt,*
The happieſt Poet of his Time, and beſt;
A gracious Prince's Favour chear'd his Muſe,
A conſtant Favour he ne'er fear'd to loſe.
Therefore he wrote with Fancy unconfin'd,
And Thoughts that were Immortal as his Mind.
And from the Crop of his luxuriant Pen
E'er ſince ſucceeding Poets humbly glean.

Though

PROLOGUE.

Though much the moſt unworthy of the Throng,
Our this Day's Poet fears he's done him wrong.
Like greedy Beggars that ſteals Sheaves away,
You'll find he has rifled him of half a Play.
Amidſt his baſer Droſs you'll ſee it ſhine
Moſt beautiful, amazing and Divine.
To ſuch low Shifts, of late are Poets worn,
Whilſt we both Wit's and Cæſar's *abſence mourn.*
Oh! when will He and Poetry return?
When ſhall we there again behold him ſit
'Midſt ſhining Boxes and a Courtly Pit,
The Lord of Hearts, and Preſident of Wit?
When that bleſt Day (quick may it come) appears,
His Cares once baniſh'd, and his Nation's Fears,
The joyful Muſes on their Hills ſhall ſing
Triumphant Songs of Britain's *happy King.*
Plenty and Peace ſhall flouriſh in our Iſle,
And all things like the Engliſh *Beauty ſmile.*
You, Criticks, ſhall forget your Natural Spite,
And Poets with unbounded Fancy write.
Ev'n this Day's Poet ſhall be alter'd quite:
His Thoughts more loftily and freely flow;
And he himſelf, whilſt you his Verſe allow,
As much tranſported as he's humble now.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Caius Marius,	Mr. *Betterton*.
Sylla,	Mr. *Williams*.
Marius Junior,	Mr. *Smith*.
Granius,	Mr. *Percivale*.
Metellus,	Mr. *Gillow*.
Quintus Pompeius,	Mr. *Williams*.
Cinna,	Mr. *Jevon*.
Sulpitius,	Mr. *Underhil*.
Ancharius, a Senator,	
Prieſt,	
Apothecary,	
Q. Pompeius's Son,	
Guards, Lictors,	
Ruffians, *&c.*	

WOMEN.

Lavinia,	Mrs. *Barry*.
Nurſe,	Mrs. *Noakes*.

THE

THE HISTORY *and* FALL OF CAIUS MARIUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Within.] Liberty! Liberty! *Marius* and *Sulpitius!* Liberty! Liberty! Liberty! *&c.*

Enter METELLUS, ANTONIUS, CINNA, *and* SENATORS.

METELLUS.

WHEN will the Tut'lar Gods of *Rome* awake,
To fix the Order of our wayward State,
That we may once more know each other; know
Th' extent of Laws, Prerogatives and Dues;
The Bounds of Rules, and Magiſtracy; who
Ought firſt to govern, and who muſt obey?
It was not thus when Godlike *Scipio* held
The Scale of Power; he who with temp'rate Poiſe
Knew how to guide the People's Liberty
In its full Bounds, nor did the Nobles wrong,
For he himſelf was one——

CINNA.

He was indeed
A Noble born; and ſtill in *Rome* there are
Moſt worthy Patrons of her ancient Honour.
Such as are fit to fill the Seat of Pow'r,
And awe this riotous unruly Rabble,
That bear down all Authority before 'em,
Were we not ſold to Ruin.

METELLUS.

Cinna, there
Thou'ſt hit my Mark: We are to Ruin ſold;
In all things ſold; Voices are ſold in *Rome:*
And yet we boaſt of Liberty. Juſt Gods!
That Guardians of an Empire ſhould be choſen
By the lewd Noiſe of a licentious Rout!
The ſturdieſt Drinker makes the ableſt Stateſman.

ANTONIUS.

Would it not anger any true born *Roman*,
To ſee the giddy Multitude together,
Never conſulting who 'tis beſt deſerves,
But who feaſts higheſt to obtain their Suffrage?
As 'tis not many Years ſince two great Men
In *Rome* ſtood equal Candidates together,
For high Command: In every Houſe was Riot.
To-day the drunken Rabble reel'd to one;
To-morrow they were mad again for t'other;
Changing their Voices with their Entertainment:
And none could gueſs on whom the Choice would ſettle;
Till at the laſt a Stratagem was thought of.
A mighty Veſſel of *Falernian* Wine
Was brought into the *Forum* crown'd with Wreaths
Of Ivy, ſacred to the Jolly God.
The Monſter-people roar'd aloud for Joy:
When ſtreight the Candidate himſelf appears
In Pomp to grace the Preſent he had made 'em.
The Fools all gap'd. Then when a while he had
With a ſmooth Tale tickled their Aſſes Ears,

He

He at both ends tapp'd his Butt, and got the Conſulſhip.

CINNA.

This Curſe we owe to *Marius*'s Pride,
That made him firſt moſt baſely bribe the People
For Conſul in the War againſt *Jugurtha:*
Where he went out, *Metellus*, your Lieutenant.
And how the Kindneſs was return'd, all know.
I never lov'd his rough untoward Nature,
And wonder ſuch a Weed got growth in *Rome.*

METELLUS.

What ſays my *Cinna?*

CINNA.

That I like not *Marius*,
Nor love him———

METELLUS.

There *Rome*'s better Genius ſpoke.
Let us conſult and weigh this Subject well.
O *Romans*, here's the Thorn that galls us all.
Our haraſs'd State is crippled with the weight
Of his Ambition: we're not ſafe in *Marius.*
Do I not know his Riſe, his low beginning,
From what a wretched deſpicable Root
His Greatneſs grew? Gods! that a Peaſant's Brat.
Born in the outmoſt Cottages of *Arpos*,
And foſter'd in a Corner, ſhould by Bribes,
By Covetouſneſs, and all the hateful Means
Of working Pride, advance his little Fate
So high, to vaunt it o'er the Lords of *Rome!*

ANTONIUS.

Ambition, raging like a *Dæmon* in him,
Diſtorts him to all ugly Forms, ſhe'as need to uſe:
In his firſt ſtart of Fortune, O how vile
Were his Endeavours and Submiſſions then!
When ſuing to be choſen firſt *Edilis*,
He was by general Vote repuls'd, yet bore it;
And in the ſame Day ſhamefully return'd,
T'obtain the ſecond Office of that Name.

Equal was his Succeſs, deny'd in both:
Yet could he condeſcend at laſt to ask
The Prætorſhip, and but with Bribes got that.
Yet this is he that has diſturb'd the World,
Rome's Idol, and the Darling of her Wiſhes.

METELLUS.

I muſt confeſs it burdens much my Age,
To ſee the Man I hate thus ride my Country;
For, *Romans*, I have mighty Cauſe to hate him.
I was the firſt (and I am well rewarded)
That lent my Hand to raiſe his feeble State.
When firſt I made him Tribune by my Voice,
I thought there might be ſomething in his Nature
That promis'd well. His Parents were moſt honeſt,
And ſerv'd my Father juſtly in their Truſt.
Then as his Fortunes grew, when I was Conſul,
And went againſt *Jugurtha* into *Africk*,
I took him with me one of my Lieutenants.
'Twas there his Pride firſt ſhew'd itſelf in actions,
Oppreſs'd my Friends, and robb'd me of my Honour.

CINNA.

The Story's famous. Baſe Ingratitude,
Diſſimulation, Cruelty, and Pride,
Ill Manners, Ignorance, and all the Ills
Of one baſe born, in *Marius* are join'd.

METELLUS.

Even Age can't heal the Rage of his Ambition
Six times the Conſul's Office has he borne:
How well, our preſent Diſcords beſt declare.
Yet now again, when time has worn him low,
Conſum'd with Age, and by Diſeaſes preſs'd,
He courts the People to be once more choſen,
To lead the War againſt King *Mithridates*.

ANTONIUS.

For this each Day he riſes with the Sun,
And in the Field of *Mars* appears in Arms,
Excelling all our Youth in warlike Exerciſe:

He

He rides and tilts, and when the Prize he'as won,
He brings it back with Triumph into *Rome*,
And there preſents it to the ſordid Rabble;
Who ſhout to Heav'n, and cry, Let *Marius* live.

METELLUS.

He ſhall not have it, by the Gods he ſhall not.
There is a *Roman*, noble, juſt and valiant,
Sylla's his Name, ſprung from the ancient Stock
Of the *Cornelii*, bred from's Youth in War,
Fluſh'd with Succeſs, and of a Spirit bold,
And, more than all, hates *Marius*, ſtill has croſt
His Pride, and clouded ev'n his brighteſt Triumphs
He's Conſul now. Then let us all reſolve,
And fix on him, to check this Havocker,
That with his Kennel of the Rabble hunts
Our Senate into Holes, and frights our Laws.

CINNA.

Agreed for *Sylla*.

ALL.

All for *Sylla*.

METELLUS.

Nay,
This Monſter *Marius*, who has us'd me thus,
Ev'n now would wed his Family with mine,
And asks my Daughter for his hated Off-ſpring.
But, for my Wrongs, *Lavinia* ſhall be *Sylla*'s,
My eldeſt born; and the beſt of all
My Fortune I will confirm on him, to cruſh the Pride
Of this baſe-born, hot-brain'd, Plebeian Tyrant.

ANTONIUS.

Now *Rome*'s laſt Stake of Liberty is ſet,
And muſt be puſh'd for to the Teeth of Fortune.

CINNA.

Then *Caius Marius* ſhall not have the Conſulſhip.

METELLUS.

No, I would rather be *Sulpitius*' Slave,
That furious headlong Libertine *Sulpitius*,

That mad wild Bull whom *Marius* lets looſe
On each occaſion when he'd make *Rome* feel him,
To toſs our Laws and Liberties i'th' Air.

ANTONIUS.

That lawleſs Tribune then muſt be reduc'd,
Unhing'd from off the Pow'r that holds him up,
His Band of full ſix hundred *Roman* Knights,
All in their Youth, and pamper'd high with Riot,
Which he his Guard againſt the Senate calls;
Tall wild young Men, and fit for glorious Miſchiefs.

METELLUS.

Fear nothing; let but *Sylla* once have Pow'r,
And then ſee how like Day he'll break upon 'em,
And ſcatter all thoſe Goblins of the Night,
Confuſion's Night; where in the dark Diſorders
Of a divided State, Men know not where
Or how to walk, for fear they loſe their way,
And ſtumble upon Ruin. Mark the Race
Of *Sylla*'s Life; obſerve but what has paſt,
How ſtill he'as borne a Face againſt this *Marius*,
And kept an equal ſtretch with him for Glory.

CINNA.

He'as in the Capitol an Image ſet
Of Gold, in honour of his own Atchievement;
Wherein's deſcrib'd how the *Numidian* King
Gave up *Jugurtha* Priſoner to *Sylla*,
And all in ſpite of *Marius*. Oh now,
If you are truly *Roman* Nobles, wake,
Reſume your Rights, and keep your *Sylla* Conſul.
Courage, Nobility, and inhate Honour,
Juſtice unbiaſs'd, the true *Roman* Spirit,
Preſence of Mind, and reſolute Performance
Meet all in *Sylla*.

METELLUS.

Let's all agree for *Sylla*.

ALL.

All for *Sylla*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter CAIUS MARIUS, MARIUS *Junior, and* GRANIUS.

CAIUS MARIUS.

There *Rome*'s Dæmons go.
Like Witches in ill Weather, in this Storm
And Tempeſt of the State they meet in Corners,
And urge Deſtruction higher: for this end
They've rais'd their Imp, their dear Familiar *Sylla*,
To croſs my Way and ſtop my Tide of Glory.
If I am *Caius Marius*, if I'm he
That brought *Jugurtha* chain'd in Triumph hither;
If I am he that led *Rome*'s Armies out,
Spent all my Years in Toil and cruel War,
Chill'd my warm Youth in cold and Winter-Camps,
'Till I brought ſettled Peace and Plenty home,
Made her the Court and Envy of the World;
Why does ſhe uſe me thus?

MARIUS Junior.

Becauſe ſhe's rul'd
By lazy Drones that feed on others Labours,
And fatten with the Fruits they never toil'd for;
Old gouty Senators of crude Minds and Brains,
That always are fermenting Miſchief up,
And ſtile their private Malice public Safety——

GRANIUS.

One diſcontented Villain leads a State
To Madneſs. There's that Bell-weather of Mutiny,
And damn'd Sedition, *Cinna*, of a Life
And Manners ſordid; one whoſe Gain's his God;
And to that curſed end he'd ſacrifice
His Country's Honour, Liberty, or Peace:
Nay, had he any, ev'n his very Gods.

CAIUS MARIUS.

H'as taken *Rome* even in the niceſt Minute,
And eaſily debauch'd her to his ends,
When ſhe was over-cloy'd with Happineſs,
Wantonly full, and longing after Change.

For *Sylla* too, a Boy, a Woman's Play-thing,
She has relinquiſh'd me, and flouts my Age.
Conſtant ill Fortune wait upon her for't.
And wreck her Fate as low as firſt I found it,
When it lay trembling like a hunted Prey,
And hungry Ruin had it in the Wind;
When barbarous Nations, of a Race unknown,
From undiſcover'd Northern Regions came,
To lay her waſte, and ſweep her from the Earth;
Till I, I *Marius* roſe, the Soul of all
The hope ſh'had left, and with unwearied Toil,
Dangers each Hour, and never-ſleeping Care,
(A burden for a God) oppos'd myſelf
'Twixt her and Deſolation, gorg'd the Maw
Of Death with ſlaughter'd numbers of her Foes,
Reſtor'd her Peace, and made her Name renown'd.

MARIUS Junior.

The Glory of that War muſt be remember'd,
When *Rome*, like her old Mother *Troy*, ſhall lie
In Aſhes——Full three hundred thouſand Men,
All Sons of Fortune, born and bred in Fields,
Whoſe Trade was War, and Camps their Habitation,
Hung like a Swarm of Miſchiefs on the Hills
Of *Italy*, and threatned Fate to *Europe*.

GRANIUS.

They came in Tribes, as if to take Poſſeſſion,
And ſeem'd a People whom the Hand of Fate
Had ſcourg'd by Famine from a barren Land;
Of Viſage foul and ugly, pinch'd and chapp'd
By bitter Froſts and Winter-Winds; yet fierce
As hungry Lions of the Deſart.
Their Wives with Loads of Children at their Backs,
Bold manly Hags, whom Shame had long forſook,
And vagrant living had inur'd to Ill,
Follow'd in Troops like Furies.

MARIUS Junior.

And all was done too when that Dolt *Metellus*

Shrunk

Shrunk like a Worm, and *Sylla* ſcarce was heard of.

CAIUS MARIUS.

That curſt *Metellus* ſtill has been my Plague,
And ever done me moſt deliberate Wrong;
Becauſe, like a tame Hawk, I ſcorn'd to fly
Juſt at his Quartres, and attend his Lure.
Becauſe I grew too great for him in Wars,
And ſerv'd his Country well, he hates me. Twice
Have I already offer'd him Alliance,
And ask'd *Lavinia*, *Marius*, for thy Bed.
Beggary catch me when again I court him.
Why ſigh'ſt thou, Boy? ſtill at th' unlucky Name
Of that *Lavinia*, I have obſerv'd thee thus
With thy Looks fix'd, as if thy Fate had ſeiz'd thee.

MARIUS Junior.

Why did you name *Lavinia?* would ſh'had ne'er
Been born, or that *Metellus* had not got her.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Forget her, *Marius*; ſhe's a dainty Bit,
A Delicate, for none but *Sylla*'s taſte,
The Fav'rite *Sylla*, th' Idol that's ſet up
To blaſt thy Hopes and cloud thy Father's Glories.
Conſider that, my *Marius*, and forget her.

MARIUS Junior.

Forget her? Oh! ſh'has Beauty might enſnare
A Conqueror's Soul and make him leave his Crowns
At random to be ſcuffled for by Slaves.
Forget her? Oh! teach me (great Parent) teach me;
Read me each Day a Lecture of the Wrongs
Done you by that inglorious Patrician,
Till my Heart know no Longings but Revenge,
And quite forget *Lavinia* e'er dwelt there.
Methinks 'twould not be hard, e'en midſt the Senate,
To ſtrike this through him in his Conſul's Chair,
Tumble him thence, and mount it in his ſtead.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Oh! name not him and Conſulſhip together.

Sylla and Conſul? ſet 'em far apart
As Eaſt from Weſt, for as they now are met,
It bodes Confuſion, *Rome*, to thee and thine.

GRANIUS.

I'd rather ſee *Rome* but one funeral Pile,
And all her People quitting her like Bees,
Driven by Sulphur from their Hives;
Much rather ſee her Senators in Chains
Drag'd through the Streets to Death, and Slaves made Lords,
Than ſee that vain preſumptuous Upſtart's Pride
Succeed to lead the Armies you have bred.

CAIUS MARIUS.

'Tis ſuch a Wrong as even tortures Thought,
That we who've been her Champion forty Years,
Fought all her Battles with renown'd Succeſs,
And never loſt her yet a Man in vain,
Should, now her nobleſt Fortune is at Stake,
And *Mithridates'* Sword is drawn, be thrown
Aſide, like ſome old broken batter'd Shield:
To ſee my Laurels wither as I ruſt:
And all this manag'd by the curſed Craft,
Petulant Envy, and malignant Spight
Of that old barking Senate's Dog, *Metellus*.
Strike me, juſt Gods, with Thunder to the Earth,
Lay my gray Hairs low in the Cave of Death,
Rather than live in Mem'ry of ſuch ſhame.

GRANIUS,

Periſh *Metellus* firſt, and all his Race.

CAIUS MARIUS.

There ſpoke the Soul of *Marius*. By the Head
Of *Jove*,
I hate him worſe than Famine or Diſeaſes.
Periſh his Family, let inveterate Hate
Commence between our Houſes from this Moment;
And meeting never let 'em Bloodleſs part.
Go, *Granius*, bid *Sulpitius* ſtraight be ready
To meet me with his Guards upon the *Forum*.

By

By all the Gods, I'll chace this Dæmon out,
That rages thus in *Rome*; or let her Blood
To that degree, till she grow tame enough
To tremble at the Rod of my Revenge.
Why didst not thou applaud me for the Thought.
Take m'in thy Arms, and cherish my old Heart?
'T had been a lucky Omen. Art thou dumb?

MARIUS Junior.

As dumb as solemn Sorrow ought to be,
Could my Griefs speak, the Tale would have no end.
Must I resolve to hate *Metellus'* Race,
Yet know *Lavinia* took her Being thence?
Lavinia! Oh! there's Music in the Name
That softning me to infant Tenderness,
Makes my Heart spring like the first Leaps of Life.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Then thou art lost: If thou art Man and *Roman*,
If thou hast Virtue in thee, or canst prize
Thy Father's Honour, scorn her like a Slave.
Hell! Love her? Damn her: There's *Metellus* in her.
In every Line of her bewitching Face,
There's a Resemblance tells whose Brood she came of.
I'd rather see thee in a Brothel trapt,
And basely wedded to a Ruffian's Whore,
Than thou shouldst think to taint my generous Blood
With the base Puddle of that o'er-fed Gown-man.
Lavinia?——

MARIUS Junior.

Yes, *Lavinia*: Is she not
As harmless as the Turtle of the Woods?
Fair as the Summer-Beauty of the Fields?
As opening Flow'rs untainted yet with Winds,
The Pride of Nature, and the Joy of Sense?
Why first did you bewitch me elfe to weakness?
When from the Sacrifice we came together,
And as by her's our Chariot drove along
These were your Words: Thus, *Marius*, that is fair

That muſt give Happineſs to thee and *Rome*,
Confirming in thy Arms my wiſh'd-for Peace
With old *Metellus*, and break *Sylla*'s Heart.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Then ſhe was charming.

MARIUS Junior.

Oh! I found her ſo.
I lookt and gaz'd, and never miſs'd my Heart,
It fled ſo pleaſingly away. But now
My Soul is all *Lavinia*'s, now ſhe's fixt
Firm in my Heart by ſecret Vows made there,
Th'indelible Record of faithful Love,
You'd have me hate her. Can my Nature change?
Create me o'er again——and I may be
That haughty Maſter of myſelf you'd have me:
But as I am, the Slave of ſtrong Deſires,
That keep me ſtruggling under; though I ſee
The hopeleſs ſtate of my unhappy Love;
With Torment, like a ſtubborn Slave that lies
Chain'd to the Floor, ſtretch'd helpleſs on his Back,
I look to Liberty, and break my Heart.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Has ſhe yet heard your Love, or granted hers?

MARIUS Junior.

If Eyes may ſpeak the Language of the Heart,
If tend'reſt Glances, Sighs and ſudden Bluſhes
May be interpreted for Love in one
So Young, ſo Fair, and Innocent as ſhe,
Our Souls can ne'er be Strangers——

CAIUS MARIUS.

No more, I'll have *Lavinia* nam'd no more.
When next thou nam'ſt her, let it be with Infamy.
Tell me, ſh'has whor'd or fled her Father's Houſe
With ſome coarſe Slave t'a ſecret Cell of Luſt,
And then I'll bleſs thee.

MARIUS Junior.

I ſhall obey. Gods, from your Skies look down,

And

And find like me one wretched, if you can.
No, Sir, I'll ſpeak that hateful Name no more,
But be as curſt as you can wiſh your Son.

Enter SULPITIUS.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Oh *Sulpitius!*
Thou Darling of m'Ambition, art thou come?
What News?

SULPITIUS.

I've left a Preſent at your Houſe,
The Head of a *Metellus*, a gay, tall,
Young thing, that was in time t'have been a Lord,
But he's but Worm's Meat now.

CAIUS MARIUS.

My beſt *Sulpitius*,
Thou always comfort'ſt me. See here a Man,
A Stranger to my Blood as well as Fortune;
But meerly of his choice my Honour's Friend:
What mighty things would he not do for me?
Couldſt thou, when Honour call'd thee, whine for Love?

SULPITIUS.

How? my young Son of War in Love? with whom?

MARIUS Junior.

A Woman, Sir.—I muſt not ſpeak her Name.

SULPITIUS.

If it be hopeleſs Love, uſe generous Means,
And lay a kinder Beauty to the Wound,
Take in a new Infection to the Heart,
And the rank Poiſon of the old will die——

MARIUS Junior.

A Plantane Leaf is excellent for that.

SULPITIUS.

For what?

MARIUS Junior.

For broken Shins.

SUL-

SULPITIUS.

Why? art thou mad?

MARIUS Junior.

Not mad, but bound more than a Madman is,
Confin'd to Limits, kept without my Food,
Whipt and tormented.——Pr'ythee do not wake me;
Let me dream on———

SULPITIUS.

Oh! the ſmall Queen of Fairies
Is buſy in his Brains; the *Mab* that comes
Drawn by a little Team of ſmalleſt Atoms
Over Mens Noſes as they lie aſleep,
In a Chariot of an empty Hazel-nut,
Made by a Joiner-Squirrel: in which State
She gallops Night by Night through Lovers Brains;
And then how wickedly they dream, all know.
Sometimes ſhe courſes o'er a Courtier's Noſe,
And then he dreams of begging an Eſtate,
Sometimes ſhe hurries o'er a Soldier's Neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign Throats;
Of Breaches, Ambuſcado's, temper'd Blades,
Of good rich Winter-quarters, and falſe Muſters.
Sometimes ſhe tweaks a Poet by the Ear,
And then dreams he
Of Panegyricks, flatt'ring Dedications,
And mighty Preſents from the Lord knows who,
But wakes as empty as he laid him down,
She has been with *Sylla* too, and he dreams now
Of nothing but a Conſulſhip.

CAIUS MARIUS.

A Rattle!
Give the fantaſtic giddy Boy a Rattle;
The puling Fondling ſhould not want a Play-thing,
A Conſulſhip?

SULPITIUS.

By all the Gods, he'll ſhake it.
He's drawn a Force from *Capua* here to *Rome*,

As if he meant Diſtruction or Succeſs:
The Rabble too are drunk with him already.——

CAIUS MARIUS.

Alarum all our Citizens to Arms
That are my Friends. Draw you your Guards together,
And take Poſſeſſion of the *Forum*. Thou,
Inglorious Boy, behold my Face no more,
Till thou'ſt done ſomething worthy of my Name.

MARIUS Junior.

Firſt periſh *Rome*, and all I hold moſt dear,
Rather than let me feel my Father's Hate——

CAIUS MARIUS.

Why, that's well ſaid——

SULPITIUS.

My Troops are all together,
All ready on the *Forum*: But the Heav'ns
Play Tricks with us. Our Enſigns as they ſtood
Diſplay'd before our Troops, took Fire untouch'd,
And burnt to Tinder.
Three Ravens brought their young ones in the Streets,
Devouring 'em before the People's Eyes,
Then bore the Garbage back into their Neſts.
A Noiſe of Trumpets rattling in the Air
Was heard, and dreadful Cries of dying Men.

CAIUS MARIUS.

It was the *Roman* Genius, that thus warns
Me, her old Friend, not to let ſlip my Fate.
Ambition! Oh, Ambition! If I've done
For thee things great and well—ſhall Fortune now
Forſake me?
Hark thee, *Sulpitius*, if it come to Blows,
Let not a Hair of that *Metellus* 'ſcape thee,
Who'd ſtrip my Age of its moſt dear-bought Honours.
Elſe why have I thus buſtled in the World,
Through various and uncertain Fortune hurl'd,
But to be great, unequall'd and alone?
Which only he can be who ſtill ſpurs on
As ſwift at laſt as when he firſt begun. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter METELLUS *and* NURSE.

METELLUS.

I Cannot reſt to-night: Ill-boding Thoughts
Have chas'd ſoft Sleep from my unſettled Brains.
This ſeems *Lavinia*'s Chamber, and ſhe up.
Reſt too to-night has been a Stranger here.
Lavinia! My Daughter, hoa? Where art thou?

NURSE.

Now by my Maiden-head (at twelve Years old I had one)
Come, what Lamb? What, Lady-bird? Gods forbid.
Where's this Girl *Lavinia?*

Enter LAVINIA.

LAVINIA.

How now? who calls?

NURSE.

Your Father, Child.

LAVINIA.

I'm here. Your Lordſhip's Pleaſure.

METELLUS.

Why up at this unlucky time of Night,
When nought but loathſom Vermin are abroad,
Or Witches gathering pois'nous Herbs for Spells
By the pale Light of the cold waning Moon?

LAVINIA.

Alas! I could not ſleep: In a ſad Dream
Methought I ſaw one ſtanding by my Bed,
To warn me I ſhould have a care of Sleep,
For 'twould be baneful——

METELLUS.

Dreams give Children Fears.

LAVI-

LAVINIA.

At which I roſe from my uneaſy Pillows
And to my Cloſet went, to pray the Gods
T'avert th' unlucky Omen.

METELLUS.

'Twas well done.
Nurſe, give us leave a while: I muſt impart
Something to my *Lavinia*. Yet ſtay,
And hear it too. Thou know'ſt *Lavinia*'s Age.

NURSE.

Faith, I know her Age to an Hour.

METELLUS.

She's bare ſixteen.

NURSE.

I'll lay ſixteen of my Teeth of it; and yet no Diſparagement, I have but ſix, ſhe's not ſixteen. How long is't now ſince *Marius* triumph'd laſt!

METELLUS.

No matter, Woman; what is that to thee?

NURSE.

Even or odd, of all Days in the Year, ſince *Marius* enter'd *Rome* in Triumph, 'tis now even thirteen Years. Young *Marius* then too was but a Boy. My *Lais* and ſhe were both of an Age. Well, *Lais*, is in Happineſs, ſhe was too good for me. But as I was ſaying, a Month hence ſhe'll be ſixteen. 'Tis ſince *Marius* triumph'd now full thirteen Years, and then ſhe was weaned. Sure I ſhall never forget it of all Days——Upon that Day (for I had then laid Wormwood to my Breaſt, ſitting in the Sun under the Dove-houſe Wall) my Lady and you were at the Show. Nay, I do bear a Brain! But as I ſaid before, when it did taſte the Wormwood on my Nipple, and felt it bitter, pretty Fool! to ſee it teachy and fall out with the Nipple. Shout, quo' the People in the Streets. 'Twas no need, I trow, to bid me trudge. And ſince that time it is thirteen Years; and then ſhe could ſtand alone, nay, ſhe could run and

waddle all about: For just the Day before she broke her Forehead, and then my Husband (Peace be with him, he was a merry Man) took up the Baggage. Ay, quo' he, dost thou fall upon thy Face? Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more Wit; wilt thou not, *Vinny?* and by my Fackins, the pretty Chit left Crying, and said, Ay,—I warrant an' I should live a thousand Years, I should not forget it. Wilt thou not, *Vinny*, quo' he; and pretty Fool, it stopt, and said, Ay.

METELLUS.

Enough of this; stop thy impertinent Chat.

NURSE.

Yes, my Lord: Yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say, Ay,——And yet in Sadness it had a Bump on its Brow as big a Cockril's Stone, a parlous Knock, and it cry'd bitterly. Ay, quo' my Husband fall'st upon thy Face? thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to Age, wilt thou not *Vinny?* Look you now, it stinted, and said, Ay——

METELLUS.

Intollerable trifling Gossip, peace.

NURSE.

Well; thou wast the prettiest Babe, that e'er I nurs'd. Might I but live to see thee marry'd once, I should be happy. It stinted, and said, Ay——

METELLUS.

What think you then of Marriage, my *Lavinia?* It was the Subject that I came to treat of.

LAVINIA.

It is a thing I have not dreamt of yet.

NURSE.

Thing? the thing of Marriage? were I not thy Nurse, I would swear thou hadst suck'd thy Wisdom from thy Teat. The thing?

METELLUS.

Think of it now then, for I come to make
Proposals may be worthy of your Wishes.

They

They are for *Sylla*; the young, the gay, the handſome,
Noble in Birth and Mind, the valiant *Sylla*.

NURSE.

A Man, young Lady, Lady, ſuch a man as all the
World—why, he's a Man of Wax.

METELLUS.

Conſider, Child, my Hopes are all in thee,
And now old Age gains ground ſo faſt upon me,
'Mongſt all its ſad Infirmities, my Fears
For thee are not the ſmalleſt.
Therefore I've made Alliance with this *Sylla*,
A high-born Lord, and of the nobleſt Hopes
That *Rome* can boaſt, to give thee to his Arms;
So in the Winter of my Age to find
Reſt from all worldly Cares, and kind rejoicing
In the warm Sunſhine of thy Happineſs.

LAVINIA.

If Happineſs be ſeated in Content,
Or that my being bleſs'd can make you ſo,
Let me implore it on my Knees. I am
Your only Child, and ſtill, through all the Courſe
Of my paſt Life have been obedient too:
And as you've ever been a loving Parent,
And bred me up with watchful tender'ſt Care,
Which never coſt me hitherto a Tear;
Name not that *Sylla* any more, indeed
I cannot love him.

METELLUS.

Why?

LAVINIA.

Indeed I cannot.

METELLUS.

Oh early Diſobedience! by the Gods,
Debauch'd already to her Sex's Folly,
Perverſeneſs, and untoward head-ſtrong Will!

LAVINIA.

Think me not ſo; I gladly ſhall ſubmit

To

To any thing; nay, muſt ſubmit to all:
Yet think a little, or you ſell my Peace.
The Rites of Marriage are of mighty moment:
And ſhould you violate a thing ſo ſacred
Into a lawful Rape, and ſeal my Soul
With hateful Bonds, which never can grow eaſy,
How miſerable am I like to be?

METELLUS.

Has then ſome other taken up your Heart,
And baniſh'd Duty as an Exile thence?
What ſenſual lewd Companion of the Night
Have you been holding Converſation with,
From open Windows at a Mid-night Hour,
When your looſe Wiſhes would not let you ſleep?

LAVINIA.

If I ſhould love, is that a Fault in one
So young as I? I cannot gueſs the Cauſe,
But when you firſt nam'd *Sylla* for my Love,
My Heart ſhrunk back as if you'd done it wrong;
If I did love, I'd tell you—if I durſt,
Oh *Marius!*

METELLUS.

Hah!

LAVINIA.

'Twas *Marius*, Sir, I nam'd,
That Enemy to you and all your Houſe.
'Twas an unlucky Omen that he firſt
Demanded me in Marriage for his Son.
Yet, Sir, believe me, I as ſoon could wed
That *Marius*, whom I've cauſe to hate, as *Sylla*.

METELLUS.

No more; by all the Gods, 'twill make me mad.
That daily, nightly, hourly, every way
My Care has been to make thy Fortune high;
And having now provided thee a Lord
Of nobleſt Parentage, of fair Demeſns,
Early in Fame, youthful, and well ally'd,

In every thing as Thought could wish a Man,
To have at last a wretched puling Fool,
A whining Suckling, ignorant of her Good,
To answer *I'll not wed, I cannot love.*
If thou art mine, resolve upon Compliance,
Or think no more to rest beneath my Roofs.
Go, try thy risk in Fortune's barren Field,
Graze, were thou wilt, but think no more of me,
'Till thy Obedience welcome thy Return.

LAVINIA.

Will you then quite cast off your poor *Lavinia,*
And turn me like a Vagrant out of Doors,
To wander up and down the Streets of *Rome,*
And beg my Bread with Sorrow? Can I bear
The proud and hard Revilings of a Slave,
Fat with his Master's Plenty, when I ask
A little Pity for my pinching Wants?
Shall I endure the cold, wet, windy Night,
To seek a Shelter under dropping Eves,
A Porch my Bed, a Threshold for my Pillow,
Shiv'ring and starv'd for want of Warmth and Food,
Swell'd with my Sighs, and almost choak'd with Tears.
Must I at the uncharitable Gates
Of proud great Men implore Relief in vain?
Must I your poor *Lavinia,* bear all this,
Because I am not Mistress of my Heart,
Or cannot love according to your liking?

METELLUS.

Art thou not Mistress of thy Heart then?

LAVINIA.

No;
'Tis given away.

METELLUS.

To whom?

LAVINIA.

I dare not tell.
But I'll endeavour strangely to forget him,

If you'll forget but *Sylla*.

METELLUS.

Thou doſt well.
Conceal his Name if thou'dſt preſerve his Life:
For if there be a Death in *Rome* that might
Be bought, it ſhould not miſs him. From this Hour
Curſt be thy Purpoſes, moſt curſt thy Love.
And if thou marry'ſt, in thy wedding Night
May all the Curſes of an injur'd Parent
Fall thick, and blaſt the Bleſſings of thy Bed.

LAVINIA

What have you done? alas! Sir, as you ſpoke,
Methought the Fury of your Words took place,
And ſtruck my Heart like Lightning, dead within me.
Gone too? [*Exit* Metellus.
Is there no Pity ſitting in the Clouds
That ſees into the Bottom of my Grief?
Alas! that ever Heav'n ſhould practiſe Stratagems
Upon ſo ſoft a Subject as my ſelf!
What ſay'ſt thou? haſt thou not a Word of Joy?
Some Comfort, Nurſe, in this Extremity.

NURSE.

Marry: and there's but need on't: Ods my Life, this Dad of ours was an arrant Wag in his young Days for all this. Well, and what then? *Marius* is a Man, and ſo's *Sylla*. Oh! but *Marius*'s Lip! and then *Sylla*'s Noſe and Forehead! but then *Marius*'s Eye again, how 'twill ſparkle, and twinkle, and roul, and fleer! But to ſee *Sylla* a Horſe-back! but to ſee *Marius* walk or dance! ſuch a Leg, ſuch a Foot, ſuch a Shape, ſuch a Motion. Ah a—Well, *Marius* is the Man, muſt be the Man, and ſhall be the Man.

LAVINIA.

He's by his Father's Nature rough and fierce,
And knows not yet the Follies of my Love:
And when he does, perhaps may ſcorn and hate me.

NURSE.

NURSE.

Yes, yes, he's a rude, unmannerly, ill-bred Fellow. He's not the Flow'r of Courteſy; but I'll warrant him, as gentle as a Lamb. Go thy ways, Child, ſerve God. What? a Father's an old Man, and old Men they ſay will take care. But a young Man! Girl, ah! a young Man! there's a great deal in a young Man, and thou ſhalt have a young Man. What! I have been thy Nurſe theſe ſixteen Years, and I ſhould know what's good for thee ſurely. Oh! Ay——a young Man!

LAVINIA.

Now, pr'ythee leave me to myſelf a while. [*Exit* Nurſe.
'Tis hardly yet within two Hours of Day.
Sad Nights ſeem long——I'll down into the Garden.
The Queen of Night
Shines fair with all her Virgin-ſtars about her.
Not one amongſt them all a Friend to me:
Yet by their Light a while I'll guide my Steps:
And think what Courſe my wretched State muſt take.
Oh, *Marius!* [*Exit* Lavinia.

SCENE II. *A walled Garden belonging to* Metellus's *Houſe.*

Enter MARIUS *Junior.*

MARIUS Junior.

How vainly have I ſpent this idle Night!
Even Wine can't heal the Ragings of my Love.
This ſure ſhould be the Manſion of *Lavinia*;
For in ſuch Groves the Deities firſt dwelt.
Can I go forward when my Heart is here?
Turn back, dull Earth, and find thy Centre out.
[*Enters the Garden.*

Enter GRANIUS *and* SULPITIUS.

GRANIUS.

This way—he went—Why, *Marius!* Brother *Marius!*

SUL-

SULPITIUS.

Perhaps he's wiſe and gravely gone to Bed.
There's not ſo weak a Drunkard as a Lover;
One Bottle to his Lady's Health quite addles him.

GRANIUS.

He ran this way, and leap'd this Orchard-wall.
Call, good *Sulpitius.*

SULPITIUS.

Nay, I'll conjure too.
Why, *Marius!* Humours! Paſſion! Mad-man! Lover!
Appear thou in the likeneſs of a Sigh.
Speak but one Word, and I am ſatisfy'd.
He hears not, neither ſtirs he yet. Nay then
I conjure thee by bright *Lavinia*'s Eyes,
By her high Forehead, and her Scarlet Lip,
By her fine Foot, ſtrait Leg, and quivering Thigh,
And the Demeſns that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.

GRANIUS.

Hold, good *Sulpitius*, this will anger him——

SULPITIUS.

This cannot anger him. 'Twould anger him
To raiſe a Spirit in his Lady's Arms,
'Till ſhe had laid and charm'd it down again.

GRANIUS.

Let's go; he has hid himſelf among theſe Trees,
To die his melancholic Mind in Night:
Blind in his Love, and beſt befits the Dark.

SULPITIUS.

Pox o'this Love, this little ſcarecrow Love,
That frights Fools with his painted Bow of Lath
Out of their feeble Senſe.

GRANIUS.

Stop there—let's leave the Subject and its Slave;
Or burn *Metellus'* Houſe about his Ears.

SULPITIUS.

This Morning *Sylla* means to enter *Rome:*

Your

Your Father too demands the Conſulſhip.
Yet now when he ſhou'd think of cutting Throats,
Your Brother's loſt; loſt in a maze of Love,
The idle Truantry of callow Boys.
I'd rather truſt my Fortunes with a Daw,
That hops at every Butterfly he ſees,
Than have to do in Honour with a Man
That ſells his Virtue for a Woman's Smiles. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MARIUS Junior *in the Garden.*

MARIUS Junior.

He laughs at Wounds that never felt their ſmart.
What Light is that which breaks thro' yonder Shade?
[Lavinia *in the Balcony.*
Oh! 'tis my Love.
She ſeems to hang upon the Cheek of Night,
Fairer than Snow upon the Raven's Back,
Or a rich Jewel in an *Ethiop*'s Ear.
Were ſhe in yonder Sphere, ſhe'd ſhine ſo bright,
That Birds would ſing, and think the Day were breaking.

LAVINIA.

Ah me!

MARIUS Junior.

She ſpeaks,
Oh! ſpeak again, bright Angel; for thou art
As glorious to this Night, as Sun at Noon
To the admiring Eyes of gazing Mortals,
When he beſtrides the lazy pacing Clouds,
And ſails upon the Boſom of the Air.

LAVINIA.

O *Marius, Marius!* wherefore art thou *Marius?*
Deny thy Family, renounce thy Name:
Or if thou will not, be but ſworn my Love,
And I'll no longer call *Metellus* Parent.

MARIUS Junior.

Shall I hear this, and yet keep ſilence?

LAVI-

LAVINIA.

No.

'Tis but thy Name that is my Enemy.
Thou wouldſt be ſtill thyſelf, tho' not a *Marius*,
Belov'd of me, and charming as thou art.
What's in a Name? that which we call a Roſe,
By any other Name wou'd ſmell as ſweet.
So *Marius*, were he not *Marius* call'd,
Be ſtill as dear to my deſiring Eyes,
Without that Title. *Marius*, loſe thy Name,
And for that Name, which is no part of thee,
Take all *Lavinia*.

MARIUS Junior.

At thy Word I take thee,
Call me but thine, and Joys will ſo tranſport me,
I ſhall forget myſelf, and quite be chang'd.

LAVINIA.

Who art thou, that thus hid and veil'd in Night,
Haſt overheard my Follies?

MARIUS Junior.

By a Name
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My Name, dear Creature's hateful to myſelf:
Becauſe it is an Enemy to thee.

LAVINIA.

Marius? how cam'ſt thou hither? tell, and why?
The Orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place Death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of our Family here find thee.
By whoſe Directions didſt thou find this place?

MARIUS Junior.

By Love, that firſt did prompt me to enquire.
He lent me Counſel, and I lent him Eyes.
I am no Pilot; yet wert thou as far
As the vaſt Shore waſh'd by the fartheſt Sea,
I'd hazard Ruin for a Prize ſo dear.——

LAVI-

LAVINIA.

Oh *Marius!* vain are all ſuch Hopes and Wiſhes.
The Hand of Heav'n has thrown a Bar between us,
Our Houſes Hatred and the Fate of *Rome*,
Where none but *Sylla* muſt be happy now.
All bring him Sacrifices of ſome ſort,
And I muſt be a Victim to his Bed.
To-night my Father broke the dreadful News;
And when I urg'd him for the Right of Love,
He threaten'd me to baniſh me his Houſe,
Naked and ſhiftleſs to the World. Wouldſt thou,
Marius, receive a Beggar to thy Boſom?

MARIUS Junior.

Oh! were my Joys but fixt upon that Point,
I'd then ſhake Hands with Fortune and be Friends;
Thus graſp my Happineſs, embrace it thus,
And bleſs th'ill turn that gave thee to my Arms.

LAVINIA.

Thou know'ſt the Mask of Night is on my Face,
Elſe ſhould I bluſh for what thou'ſt heard me ſpeak.
Fain would I dwell on Form; fain, fain deny
The things I've ſaid; but farewel all ſuch Follies.
Doſt thou then love? I know thou'lt ſay thou doſt;
And I muſt take thy Word, tho' thou prove falſe.

MARIUS Junior.

By yon bright *Cynthia*'s Beams that ſhines above.

LAVINIA.

Oh! ſwear not by the Moon, th' inconſtant Moon,
That changes monthly, and ſhines but by Seaſons,
Leſt that thy Love prove variable too.

MARIUS Junior.

What ſhall I ſwear by?

LAVINIA.

Do not ſwear at all.
Or, if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Who art the God of my Idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

MARIUS Junior.

Witneſs all ye Powers.

LAVINIA.

Nay, do not ſwear; although my Joy be great,
I'm hardly ſatisfy'd with this Night's Contract:
It ſeems too raſh, too unadvis'd and ſudden,
Too like the Lightning, which doth ceaſe to be
Ere one can ſay it is. Therefore this time
Good-night, my *Marius*. May a happier Hour
Bring us to crown our Wiſhes.

MARIUS Junior.

Why wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfy'd?

LAVINIA.

What wouldſt thou have?

MARIUS Junior.

Th' Exchange of Love for mine.

LAVINIA.

I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it;
And yet I wiſh I could retrieve it back.

MARIUS Junior.

Why?

LAVINIA.

But to be frank, and give it thee again.
My Bounty is as boundleſs as the Sea,
My Love as deep: the more I give to thee,
The more I have: for both are infinite.
I hear a Noiſe within. Farewel, my *Marius*;
Or ſtay a little, and I'll come again.

MARIUS Junior.

Stay! ſure for ever.

LAVINIA.

Three Words, and, *Marius*, then Good-night indeed.
If that thy Love be honourably meant,
Thy purpoſe Marriage, ſend me Word to-morrow,
And all my Fortunes at thy Feet I'll lay.

NURSE. [*within.*]

Madam!

LA-

LAVINIA.

I come anon. But if thou mean'ſt not well,
I do beſeech thee———

NURSE [*within.*]

Madam! Madam!———

LAVINIA.

By and by, I come.
To ceaſe thy Suit, and leave me to my Griefs.
To-morrow I will ſend——— [*Exit.*

MARIUS Junior.

So thrive my Soul. Is not all this a Dream,
Too lovely, ſweet and flattering to be true?

Re-enter LAVINIA

LAVINIA.

Hiſt, *Marius*, hiſt. Oh for a Falkner's Voice,
To lure this Taſſel gentle back again.
Reſtraint has Fears, and may not ſpeak aloud:
Elſe would I tear the Cave where Echo lies,
With repetition of my *Marius*.———

MARIUS Junior.

It is my Love that calls me back again.
How ſweetly Lovers Voices ſound by Night!
Like ſofteſt Muſic to attending Ears.

LAVINIA.

Marius.

MARIUS Junior.

My Dear.

LAVINIA

At what a-Clock to-morrow?
Shall I ſend to thee?

MARIUS Junior.

At the Hour of nine.

LAVINIA.

I will not fail: 'Tis twenty Years till then———
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

MARIUS Junior.

Let me here ſtay till thou remember'ſt why.

LAVINIA.

The Morning's breaking; I would have thee gone;
And yet no farther than a Wanton's Bird,
That lets it hop a little from her Hand,
To pull it by its Fetters back again.

MARIUS Junior.

Would I were thine.

LAVINIA.

Indeed and ſo would I:
Yet I ſhould kill thee ſure with too much cheriſhing.
No more——Good-night.

MARIUS Junior.

There's ſuch ſweet Pain in parting,
That I could hang for ever on thy Arms,
And look away my Life into thy Eyes.

LAVINIA.

To-morrow will come.

MARIUS Junior.

So it will. Good-night.
Heav'n be thy Guard; and all its Bleſſings wait thee——
[*Exit* Lavinia.
To-morrow! 'tis no longer: but Deſires
Are ſwift, and longing Love wou'd laviſh time.
To-morrow! Oh to-morrow! till that come,
The tedious Hours move heavily away,
And each long Minute ſeems a lazy Day.
Already Light is mounted in the Air,
Striking itſelf thro' every Element.
Our Party will by this time be abroad,
To try the Fate of *Marius* and *Rome*.
Love and Renown ſure court me thus together.
Smile, Smile, ye Gods, and give Succeſs to both. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Forum.*

Enter four CITIZENS.

3 *CITIZEN.*

Well, Neighbours, now we are here, what muſt we do?

1 *CITIZEN.*

Why, you muſt give your Vote for *Caius Marius* to be Conſul: And if any Body ſpeaks againſt you knock 'em down.

2 *CITIZEN.*

The Truth on't is, there's nothing like a civil Government, where good Subjects may have leave to knock Brains out to maintain Privileges.

3 *CITIZEN.*

Look you——but what's this *Sylla*? this *Sylla*? I've heard great Talk of him.——He's a damnable fighting Fellow they ſay; but hang him——he's a Lord.

1 *CITIZEN.*

Ay, ſo he is, Neighbours: And I know not why any one ſhould be a Lord more than another. I care not for a Lord: What good do they do? nothing but run in our Debts, and lie with our Wives——

4 *CITIZEN.*

Why, there's a Grievance now. I have three Boys at Home, no more mine than *Rome*'s mine. They are all fair curl'd-hair *Cupids*; and I'm an honeſt, black, tauny, Kettle-fac'd Fellow.——I'll ha' no Lords.——

[*Drums and Trumpets.*

1 *CITIZEN.*

Hark! hark! Drums and Trumpets! Drums and Trumpets! they are coming. Be you ſure you roar out for a *Marius*: and do as much Miſchief as you can.——

Enter CAIUS MARIUS *and his Sons*; MARIUS *borne upon the Shoulders of two* Roman *Slaves*; SULPITIUS *at the head of the Guards.* [*Trumpets.*

SULPITIUS.

Harken, ye Men of *Rome*: I, I, *Sulpitius*,
Your Tribune and Protector of your Freedom,
By Virtue of that Office here have call'd you
To chuſe a Conſul. *Methridates* King
Of *Pontus* has begun a War upon us,
Invaded our Allies, our Edicts violated,
And threatens *Rome* itſelf. Whom will you chuſe
To lead you forth in this moſt glorious War?
Marius, or *Sylla*?

All CITIZENS.

A *Marius!* a *Marius!* a *Marius!*

CAIUS MARIUS.

Country-men,
And Fellow Citizens, my Brethren all,
Or, if it may be thought a dearer Name,
My Sons, my Children, Glory of my Age;
I come not hither arm'd to force your Suffrage,
As *Sylla* does to enter *Rome* with Power,
As if he meant a Triumph o'er his Country.
I have not made a Party in the Senate,
To bring you into Slavery, or load
Your Necks with the hard Yoke of Lordly Power.
I am no Noble, but a free born Man,
A Citizen of *Rome*, as all you are,
A Lover of your Liberties, and Laws,
Your Rights and Privileges. Witneſs here
Theſe Wounds, which in your Service I have got,
And beſt plead for me——

All CITIZENS.

Marius! Marius! Marius! No *Sylla!* no *Sylla!* no *Sylla!*

SULPITIUS.

No more remains, moſt honourable Conſul;

But

But that ſtreight you mount the Seat Tribunal——
Lictors, bring your Rods
Axes and Faſces, and preſent 'em here.
Hail *Caius Marius*, Conſul of the War.

Trumpet. Enter METELLUS, CINNA, ANTONIUS, QUINTUS POMPEIUS, *his Son, &c. Guards.*

METELLUS.

See, *Romans*, there the Ruin of your Freedom,
The blazing Meteor that bodes ill to *Rome*,
Oppreſſion, Tyranny, Avarice and Pride,
All centre in that melancholic Brow.
If you are mad for Slavery, long to try
The weight of abſolute Chains, once more proclaim him,
And ſhout ſo loud 'till *Mithridates* hear,
And laugh to think your Throats fit for his Sword.
Take me, take all your Senators, and drag
Us headlong to the *Tyber*,——plunge us in,
And bid adieu to Liberty for ever———
Then turn and fall before your new-made God;
Bring your Eſtates, your Children and your Wives,
And lay 'em at the Feet of his Ambition.
This you muſt do, and well it will become
Such Slaves, who ſell their Charters for a Holy-day.

CITIZENS.

No *Marius!* no *Marius!*

METELLUS.

Quintus Pompeius, in the Senate's Name,
As Conſul, we command thee to demand
Juſtice of *Marius*, and proclaim him Traitor.

Q. POMPEIUS.

Deſcend then, *Marius*, Traitor to the State
And Liberty of *Rome*, and hear thy Sentence.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Now, by the Gods, this Cauſe is worthy of me,
Worthy my Fate.
Is this the Right and Liberty of *Rome*,

To pull its lawful Conſul from his Seat
Unjudg'd, and brand him with the Mark of Traitor?
Draw all your Swords, all you that are my Friends.
Sulpitius, damn the Rabble, let 'em fall
Like common Droſs, with that well ſpoken Fool,
That popular Clack; or let us ſell our Fates
So dear, that *Rome* may ſicken with our Fall.

All CITIZENS.

No *Marius!* no *Marius!* Down with him, down with him——

SULPITIUS.

Ha! What art thou?

Q. POMPEIUS's Son.

The Conſul's Son.

SULPITIUS.

A Worm;
A thin Skin full of Dirt; and thus I tread thee
Into thy Mother Earth.—— [*Kills him.*

CAIUS MARIUS.

Drag hence that Traitor.
And bring me ſtraight his Head upon thy Dart.
The Fate of *Rome*'s begun.

Q. POMPEIUS.

Our Children murder'd,
Thus maſſacred before our Eyes; Come all
That love *Pompeius*, and revenge his Loſs.

SULPITIUS.

Fall on.

All CITIZENS.

No *Marius!* no *Marius!* Liberty! Liberty! *&c.*

[*They fight*, Marius *Conquers.*

CAIUS MARIUS.

Thanks for this good Beginning, Gods, Theſe Slaves,
Theſe wide-mouth'd Brutes, that bellow thus for Freedom,
Oh! how they ran before the Hand of Pow'r,
Flying for ſhelter into every Brake!
Like cow'rdly fearful Sheep they break their Herd,

When

When the Wolf's out and ranging for his Prey.
Sulpitius, thy Guards did noble Service.

SULPITIUS.

Oh! they are Fellows fit for you and I,
Fit for the work of Power: ſay the word,
Not one amongſt 'em all but what ſhall run,
Take an old grumbling Senator by th' Beard,
And ſhake his Head off from his ſhrinking Shoulders.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Sylla, I hear, is at the Gates of *Rome*.
Proclaim ſtraight Liberty to every Slave
That will but own the Cauſe of *Caius Marius*.
Horror, Confuſion, and inverted Order,
Vaſt Deſolation, Slaughter, Death and Ruin
Muſt have their courſes, ere this Ferment ſettle.
'Thus the great *Jove* above, who rules alone,
'When Men forget, his God-like Pow'r to own,
'Uſes no common Means, no common Ways,
'But ſends forth Thunder, and the World obeys.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter SULPITIUS, GRANIUS, *and all the Guards.*

SULPITIUS.

ROME never ſaw a Morning ſure like this:
Now ſhe begins to know the Rod of Pow'r;
Her wanton Blood can ſmart.
Were I the Counſul, not a Head in *Rome*,
That had but Thoughts of *Sylla*, ſhould ſtand faſe.

GRANIUS.

Slaughter ſhou'd have continu'd with the Day.
Mercy but gives Sedition time to rally.
Every ſoft, pliant, talking, buſy Rogue,

Gathering a Flock of hot-brain'd Fools together,
Can preach up new Rebellion. 'Till the Heads
Of all thoſe heav'nly-inſpir'd Knaves be cruſh'd,
No Power can be ſafe———

SULPITIUS.

Much will this Day
Determine; *Sylla*'s now before the Walls,
And all his Forces ready for Command.
Four thouſand Slaves have taken hold on Freedom,
And come on Proclamation to our ſide.

GRANIUS.

Where ſhould my Brother be? He came not home
To-night.

SULPITIUS.

Think of him as a Wretch that's dead,
Stabb'd with an Eye, run thro' the Brains with Love.

GRANIUS.

He talk'd of ſending *Sylla* a Defiance.

SULPITIUS.

Writ with a Pen made of a *Cupid*'s Quill.

GRANIUS.

Why, what is *Sylla*?

SULPITIUS.

A moſt courageous Captain at a Congee;
He fights by Meaſure, as your Artiſts ſing,
Keeps Diſtance, Time, Proportion, reſts his Reſts,
One, two, and the third in your Guts.
Oh! he's the very Butcher of a Button.

GRANIUS.

Would I cou'd ſee my Brother. That damn'd Love
Of Women ruins nobleſt Purpoſes.

SULPITIUS.

That Sex was firſt in Mockery of us made.
They are the falſe deceitful Glaſſes, where
We gaze and dreſs ourſelves to all the Shapes
Of Folly. What is't Woman cannot do?
She'll make a Statesman quite forget his Cunning,
And truſt his deareſt Secrets to her Breaſt,

Wher

Where Fops have daily Entrance: Make a Prieſt,
Forgetting the Hypocriſy of's Office,
Dance and ſhow Tricks, to prove his Strength and Brawn:
Make a Projector quibble, an old Judge
Put on falſe Hair, and paint: And after all,
Though ſhe be known the lewdeſt of her Sex,
She'll make ſome Fool or other think ſhe's honeſt.
Your Father promis'd me to meet me here.
I wonder he delays ſo long.

GRANIUS.

He comes;
And with him too my Brother.

SULPITIUS.

See your General,
Salute him all my Fellow-Soldiers. [*Shout.*

Enter CAIUS MARIUS, *and* MARIUS *Junior.*

CAIUS MARIUS.

This,
Sulpitius, looks like Power. *Granius*, here
Receive thy Brother to thy Arms, and bleſs him:
He's done a thing moſt worthy of our Name,
Sent a Defiance into *Sylla*'s Camp,
Challenging forth the ſtouteſt Champion there,
In Vindication of his Father's Cauſe,
And not an Out-law there dare ſend his Anſwer.
Once more *Sulpitius*, are the People ours,
Enrag'd with *Sylla*'s coming arm'd, to force
The City. At the *Celimontane* Gate
He's poſted now, let's ſend him ſtrait Commands
I' th' Name o' th' Senate and the *Roman* People,
T' advance no farther, till the State of *Rome*
Be heard in public, and my Choice confirm'd,
Or he continu'd Conſul.——

SULPITIUS.

That would be
But to prolong Neceſſity; for Rome

Muſt bleed: And ſince the Rabble now is ours,
Keep the Fools hot, preach Dangers in their Ears,
Spread falſe Reports o'th' Senate, working up
Their Madneſs to a Fury quick and deſp'rate,
'Till they run headlong into civil Diſcords,
And do our Buſineſs with their own Deſtruction.
Granius, go thou,
Send Word to *Sylla* that he lay down Arms,
And render up himſelf to *Rome*.

MARIUS Junior.

There's ſtill
A dangerous Wheel at Work, a thoughtful Villain,
Cinna, who'as rais'd his Fortune by the Jars
And Diſcords of his Country: like a Fly
O'er Fleſh, he buzzes about itching Ears,
Till he has vented his Infection there,
To feſter into Rancour and Sedition.
Would he were ſafe.

CAIUS MARIUS.

And ſafe he ſhall be: let him be proſcrib'd,
The Fine upon his Head its Weight in Gold.
Wou'd I cou'd buy *Metellus*'s as cheap.
I have a tender Fooliſhneſs within me
May ſometimes get the better of my Rage.
Sulpitius, therefore keep me warm; ſtill ply
My ebbing Fury with the thoughts of *Sylla*,
Th' ungrateful Senate, and *Metellus*' Pride;
And let not any thing may make me dreadful
Be left undone. Now to our Troops let's haſten,
And wait for *Sylla*'s Anſwer at our Arms.

[*Ex.* Caius Mar. *and* Granius.

SULPITIUS.

Is not this better now than whining Love?
Now thou again art *Marius*, Son of Arms,
Thy Father's Honour, and thy Friend's Delight.

Enter NURSE *and* CLODIUS.

MARIUS Junior.

Sulpitius what comes here; a Sail, *Sulpitius.*

SULPITIUS.

A tatter'd one, and weather-beaten much.
Many a boiſt'rous Storm has ſhe been toſs'd in,
And many a Pilot kept her to the Wind.

NURSE.

Clodius.

CLODIUS.

Madam.

SULPITIUS.

Madam!

NURSE.

My Fan, *Clodius.*

SULPITIUS.

Ay, good *Clodius,* to hide her Face.

NURSE.

Good-morrow, Gentlemen.

SULPITIUS.

Good-even, fair Gentlewoman.

NURSE.

Fair Gentlewoman! Really 'tis very hot.

SULPITIUS.

It ſhould be ſo by your Ladyſhip's parch'd Face.

NURSE.

Marry come up, my Goſſip: Whoſe Man are you?

SULPITIUS.

A Woman's Man, my *Sybil:* wouldſt thou try
My Strength in Feats of amorous Engagement,
Lead me among the Beauteous, where they run
Wild in their Youth, and wanton to their wildneſs,
Where I may chuſe the foremoſt of the Herd,
And bear her trembling to ſome Bank, bedeck'd
With ſweeteſt Flowers, ſuch as Joy would chuſe
To dwell in; throw my inſpir'd Arms about her,

And

And preſs her till ſhe thought herſelf more bleſs'd
Than *Io* panting with the Joys of *Jove.*

NURSE.

Panting? Joys? and *Jove?* Now by my troth 'tis very pretty. But, Gentlemen, can any of you tell where I may find young *Marius?*

MARIUS Junior.

Yes, I can tell you, Madam. I am he.

SULPITIUS.

Hah! by this Light, a Bawd. So ho!
Come, let's away. I hate a Morning Bawd,
That ſtinks of laſt Night's Office—— [*Exit.* Sulp.

NURSE.

Pray, Sir, what ſawcy Fellow's he that's gone?

MARIUS Junior.

A Gentleman, Nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk; and will ſpeak more in a Minute than he'll ſtand to in a Month.

NURSE.

And he ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'll take him down, an' he were luſtier than he is, and twenty ſuch *Jacks*, or I'll find thoſe that ſhall. But now, Sir, I wiſh you much Joy——I hear you are——

MARIUS Junior.

Marry'd; this Day the bleſſed Deed was done.
When the unhappy Diſcords firſt took flame
Betwixt my Father and the Senate; then
A holy Prieſt of *Hymen*, whom with Gold
I brib'd to yield us privately his Office,
Join'd our kind Hands, and now ſhe's ever mine.

NURSE.

Well: 'fore God, I am ſo vex'd, that every part about me quivers. But pray, Sir, a Word: and as I told you, my young Lady bade me find you out. What ſhe bade me ſay, I'll keep to myſelf. But firſt let me tell you, if you have led her into a Fool's Paradiſe, as they ſay; For the Gentlewoman is young, and therefore if you ſhould deal

doubly

doubly with her, though you don't look like a Gentleman that wou'd uſe double dealing with a Lady.——

MARIUS Junior.

Commend me to thy Lady, I proteſt——

NURSE.

Good Heart, and i'faith, I will tell her as much. Lord! Lord! ſhe will be a joyful Woman.

MARIUS Junior.

Bid her deviſe this Evening to receive
Me at her Window: Here is for thy pains— [*Gives Money.*

NURSE.

No truly, Sir; not a *Drachma*.

MARIUS Junior.

Away; I ſay you ſhall.

NURSE.

This Evening, ſay you? well, ſhe ſhall be there.

MARIUS Junior.

And ſtay, kind Nurſe, behind the Garden-wall
Within this Hour my Man ſhall meet thee there,
And bring thee Cords made like a Tackling-Ladder,
Which to the bleſſed Manſion of my Joy
Muſt be my Conduct in the ſecret Night.
Farewel——be true, and I'll reward thy pains.

NURSE.

Now Heav'ns bleſs thee.——Hark you, Sir.

MARIUS Junior.

Why ſay'ſt thou, Nurſe?

NURSE.

Nothing, but that my Miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt Lady. Lord! Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing——Oh!——there's a Spark, one *Sylla* that would fain have a finger in the Pye——but ſhe, good Soul, had as lieve hear of a Toad, a very Toad, as hear of him. I anger her ſometimes, and tell her *Sylla* is the properer Man.——But I'll warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe looks as pale as any Clout in the varſal World. Well, you'll be ſure to come.——

MARIUS Junior.

As ſure as Truth.

NURSE.

Well, when it was a little thing, and us'd to lie with me, it would ſo kick, ſo ſprawl, and ſo play——and then I would tickle it, and then it would laugh, and then it would play again. When it had tickling and playing enough, it would go to ſleep as gentle as a Lamb. I ſhall never forget it——Then you'll be ſure to come,——

MARIUS Junior.

Can I forget to live?

NURSE.

Nay, but ſwear though.

MARIUS Junior.

By this Kiſs, which thou ſhalt carry to *Lavinia.*

NURSE.

Oh! dear Sir, by no means. Indeed you ſhall not. I have been drinking *Aqua vitæ.* Oh! thoſe Eyes of yours.

MARIUS Junior.

Till Night farewel.——

NURSE.

Till Night; I'll ſay no more, but da, da, Come, *Clodius.* Ah! thoſe Eyes! [*Ex.* Nurſe *and* Clodius.

MARIUS Junior.

What pains ſhe takes with her officious Folly?
How happy is the Evening-tide of Life,
When Phlegm has quench'd our Paſſions, triffling out
The feeble Remnent of our ſilly Days
In Follies, ſuch as Dotage beſt is pleas'd with,
Free from the wounding and tormenting Cares
That toſs the thoughtful, active, buſy Mind?
Though this Day be the deareſt of my Life;
There's ſomething hangs moſt heavy on my Heart,
And my Brain's ſick with Dulneſs.

Enter CAIUS MARIUS.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Where's this Loyterer,

This

This moſt inglorious Son of *Caius Marius?*
With folded Arms and down-caſt Eyes he ſtands,
The Marks and Emblem of a Woman's Fool.

MARIUS Junior.

My Father.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Call me by ſome other Name;
Diſgrace me not: I'm *Marius*;
And ſurely *Marius* has ſmall Right in thee.
Would *Sylla*'s Soul were thine, and thine were his,
That he, as thou haſt done, now Glory calls,
Might run for ſhelter to a Woman's Arms,
And hide him in her Boſom like a Babe.

MARIUS Junior.

Then I'm a Coward.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Art thou not.

MARIUS Junior.

I am,
That thus can bear Reproaches, and yet live.
Durſt any Man but you have call'd me ſo?
Oh let me fall, embrace and kiſs your Feet.
Y'ave rais'd a Spirit in me prompts my Heart,
To ſuch a Work as Fame ne'er talk'd of yet.
How'll you diſpoſe *Lavinia?*

CAIUS MARIUS.

Let her fall,
As I would all her Family and Name,
Forgotten that they either ever gave
Thy Father's Head Diſhonour, or thee Pain.

MARIUS Junior.

'Twas an unlucky Sentence. She's ſcarce more
Metellus' Daughter now than Your's: our Hands
Were by a Prieſt this Morning join'd. May Heav'n
Avert th' ill Omen, and preſerve my Father.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Marry'd? ſay ruin'd, loſt and curſt.

MARI-

MARIUS Junior.

You've torn
The Secret from me, and I wait your Doom.——

CAIUS MARIUS.

Go where I never more may hear thee nam'd;
Go fartheſt from me, get thee to *Metellus*,
Fall on thy Knees, and henceforth call him Parent.
I've yet one Son, that ſurely won't forſake me:
Elſe in this Breaſt I ſhall have glorious Thoughts,
That will at leaſt give Luſtre to my Ruin.
Farewel——my once beſt Hopes, now greateſt Shame.

MARIUS Junior.

Condemn me rather to the worſt of Deaths.
Or ſend me chain'd to *Sylla* like a Slave,
Than baniſh me the Bleſſing of your Preſence.
I've thought, and bounded all my Wiſhes ſo,
To die for you is Happineſs enough;
'Twould be too much t'enjoy *Lavinia* too.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Again *Lavinia*?

MARIUS Junior.

Yes, this Coward Slave,
This moſt inglorious Son of *Caius Marius*,
Though wedded to the brighteſt Beauty, rais'd
To th' higheſt expectation of Delight,
Ev'n in this Minute when Love prompts his Heart,
And tells what mighty Pleaſures are preparing,
Is Maſter of a Mind unfetter'd yet.

CAIUS MARIUS.

What canſt thou do?

MARIUS Junior.

This Night I ſhould have gone
And ta'en poſſeſſion of *Lavinia*'s Bed.
But by the Gods, theſe Eyes no more ſhall ſee her,
Till I've done ſomething that's above Reward,
And you yourſelf preſent her to my Arms.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Why doſt thou talk thus to me?

MARIUS Junior.

Hark! [*Trumpets.*

The Trumpets ſound, and Buſineſs is at hand.
It ſeems as if our Guards upon the Walls
Were juſt engag'd, and *Sylla* come upon 'em.
The Gods have done me Juſtice.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Get thee gone,
And leave me to my Fate.
Tho' maim'd and wounded, and unfit for War.

MARIUS Junior.

I'll follow you——

CAIUS MARIUS.

Thou ſhalt not.

MARIUS Junior.

By the Gods I will.

CAIUS MARIUS.

How? diſobey'd then?

MARIUS Junior.

Bid a Courſer ſpurr'd
Stop in his full Career; bid Tides run back,
Or ſailing Ships ſtand ſtill before the Wind,
Or Winds themſelves not blow when *Jove* provokes 'em.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Away, and do not tempt my Fury farther.

MARIUS Junior.

Why? would you kill me?

CAIUS MARIUS.

No, I hope thou art reſerv'd yet for
A better Fate.

MARIUS Junior.

Thanks, Heav'n.
Theſe few kind Words ſhew I'm not quite unhappy.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Then do no contradict my Will in this;

But

But part, and when our Hands next meet again,
Be't in the Heart of *Sylla* or *Metellus*—— [*Exit.*

[*Trumpets again.*

MARIUS Junior.

Sound higher, ye ſhrill Inſtruments of War,
And urge its Horrors up, till they become,
If poſſible, as terrible as mine.
Oh my *Lavinia!* though this Night I fall,
At my Return I ſhall be doubly happy.
Such Trials the great ancient Hero's paſt,
Who little preſent Happineſs could taſte,
Yet did great Actions, and were Gods at laſt [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Metellus's *Houſe.*

Enter LAVINIA.

LAVINIA.

Gallop a-pace, ye fiery-footed Steeds,
Tow'rds *Phœbus'* Lodging. Such a Charioteer
As *Phaëton* would laſh you to the Weſt,
And bringing in cloudy Night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe Curtains, Love-performing Night,
To ſober-ſuited Matron all in black;
That jealous Eyes may wink, and *Marius*
Leap to theſe Arms untalk'd of and unſeen.
Oh! give me *Marius*; and when he ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little Stars;
And he will make the Face of Heaven ſo fine,
That all the World ſhall grow in love with Night,
And pay no Worſhip to the gaudy Sun.
Oh! I have bought the Manſion of a Love,
But not poſſeſt it——Tedious is this Day,
As is the Night before ſome Feſtival
To an impatient Child that has new Robes,

Enter NURSE *and* CLODIUS.

And may not wear 'em. Welcome, Nurſe: what News?
How

How fares the Lord of all my Joys, my *Marius?*

NURSE.

Oh! a Chair! a Chair! no Queſtions, but a Chair! So.

LAVINIA.

Nay, pr'ythee Nurſe, why doſt thou look ſo ſad?
Oh! do not ſpoil the Muſic of good Tidings
With ſuch a melancholic wretched Face.

NURSE.

Oh! I am weary, very weary. *Clodius*, my Cordial bottle. Fy! how my Bones ake! what a Jaunt have I had!

LAVINIA.

Do not delay me thus, but quickly tell me,
Will *Marius* come To-night? Speak, will he come?

NURSE.

Alas! alas! what haſte? oh! cannot you ſtay a little? oh! do not you ſee that I'm out of Breath? oh this Phthiſic! *Clodius*, the Cordial.

LAVINIA.

Th' excuſe thou mak'ſt for this unkind delay
Is longer than the Tale thou haſt to tell.
Is thy News good or bad? anſwer to that.
Say either, and I'll ſtay the Circumſtance.

NURSE.

Well, you have made a ſimple Choice: you know not how to chuſe a Man. Yet his Leg excells all Mens. And for a Hand and a Foot and a Shape, though they are not to be talk'd of——yet they are paſt compare. What, have you din'd within?

LAVINIA.

No, no: what fooliſh Queſtions doſt thou ask?
What ſays he of his coming? what of that?

NURSE.

Oh! how my Heads akes! what a Head have I!
It beats as if it would fall in twenty pieces.
My Back o't'other ſide! ah! my Back! my Back!
Beſhrew your Heart for ſending me about
To catch my Death. This Back of mine will break.

[Drinks.

L A-

LAVINIA.

Indeed I'm ſorry if thou art not well.
But pr'ythee tell me, Nurſe, what ſays my Love?

NURSE.

Why, your Love ſays like an honeſt Gentleman, and a kind Gentleman, and a handſome——and I'll warrant a virtuous Gentleman. [*Drinks.*] Well ——— what? Where's your Father?

LAVINIA.

Where's my Father? why, he's at the Senate.
How odly thou reply'ſt!
Your Love ſays like an honeſt Gentleman,
Where is your Father?

NURSE.

Oh good Lady dear!
Are you ſo hot? marry come up, I trow.
Is this a Poultis for my aking Bones?
Henceforward do your Meſſages yourſelf.

LAVINIA.

Nay, pry'thee be not angry Nurſe, I meant
No ill. Speak kindly, will my *Marius* come?

NURSE.

Will he? will a Duck ſwim?

LAVINIA.

Then he will come.

NURSE.

Come? why, he will come upon all four, but he'll come. Go, get you in, and ſay your Prayers; Go.

LAVINIA.

For Bleſſings on my *Marius* and thee.

NURSE.

Well, it would be a ſad Thing, though——

LAVINIA.

What?

NURSE.

If *Marius* ſhould not come now——for there's old Doings at the Gates, they are at it ding dong. Tantarara

go the Trumpets; Shout, cry the Soldiers; clatter, go the Swords. I'll warrant I made no ſmall haſte——

LAVINIA.

And is my *Marius* there? alas my Fears! [*Trumpets.*
The Noiſe comes this way. Guard my Love, ye Gods,
Or ſtrike me with your Thunder when he falls. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Forum.*

Enter CAIUS MARIUS, MARIUS *Junior*, GRANIUS, SULPITIUS, CATULUS, *&c. Guards, Lictors on one ſide:* METELLUS, SYLLA, Q. POMPEIUS, *Guards on the other.* [*Trumpets ſound a March.*

METELLUS.

Oh thou God,
Deliverer of *Rome*, moſt bleſt of Men!
See here the Fathers of thy bleeding Country
Proſtrate for Refuge at thy Feet: See there
The Terror of our Freedom, and thy Foe,
The Perſecutor of thy Friends, the Scourge
Of Truth and Juſtice, and the Plague of *Rome*.

CAIUS MARIUS.

What art thou that canſt lend thy ſlaviſh Ears
To flatt'ring Hypocriſy?

SYLLA.

My Name thou haſt heard,
And fled from. I am the Friend of *Rome*,
The Terror and the Bane of thee her Foe.

CAIUS MARIUS.

If thou'rt her Friend, why com'ſt thou here thus arm'd,
Slaughtering her Citizens, and laying waſte her Walls?

SYLLA.

To free her from a Tyrant's Power.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Who is that Tyrant?

SYLLA.

Thou, who haſt oppreſt

Her

Her Senate, made thyſelf by force a Conſul,
Set free her Slaves, and arm'd 'em againſt her Laws.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Hear this, ye *Romans*, and then judge my Wrong
Have I oppreſt you? have I, forc'd your Laws?
Am I a Tyrant? I whom ye have rais'd,
For my true Services, to what I am?
Remember th' *Ambrons*, *Cimbri*, and the *Teutons*;
Remember the Confed'rate War.

SYLLA.

Where thou,
Cold and delaying, wer't by *Silo* brav'd,
Scorn'd by thy Soldiers, and at laſt compell'd
Ingloriouſly to quit th' unwieldly Charge.
Remember too who baniſh'd good *Metellus*,
The Friend and Parent of thy obſcure Family,
That rais'd thee from a Peaſant to a Lord.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Baſely thou wrong'ſt the Truth. My Actions rais'd:
Hadſt thou been born a Peaſant, ſtill thou'dſt been ſo
But I by Service to my Country 've made
My Name renown'd in Peace, and fear'd in War.

SYLLA.

In the *Jugurthine* War, whoſe King was taken
Pris'ner by me, and *Marius* triumph'd for't.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Thou ſtol'ſt him baſely, ſtol'ſt him at the price
Of his Wife's Luſt: Thou barter'dſt his Betraying,
And in the Capitol haſt Pageants ſet
In memory of thy Vanity and Shame.

SYLLA.

Thy Shame.

CAIUS MARIUS.

My Honour, proud preſumptuous Boy
Who wouldſt be gaudy in an unfit Dreſs,
And wear my caſt-off Glories after me.

SYLLA.

I'd rather wear ſome Beggar's rotten Rags,
By him left dangling on a High-way Hedge,
Than ſoil my Laurels with a Leaf of thine,
Thou ſcorn'd Plebeian.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Worſt Perdition catch thee.

SYLLA.

Disband that Rout of Rebels at thy Heels,
And yield thyſelf to Juſtice and the Senate.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Juſtice from thee demanded on my Head?
Firſt clear thyſelf, quit thy uſurp'd Command:
Approach and kneel to me, whom thou haſt wrong'd.

SYLLA.

Upon thy Neck I would.

CAIUS MARIUS.

As ſoon thou'dſt take
A Lion by the Beard: Thou dar'ſt not think on't.

SYLLA.

I dare, and more.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Then Gods, I take your Word;
If there be Truth in you, I ſhall not fall
This Day. My Friends and Fellow-Soldiers, now,
Fight as I've ſeen you: For the Life of *Sylla*,
Leave it to me; for much Revenge muſt go
Along with Death, when ſuch a Victim bleeds.

SYLLA.

My Lords withdraw.

METELLUS.

No, truſt the Gods; I'll ſee
My Country's Fate, and with her live or die.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Now, *Sylla*.

SYLLA.

Now, my Veterans, conſider

You fight for Laws, for Liberty, and Life.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Rebellion never wanted that Pretence.
Thou Shadow of what I have been, thou Puppet
Of that great State and Honours I have borne
If thou'lt do ſomething worthy of thy Place,
Let's join our Battle with a Force may glut
The Throat of Death; and choak him with himſelf;
As fiercely as deſtroying Whirlwinds riſe,
Or as Clouds daſh when Thunder ſhakes the Skies.

[*Trumpets ſound a Charge: they fight.*

Re-enter CAIUS MARIUS, *taken by* SYLLA'S *Party,*

CAIUS MARIUS.

Forſaken, and a Priſoner? Is this all
That's left of *Marius!* The old naked Trunk
Of that tall Pine that was? Away, ye Shrubs,
Ye clinging Brambles; do not clog me thus,
But let me run into the Jaws of Death,
And finiſh my ill Fate. Or muſt I be
Preſerv'd a public Spectacle, expos'd
To Scorn, and make a Holiday for Slaves?
Oh! that Thought's Hell. Sure I ſhould know thy Face.
Thou haſt borne Office under me. If e'er
In my beſt Fortune I deſerv'd thy Friendſhip,
Give me a *Roman*'s Death, and ſet me free,
That no Diſhonour in my Age o'ertake me.

OFFICER.

I've ſerv'd and lov'd you well: Nor would I ſee
Your Fall——My Orders were, to ſave your Life.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Thou'rt a Time-ſerver, that canſt flatter Miſery.

Enter MARIUS *Junior,* GRANIUS *and* SULPITIUS, *Priſoners.*

My Sons in Bonds too, and *Sulpitius?*

SULPITIUS

Yes, the Rat-catchers have trapp'd me. Now muſt I
Be

Be Food for Crows, and ſtink upon a Tree,
Whilſt Coxcombs ſtroll abroad on Holy-days
To take the Air, and ſee me rot. A pox
On Fortune, and a pox on that firſt Fool
That taught the World Ambition.

Enter QUINTUS POMPEIUS, *four Lictors before him.*

Q. POMPEIUS.

Draw near,
Ye Men of *Rome*, and hear the Law pronounc'd.
Thou *Marius*, whoſe Ambition and whoſe Pride
Have coſt ſo many Lives, the firſt that e'er
Wag'd civil Wars in *Rome*, thee and thy Sons,
Thy Family and Kin, with that vile Slave
And Miniſter of all thy Outrages,
The curs'd *Sulpitius*, Baniſhment's your Lot;
After to-morrow's Dawn if found i'th' City,
Death be your Doom: So hath the Senate ſaid.
So flouriſh Peace and Liberty in *Rome*.

[*Ex.* Q. Pompeius, *Lictors, crying Liberty.*

CAIUS MARIUS.

I thank ye, Gods, upon my Knees I thank ye,
For plaguing me above all other Men.
Come, ye young Heroes, kneel and praiſe the Heav'ns,
For crowning thus your youthful Hopes. Ha, ha, ha!
What pleaſant Game hath Fortune play'd to-day?
Oh! I could burſt with Laughter. Why, now *Rome*'s
At Peace. But may it be as ſhort and vain
As Joys but dreamt of, or as ſick Mens Slumbers.
Now let's take Hands, and bending to the Earth,
To all th' infernal Pow'rs let's ſwear.

ALL.

We ſwear.

CAIUS MARIUS.

That's well: By all the Deſtinies,
By all the Furies, and the Fiends that wait
About the Throne of Hell, and by Hell's King,

We'll bring Deſtruction to this curſed City;
Let not one Stone of all her Towers ſtand ſafe.

MARIUS Junior.

Let not her Temples nor her Gods eſcape.

GRANIUS.

Let Husbands in their Wives Embraces periſh.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Her young Men maſſacred.

SULPITIUS.

Her Virgins raviſh'd.

MARIUS Junior.

And let her Lovers all my Torments feel,
Doating like me, and like me baniſhed.
Thus let 'em curſe, thus raving tear their Hair,
And fall upon the Ground as I do now.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Riſe then, and to *Lavinia* go. This Night's thy ow

MARIUS Junior.

And ever after Pain and Sorrow.
But go thou, find *Lavinia*'s Woman out — [*To his Serva*
Tell her I'll come, and bid her chear my Love,
For I'll not fail, but in this Night enjoy
Whole Life, and forgive Nature what's to come.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Thus then let's part; each take his ſeveral way,
As to a Task of Darkneſs: When we meet
In hated Exile, we'll compute Accompts,
And ſee what Miſchief each has gathered then.
For, *Rome*, I ſhall be yet once more thy Lord,
If Oracles have truth, and Augurs lye not.
For yet a Child, and in my Father's Fields
Playing, I ſeven young Eagles chanc'd to find;
Which gathering up I to my Parents bore.
The Gods were ſought, who promis'd me from thence
As many times the Conſulate in *Rome*.
Six times already I've that Office bore,
And ſo far has the Prophecy prov'd true.

But if I've manag'd ill the Time that's paſt,
And too remiſs ſix elder Fortunes loſt,
The youngeſt Darling-Fate is yet to come,
And thou ſhalt feel me then, ungrateful *Rome*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Garden.*

Enter LAVINIA *and* MARIUS *Junior.*

LAVINIA.

WILT thou be gone? It is not yet near Day.
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thy Ear.
Nightly on yon Pomegranate-tree ſhe ſings.
Believe me, Love, it was the Nightingale.

MARIUS Junior.

Oh! 'twas the Lark, the Herald of the Morn,
No Nightingale. Look, Love, what envious Streaks
Of Light embroider all the cloudy Eaſt.
Night's Candles are burnt out, and jocund Day
Upon the Mountain-tops ſits gaily dreſt,
Whilſt all the Birds bring Muſic to his Levée.
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die——

LAVINIA.

Oh! oh! what wretched Fortune is my Lot!
Sure, giving thee, Heav'n grew too far in Debt
To pay, till Bankrupt-like it broke; whilſt I,
A poor compounding Creditor, am forc'd
To take a Mite for endleſs Sums of Joy.

MARIUS Junior.

Let me be taken, let me ſuffer Death,
I am content, if thou wilt have it ſo——
By Heav'n, yon gray is not the Morning's Eye,

But the Reflection of pale *Cynthia*'s Brightneſs;
Nor is't the Lark we hear, whoſe Notes do beat
So high, and echo in the Vault of Heav'n.
I'm all Deſire to ſtay, no Will to go.
How is't, my Soul? let's talk: It is not Day.

LAVINIA.

It is, it is—Fly hence away my *Marius*,
It is the Lark, and out of Tune ſhe ſings,
With grating Diſcords and unpleaſing Strainings.
Some ſay the Lark and loathſome Toad change Eyes:
Now I could wiſh they had chang'd Voices too;
Or that a Lethargy had ſeiz'd the Morning,
And ſhe had ſlept and never wak'd again,
To part me from th' Embraces of my Love.
What ſhall become of me, when thou art gone?

MARIUS Junior.

The Gods that heard our Vows, and know our Love,
Seeing my Faith, and thy unſpotted Truth,
Will ſure take care, and let no Wrongs annoy thee.
Upon my Knees I'll ask 'em every Day,
How my *Lavinia* does: And every Night,
In the ſevere Diſtreſſes of my Fate,
As I perhaps ſhall wander through the Deſart,
And want a Place to reſt my weary Head on,
I'll count the Stars, and bleſs 'em as they ſhine,
And court them all for my *Lavinia*'s ſafety.

LAVINIA

Oh Baniſhment, eternal Baniſhment!
Ne'er to return! muſt we ne'er meet again?
My Heart will break, I cannot think that Thought
And live. Could I but ſee to th'End of Woe,
There were ſome Comfort—but eternal Torment
Is ever inſupportable to Thought.
It cannot be that we ſhall part for ever.

MARIUS Junior.

No, for my Baniſhment may be recall'd;
My Father once more hold a Pow'r in *Rome*:

Then

Then ſhall I boldly claim *Lavinia* mine,
Whilſt happieſt Men ſhall envy at the Bleſſing,
And Poets write the Wonders of our Loves.

LAVINIA.

If by my Father's Cruelty I'm forc'd,
When left alone, to yield to *Sylla*'s Claim,
Defenceleſs as I am, and thou far from me,
If, as I muſt, I rather die than ſuffer't,
What a ſad Tale will that be when 'tis told thee?
I know not what to fear, or hope, or think,
Or ſay, or do. I cannot let thee go.

MARIUS Junior.

A thouſand things would, to this purpoſe ſaid,
But ſharpen and add weight to parting Sorrow.
Oh my *Lavinia!* if my Heart e'er ſtray, [*Kneels.*
Or any other Beauty ever charm me,
If I live not entirely only thine,
In that curſt Moment when my Soul forſakes thee,
May I be hither brought a Captive bound,
T'adorn the Triumph of my baſeſt Foe.

LAVINIA.

And if I live not faithful to the Lord
Of my firſt Vows, my deareſt only *Marius*,
May I be brought to Poverty and Scorn,
Hooted by Slaves forth from thy Gates, O *Rome*,
'Till flying to the Woods t'avoid my Shame,
Sharp Hunger, Cold, or ſome worſe Fate deſtroy me;
And not one Tree vouchſafe a Leaf to hide me.

MARIUS Junior.

What needs all this?——

LAVINIA.

Oh! I could find out things
To talk to thee for ever.

MARIUS Junior.

Weep not; the time
We had to ſtay together has been employ'd
In richeſt Love——

LAVINIA.

We ought to ſummon all
The Spirit of ſoft Paſſion up, to cheat
Our Hearts thus lab'ring with the Pangs of parting.
Oh my poor *Marius!*

MARIUS Junior.

Ah my kind *Lavinia!*

LAVINIA.

But doſt thou think we e'er ſhall meet again?

MARIUS Junior.

I doubt it not; and all theſe Woes ſhall ſerve
For ſweet Diſcourſes in our time to come.

LAVINIA.

Alas! I have an ill-divining Soul;
Methinks I ſee thee, now thou'rt from my Arms,
Like a ſtark Ghoſt, with Horror in thy Viſage.
Either my Eye-ſight fails, or thou look'ſt pale.

MARIUS Junior.

And truſt me, Love, in my Eye ſo doſt thou.
Dry Sorrow drinks our Blood——Farewel.

LAVINIA.

Farewel then. [*Exit.* Mar. Jun.

NURSE [*within.*]

Madam.

LAVINIA.

My Nurſe.

NURSE [*within.*]

Your Father's up, and Day-light broke abroad.
Be'wary, look about you——

LAVINIA.

Hah! is he gone? my Lord, my Husband, Friend,
I muſt hear from thee every Hour i'th' Day:
For abſent Minutes ſeem as many Days.
Oh! by this reck'ning I ſhall be moſt old,
Ere, I again behold my *Marius*. Nay,
Gone too already! 'Twas unkindly done,
I had not yet imparted half my Soul,

Not

Not a third part of its fond jealous Fears:
But I'll purſue him for't, and be reveng'd;
Hang ſuch a tender Tale about his Heart,
Shall make it tingle as his Life were ſtung:
Nay too—I'll love him; never, never leave him;
Fond as a Child, and reſolute as a Man. [*Exit* Lavinia.

Enter METELLUS *muſing.*

METELLUS.

Sylla this Morning parts from hence to *Capua*,
To head that Army. *Cinna* muſt be Conſul—
Ay, *Cinna* muſt be He's a buſy Fellow,
Knows how to tell a Story to the Rabble,
Hates *Marius* too: that, that's the deareſt point.
I hope the Snares for *Marius* laid may take him.
A hundred Horſe are in Purſuit to find him:
And if they catch him, his Head's ſafe, that's certain.
Octavius will be the other—be it ſo.
An honeſt, ſimple, downright-dealing Lord:
A little too religious, that's his Fault.

Enter a SERVANT.

What now?

SERVANT.

A Letter left you by a Lictor,
Who told us that it came from the Lord *Sylla*.

Metellus reads the Letter:

BLAME not, Sir, my parting
So ſuddenly: juſt now I've had Advice
Of ſome Diſturbance in the Camp at Capua.
Commend my tender'ſt Faith to fair Lavinia.
You're Sylla's *Advocate with her and* Rome.

Enter NURSE.

Well, Nurſe.

NURSE.

My Lord.

METELLUS.

How does my Daughter?

NURSE.

Truly very ill: She has not ſlept a wink:
Nothing but toſs'd and tumbled all this Night;
I left her juſt now ſlumbring.
This Lord *Sylla* does ſo run in her Head.

METELLUS.

Oh! were he in her Heart, Nurſe!

NURSE.

Were he?
Why, ſhe thinks of nothing elſe, talks of nothing elſe, dreams of nothing elſe. She would needs have me lie with her t'other Night. But about Midnight (I'll ſwear it wak'd me out of a ſweet Nap) ſhe takes me faſt in her Arms, and cries, Oh my Lord *Sylla*; but are you, will you be true? Then ſigh'd, and ſtretch'd — I ſwear I was half afraid.

METELLUS.

She's ſtrangely alter'd then.
This Morning two new Conſuls muſt be choſen.
If they are true, thoſe Tidings thou haſt brought me,
Wait while ſhe wakes, and tell her 'tis my Pleaſure,
At my return from th' *Forum* that I ſee her—[*Exit* Metel.

NURSE.

So ſo!—here will be ſweet doings in time. How many hundred Lies a-day muſt I tell, to keep this Family at peace?

Enter LAVINIA.

LAVINIA.

Oh Nurſe! Where art thou? Is my Father gone?

NURSE.

Gone? Yes; and I would I were gone too.

LAVINIA.

Why doſt thou ſigh? What cauſe has thou to wiſh ſo?
Were thou diſtreſt, unfortunate as I am,

Thou

Thou hadſt then cauſe.
What ſhall I do? Oh, how alone am I!
I walk methinks as half of me were loſt:
Yet, like a maim'd Bird, flutter, flutter on,
And fain wou'd find a Hole to hide my Head in.

NURSE.

'Odds my Boddikins! but why thus dreſt, Madam?
Why in this pickle, ſay you now?

LAVINIA.

Seem not to wonder, nor dare to oppoſe me,
For I am deſperate, and reſolv'd on Death.
In this unhappy, wayward, humble Dreſs,
After my Love a Pilgrimage I'll take,
Forſake deſerted *Rome*, and find my *Marius*.

NURSE.

And I muſt ſtay behind to be hang'd up, like an old Pole-Cat in a Warren, for a warning to all Vermin that ſhall come after me. Would I were fairly dead for a Week, 'till this were over.

LAVINIA.

This Morning's Opportunity is fair,
When all are buſy in electing Conſuls;
I ſhall eſcape unſeen without the Gates,
And this Night in a Litter reach *Salonium*.

NURSE.

I care not; I'll have nothing to do in't. You ſhan't ſtir. Nay, I'll raiſe the Houſe firſt. Why *Clodius! Catulus! Sempronia! Thesbia!* Men and Maids, where are you? Oh! oh! oh!——

[Lav. *gets from her. Nurſe falls down.* Exit Lavinia.

Enter CLODIUS.

CLODIUS.

What's the matter, Miſtreſs?

NURSE.

Oh *Clody, Clody*, dear *Clody*, is't thee, my dear *Clody*? Help me, help me up. Run to my Lord to the *Forum* preſently;

preſently; tell him his Treaſury is robb'd, his Houſe a fire, his Daughter dead, and I mad. Run, run. You'll not run. Oh! oh! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Country.*

Enter ſeveral Herdſmen belong to MARIUS.

1 *HERDSMAN.*

Good-morrow, Brother; you have heard the News.

2 *HERDSMAN.*

News, quoth a? Trim News truly.

1 *HERDSMAN.*

Why, they ſay our Lord and Maſter's ſtept a one ſide. Is there any thing in't trow?

2 *HERDSMAN.*

Any thing in't? alas-a-day! alas-a-day! ſad times! ſad times, Brother! not a Penny of Money ſtirring.

1 *HERDSMAN.*

Nay, I thought there was no good Weather towards, when my bald-fac'd Heifer ſtuck up her Tail Eaſtward, and ran back into a new Quick-ſet, which I had juſt made to keep the Swine from the Beans.

2 *HERDSMAN.*

And the t'other Night, as I was at Supper, in the Chimney-corner, a whole Family of Swallows, that had occupy'd a Tenement theſe ſeven Years, fell down, Neſt and all, into the Porridge-pot, and ſpoil'd the Broth. Sad times! ſad times! Brother!

3 *HERDSMAN.*

Did you meet no Troopers this way?

2 *HERDSMAN.*

Troopers? I ſaw a parcel of Raggooners, I think they call 'em, trotting along yon Wood ſide upon ragged Hide-bound Jades. I warrant they came for no Goodneſs——

1 *HERDSMAN.*

'Twas to ſeek for Lord *Marius*, as ſure as Eggs be Eggs.

Theſe

Theſe 'bitious Folk make more ſtir in the World than a thouſand Men. Would my Kine were all in their Stalls.

Enter ſeveral Soldiers in queſt of MARIUS.

1 *SOLDIER.*

This is the way. How now, you pack of Boobies? whoſe Fools are you?

2 *HERDSMAN.*

Why, we are ſuch Fools as you are; any bodies Fools that will pay us our Wages.

2 *SOLDIER.*

Do you belong to the Traitor *Marius?*

1 *HERDSMAN.*

We belong to *Caius Marius*, an't like your Worſhip.

1 *SOLDIER.*

Why, this is a civil Fellow. But you, Rogue, you are witty and be hang'd, are you?

2 *HERDSMAN.*

I's poor enough to be witty, as you're poor enough to be valiant. Had I but Money enough, I'd no more be a Wit than you'd be Soldier.

2 *SOLDIER.*

Let the hungry Churl alone.

1 *SOLDIER.*

Hark you, you Dog: where's your Lord, the Traitor *Marius?*

2 *HERDSMAN.*

In a whole Skin, if he be wiſe——

1 *SOLDIER.*

Where is he, you Pultroon?

2 *HERDSMAN.*

Look you, I keep his Cows and his Oxen here at *Salonium*, but I keep none of him. If you muſt needs know where he is, then I muſt needs tell you I don't know.

1 *SOLDIER.*

Let's to his Houſe hard by, and ranſack that. Sirrah, if we miſs of him, you may repent this. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

1 *HERD-*

1 *HERDSMAN.*

'Tis all one to me, I muſt pay my Rent to ſomebody.

2 *HERDSMAN.*

Why, this 'tis now to be a great Man. Heav'n keep me a Cowkeeper ſtill——I ſay——

Enter CAIUS MARIUS *and* GRANIUS.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Where are we? are we yet not near *Salonium?*
Lead me to yonder ſhady Poplar, where
The poor old *Marius* a while may ſit,
And joy in Reſt. Oh my diſtemper'd Head!
The Sun has beat his Beams ſo hard upon me,
That my Brain's hot as molten Gold. My Skull!
Oh my tormented Skull? Oh *Rome! Rome! Rome!*
Hah! what are thoſe?

GRANIUS.

They ſeem, Sir, rural Swains,
Who tend the Herds that graze beneath theſe Woods.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Who are you? to what Lord do ye belong?

2 *HERDSMAN.*

We did belong to *Caius Marius* once: but they ſay he's gone a Journey: and now we belong to one another.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Have ye forgot me then, ungrateful Slaves!
Are you ſo willing to diſown your Maſter?
Who would have thought t'have found ſuch Baſeneſs here,
Where Innocence ſeems ſeated by the Gods,
As in her Virgin-nakedneſs untainted?
Confuſion on ye, ye ſordid Earthlings. [*Ex. all but one.*

1 *HERDSMAN.*

Oh fly, my Lord, your Foes are thick abroad.
Juſt now a Troop of Murderers paſt this way,
And ask'd with Horror for the Traitor *Marius.*
By this time at *Salonium*, at your Houſe,
They are in ſearch of you. Fly, fly, my Lord— [*Exit.*

CAIUS

CAIUS MARIUS.

I ſhall be hounded up and down the World,
Now every Villain, that is Wretch enough
To take the Price of Blood, dreams of my Throat,
Help and ſupport me till I reach the Wood,
Then go and find thy wretched Brother out.
Aſunder we may dodge our Fate, and loſe her.
In ſome old hollow Tree or o'ergrown Brake
I'd reſt my weary Limbs till Danger paſs me.
[*Goes into the Wood.*

Enter Soldiers again.

1 *SOLDIER.*

A thouſand Crowns? 'tis a Reward might buy
As many Lives, for they are cheap in *Rome*;
And 'tis too much for one.

2 *SOLDIER.*

Let's ſet this Wood
A flaming, if you think he's here, and then
Quickly you'll ſee th'old Drone crawl humming out.

1 *SOLDIER.*

Thou always lov'ſt to ride full Speed to Miſchief.
There's no Conſideration in thee. Look you, when I cut a Throat, I love to do it with as much Deliberation and Decency as a Barber cuts a Beard. I hate a ſlovenly Murder done hand over head: a Man gets no Credit by it.

3 *SOLDIER.*

The Man that ſpoke laſt, ſpoke well. Therefore let us to yon adjacent Village, and ſowſe ourſelves in good *Falernium*. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

CAIUS MARIUS.

Oh Villains! not a Slave of thoſe
But has ſerv'd under me, has eat my Bread,
And felt my Bounty——Drought! parching Drought!
Was ever Lion thus by Dogs emboſs'd?
Oh! I could ſwallow Rivers: Earth, yield me Water;
Or ſwallow *Marius* down where Springs firſt flow.

Enter

Enter MARIUS *Junior, and* GRANIUS.

MARIUS Junior.

My Father!

CAIUS MARIUS.

Oh my Sons!

MARIUS Junior.

Why thus forlorn! ſtretch'd on the Earth?

CAIUS MARIUS.

Oh! get me ſome Refreſhment, cooling Herbs,
And Water to allay my ravenous Thirſt.
I would not trouble you, if I had Strength:
But I'm ſo faint that all my Limbs are uſeleſs.
Now have I not one *Drachma* to buy Food,
Muſt we then ſtarve? No ſure the Birds will feed us.

MARIUS Junior.

There ſtands a Houſe on yonder ſide o'th' Wood,
It ſeems the Manſion of ſome Man of Note:
I'll go and turn a Beggar for my Father.

CAIUS MARIUS.

O my Soul's Comfort! do. Indeed I want it.
I, who had once the Plenty of the Earth,
Now want a Root and Water. Go, my Boy,
And ſee who'll give a Morſel to poor *Marius*.
Nay, I'll not ſtarve; No, I will plunge in Riot,
Wallow in Plenty. Drink! I'll drink, I'll drink.
Give me that Goblet hither——Here's a Health
To all the Knaves and Senators in *Rome*.

MARIUS Junior.

Repoſe yourſelf a while, 'till we return.

CAIUS MARIUS.

I will, but pr'ythee let me rave a little.
Go, pr'ythee go, and don't delay. I'll reſt,
As thou ſhalt, *Rome*, if e'er my Fortune raiſe me——

[*Exit* Mar. Jun.

Enter

Enter LAVINIA.

Another Murd'rer? this brings ſmiling Fate:
A deadly Snake cloath'd in a dainty Skin.

LAVINIA.

I've wandred up and down theſe Woods and Meadows,
Till I have loſt my way——
Againſt a tall, young, ſlender, well-grown Oak
Leaning, I found *Lavinia* in the Bark.
My *Marius* ſhould not be far hence.

CAIUS MARIUS.

What art thou,
That dar'ſt to name that wretched Creature *Marius?*

LAVINIA.

Do not be angry, Sir, whate'er thou art;
I am a poor unhappy Woman, driven
By Fortune to purſue my baniſh'd Lord.

CAIUS MARIUS.

By thy diſſembling Tone thou ſhouldſt be Woman,
And *Roman* too.

LAVINIA.

Indeed I am.

CAIUS MARIUS.

A *Roman?*
If thou art ſo, be gone, leſt Rage with Strength
Aſſiſt my Vengeance and I riſe and kill thee.

LAVINIA.

My Father, you?

CAIUS MARIUS.

Now thou art a Woman;
For Lies are in thee. I? am I thy Father?
I ne'er was yet ſo curſt: None of thy Sex
E'er ſprung from me. My Off-ſpring all are Males,
The nobler ſort of Beaſts entit'led Men.

LAVINIA.

I am your Daughter, if your Son's my Lord.
Have you ne'er heard *Lavinia*'s Name in *Rome*,

That

That wedded with the Son of *Marius?*

CAIUS MARIUS.

Hah!

Art thou that fond, that kind and doating thing,
That left her Father, for a baniſh'd Huſband?
Come near———
And let me bleſs thee, tho' thy Name's my Foe.

LAVINIA.

Alas, my Father, you ſeem much oppreſt:
Your Lips are parcht, blood-ſhot your Eyes and ſunk,
Will you partake ſuch Fruits as I have gather'd?
Taſte, Sir, this Peach, and this Pomegranate; both
Ripe and refreſhing.

CAIUS MARIUS.

What all this from thee,
Thou Angel, whom the Gods have ſent to aid me?
I don't deſerve thy Bounty.

LAVINIA.

Here, Sir's more.
I found a Cryſtal Spring too in the Wood,
And took ſome Water: 'tis moſt ſoft and cool.

CAIUS MARIUS.

An Emp'ror's Feaſt! but I ſhall rob thee.

LAVINIA.

No,
I've eat, and ſlak'd my Thirſt. But where's my Lord,
My deareſt *Marius?*

CAIUS MARIUS.

To th' neighb'ring Village,
He's gone to beg his Father's Dinner, Daughter.

LAVINIA.

Will you then call me Daughter? will you own it?
I'm much o'er-paid for all the Wrongs of Fortune.
But ſurely *Marius* can't be brought to want.
I've Gold and Jewels too and they'll buy Food.

Enter

Enter MARIUS *Junior.*

CAIUS MARIUS.

See here, my *Marius*, what the Gods have ſent us.
See thy *Lavinia.*

MARIUS Junior.

Hah! [*They run and embrace.*

CAIUS MARIUS.

What? dumb at meeting?

MARIUS Junior.

Why weeps my Love?

LAVINIA.

I cannot ſpeak, Tears ſo obſtruct my Words,
And choak me with unutterable Joy.

MARIUS Junior.

Oh my Heart's Joy!

LAVINIA.

My Soul!

MARIUS Junior.

But haſt thou left
Thy Father's Houſe, the Pomp and State of *Rome*,
To follow Deſart-Miſery!

LAVINIA.

I come
To bear a part in every thing that's thine,
Be't Happineſs or Sorrow. In theſe Woods,
Whilſt from purſuing Enemies you're ſafe
I'll range about and find the Fruits and Springs,
Gather cool Sedges, Daffadils and Lilies,
And ſofteſt Camomile to make us Beds,
Whereon my Love and I at Night will ſleep,
And dream of better Fortune.

Enter GRANIUS *and Servant with Wine and Meat.*

CAIUS MARIUS.

Yet more Plenty?
Sure *Comus*, the God of Feaſting, haunts theſe Woods,

And

And means to entertain us as his Guests.

SERVANT.

I am sent hither, *Marius*, from my Lord,
Sextilius the Prætor, to relieve thee,
And warn thee that thou strait depart this Place,
Else he the Senate's Edict must obey,
And treat thee as the Foe of *Rome*.

CAIUS MARIUS.

But did he,
Did he, *Sextilius*, bid thee say all this?
Was he too proud to come and see his Master.
That rais'd him out of nothing? Was he not
My menial Servant once, and wip'd these Shoes,
Ran by my Chariot-wheels, my Pleasures watcht,
And fed upon the Voidings of my Table?
Durst he affront me with a sordid Alms?
And send a saucy Message by a Slave?
Hence with thy Scraps: back to thy Teeth I dash 'em
Be gone whilst thou art safe. Hold, stay a little.

SERVANT.

What Answer would you have me carry back?

CAIUS MARIUS.

Go to *Sextilius*, tell him thou hast seen
Poor *Caius Marius* banish'd from his Country,
Sitting in Sorrow on the naked Earth,
Amidst an ample Fortune once his own,
Where now he cannot claim a Turf to sleep on. [*Ex. Ser.*
How am I fallen! Music? Sure the Gods [*Soft Mu.*
Are mad, or have design'd to make me so.

Enter MARTHA.

Well, what art thou?

MARTHA.

Am I a Stranger to thee?
Martha's my Name, the *Syrian* Prophetess,
That us'd to wait upon thee with good Fortune;
Till banish'd out of *Rome* for serving Thee,

I've ever ſince inhabited theſe Woods,
And ſearch'd the deepeſt Arts of wiſe Foreknowledge.

CAIUS MARIUS.

I know thee now moſt well. When thou wert gone,
All my good Fortune left me. My lov'd Vultures,
That us'd to hover o'er my happy Head,
And promiſe Honour in the Day of Battle,
Have ſince been ſeen no more. Even Birds of Prey
Forſake unhappy *Marius*: Men of Prey
Purſue him ſtill. Haſt thou no Hopes in ſtore?

MARTHA.

A hundred Spirits wait upon my Will,
To bring me Tidings from th' Earth's fartheſt Corners,
Of all that happens out in States and Councils:
I tell thee therefore, *Rome* is once more thine.
The Conſuls have had Blows, and *Cinna*'s beaten,
Who with his Army comes to find thee out,
To lead him back with Terror to that City.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Speak on.

MARTHA.

Nay, ere thou thinkſt it he'll be with thee.
But let thy Sons, and theſe fair Nymphs retire,
Whilſt I relieve thy weary'd Eyes with Sleep,
And chear thee in a Dream with promis'd Fate.

MARIUS Junior.

Come, my *Lavinia*, *Granius*, we'll withdraw
To ſome cool Shade, and wonder at our Fortune. [*Exe.*

[Martha *waves her Wand——A Dance.*

CAIUS MARIUS.

O Reſt, thou Stranger to my Senſes, welcome.

Enter Servant and a Ruffian.

SERVANT.

Ten *Attick* Talents ſhall be thy Reward,
Sextilius gives 'em thee. Diſpatch him ſafely.

RUF.

RUFFIAN.

Fear not, he never wakes again.

CAIUS MARIUS.

No more.
I'll hear no more. *Metellus* live? No, no:
He dies, he dies. So, bear him to the *Tiber*,
And plunge him to the bottom. Hah, *Antonius!*
Where are my Guards? Diſpatch that talking Knave,
That when he ſhould be doing public Service,
Conſumes his time in Speeches to the Rabble,
And ſowes Sedition in a City. Down,
Down with *Pompeius* too, that call'd me Traitor.
Hah! art thou there? Welcome once more, old *Marius*,
To *Rome*'s Tribunal.

RUFFIAN.

Now's the time.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Stand off,
Secure that *Gaul*—Dar'ſt thou kill *Caius Marius?* [*Wakes.*
Hah! ſpeak? What art thou?

RUFFIAN.

By *Sextilius* hired
I hither came to take your Life. Spare mine,
And I'll for ever ſerve you at your Feet.

CAIUS MARIUS.

What barb'rous Slaves are theſe, that envy me
The open Air; ſet Prices on my Head,
As they would do on Wolves that ſlay their Flock!

Enter SULPITIUS. [*Trumpets.*

Trumpets! *Sulpitius*, where haſt thou been wand'ring
Since the late Storm that drove us from each other?

SULPITIUS.

Why, doing Miſchief up and down the City,
Picking up diſcontented Fools, belying
The Senators and Government, deſtroying
Faith amongſt honeſt Men, and praiſing Knaves.

CAIUS

CAIUS MARIUS.

Oh, but where's *Cinna?*

SULPITIUS.

Ready to salute you——

Enter CINNA *attended with Lictors and Guards.*

CINNA.

Romans, once more behold your Conſul; ſee,
Is that a Fortune fit for *Caius Marius?*
Advance your Axes and your Rods before him,
And give him all the Cuſtoms of his Honour.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Away: ſuch Pomp becomes not wretched *Marius?*
Here let me pay Obedience to my Conſul.
Lead me, great *Cinna*, where thy Foes have wrong'd thee,
And ſee how thy old Soldier will obey.

CINNA.

O *Marius*, be our Hearts united ever,
To carry Deſolation into *Rome*,
And waſte that Den of Monſters to the Earth.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Shall we?

CINNA.

We'll do't. That godly ſoothſaying Fool,
That ſacrificing Dolt, that Sot *Octavius*,
When we were choſen Conſuls in the *Forum*,
Diſown'd me for his Collegue; ſaid, the Gods
Had told him I deſign'd Tyrannic Pow'r;
Provok'd the Citizens, who took up Arms,
And drove me forth the Gates.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Excellent Miſchief!
What's to be done?

CINNA.

No ſooner was I gone,
But a large part of that great City follow'd me.
There's not an honeſt Spirit left in *Rome*,
That does not own my Cauſe, and wiſh for *Marius*.

CAIUS

CAIUS MARIUS.

Bring me my Horſe, my Armour, and the Laurel
With which when I'd o'ercome three barb'rous Nations;
I enter'd crown'd with Triumph into *Rome.*
I go to free her now from greater Miſchiefs.

Enter MARIUS *Junior and* GRANIUS.

O my young Warrior!

MARIUS Junior.

Curſt be the Light,
And ever curſt be all theſe Regions round us.
Lavinia's loſt, borne back with force to *Rome,*
By Ruffians headed by her Father's Kinſmen;
And like a Coward too I live, yet ſaw it. [*Exit.*

CAIUS MARIUS.

Oh *Marius! Marius!* let not 'plaints come from thee,
Nor cloud the Joy that's breaking on thy Father.
If ſhe be back in *Rome, Lavinia*'s thine.
To-morrow's dawn reſtores her to thy Arms,
For that fair Miſtreſs, Fortune, which has coſt
So dear, for which ſuch Hardſhips I have paſt,
Is coy no more, but crowns my Hopes at laſt.
I long to imbrace her, nay, 'tis Death to ſtay.
I'm mad as promis'd Bridegrooms, borne away
With thoughts of nothing but the joyful Day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Metellus's *Houſe.*

Enter METELLUS, LAVINIA, *and Prieſt of* HYMEN.

LAVINIA.

Nay, you have catch'd me: You may kill me too:
But with my Cries I'll rend the echoing Heav'ns,
'Till all the Gods are witneſs how you uſe me.

METELLUS.

What? like a Vagrant fly thy Father's Houſe?
And follow fulſomely an exil'd Slave,

Diſdain'd by all the World, but abject thou?
Reſolve to go, or bound be ſent to *Sylla*,
With as much Scorn as thou haſt done me Shame.

LAVINIA.

Do, bind me, kill me, rack theſe Limbs: I'll bear it.
But, Sir, conſider ſtill I am your Daughter;
And one Hour's Converſe with this holy Man
May teach me to repent, and ſhew Obedience.

METELLUS.

Think not t'evade me by protracting Time:
For if thou doſt not, may the Gods forſake me,
As I will thee, if thou eſcape my Fury.—— [*Exit.*

LAVINIA.

Oh! bid me leap (rather than go to *Sylla*)
From off the Battlements of any Tow'r,
Or walk in thieviſh ways, or bid me lurk
Where Serpents are: chain me with roaring Bears;
Or hide me nightly in a Charnel-houſe
O'er-cover'd quite with dead Mens rattling Bones,
With reeky Shanks, and yellow chapleſs Sculls:
Or bid me go into a new-made Grave,
And hide me with a dead Man in his Shroud:
Things that to hear but told have made me tremble:
And I'll go through it without fear or doubting,
To keep my Vows unſpotted to my Love——

PRIEST.

Take here this Phiol then, and in this Moment
Drink it, when ſtraight through all thy Veins ſhall run
A cold and drowſy Humour more than Sleep:
And in Death's borrow'd Likeneſs ſhalt thou lie
Two Summer Days, then wake as from a Slumber,
'Till *Marius* by my Letters know what's paſt,
And come by ſtealth to *Rome*.——

LAVINIA.

Give me; oh! give me: tell me not of Fears.

PRIEST.

Farewel: Be bold and proſp'rous. [*Exit.*

LAVINIA.

Oh! Farewel——

Heav'n knows if ever we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold Fear thrills through my Veins,
That almoſt freezes up the Heat of Life.
I'll call him back again to comfort me.
Stay, holy Man. But what ſhould he do here?
My diſmal Scene 'tis fit I act alone.
What if this Mixture do not work at all?
Shall I to-morrow then be ſent to *Sylla?*
No, no,—this ſhall forbid it; lie thou there——

[*Lays down the Dagger.*

Or how, if, when, I'm laid into the Tomb,
I wake before the time that *Marius* come
To my Relief? There, there's a fearful Point.
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the Vault,
Where for theſe many hundred Years the Bones
Of all my bury'd Anceſtors are pack'd?
Where, as they ſay, Ghoſts at ſome Hours reſort,
With Mandrakes Shrieks torn from the Earth's dark Womb,
That living Mortals hearing them run mad?
Or if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtracted,
Inviron'd round with all theſe hideous Fears,
And madly play with my Fore-fathers Joints;
Then in this Rage with ſome great Kinſman's Bones
As with a Club daſh out my deſp'rate Brains!
What? *Sylla?* Get thee gone, thou meager Lover:
My Senſe abhors thee. Don't diſturb my Draught;
'Tis to my Lord. [*Drinks.*] Oh *Marius! Marius? Marius!*

[*Exit.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE Cinna's *Camp before the Walls of* Rome.

[*Trumpets sound a General.*

Enter CINNA, CAIUS MARIUS, *and* SULPITIUS, GRANIUS, *two Ambaſſadors, Guards.*

CINNA.

AMbaſſadors from *Rome?* How many Slaves,
Traitors, and Tyrants, Villains, was I call'd
But Yeſterday? yet now their Conſul *Cinna!*
Oh! What an excellent Maſter is an Army,
To teach Rebellious Cities Manners! Say,
My Friend and Collegue *Marius,* ſhall we hear 'em?

CAIUS MARIUS.

Whom?

CINNA.

The Ambaſſadors.

CAIUS MARIUS.

From whence?

CINNA.

From *Rome.*

CAIUS MARIUS.

My loving Country-man? they muſt be heard,
Or *Sylla* will be angry——

CINNA.

In what State
And Pageantry the ſolid Lumps move on?
And though they come to beg, will be attended
With their ill-order'd Pomp and aukward Pride.
Who are ye? and from whence?

1 *AMBASSADOR.*

From wretched *Rome*,
To thee, moſt mighty *Cinna*, and to thee,
Moſt dread Lord *Marius*, in her Name we bow.

CINNA.

What's your Demand?

1 *AMBASSADOR.*

Hear but our humble Prayers,
And all Demands be made by Godlike *Cinna*.
Whither, oh! whither will your Rage purſue us?
Muſt all the Fortunes and the Lives of *Rome*
Suffer for one Miſcarriage of her Maſters?
Your ſorrowful afflicted Mother *Rome*,
In whoſe kind Boſom you were nurs'd and bred,
Stretches her trembling Arms t'emplore your Pity.
Fold up your dreadful Enſigns, and lay by
Your warlike Terrors, that affright her Matrons,
And come to her, ere Sorrows quite o'er-whelm her.
But come like Sons that bring their Parents Joy:
Enter her Gates with Dove-like Peace before ye,
And let no bloody Slaughter ſtain her Streets.

CINNA.

Thus 'tis you think to heal up ſmarting Honour,
By pouring flatt'ring Balm into the Wound,
Which for a time may make it whole and fair:
'Till the falſe Medicine be at laſt diſcover'd,
And then it rankles to a Sore again.
Take this my Anſwer: I will enter *Rome*;
But for my Force, I'll keep it ſtill my own,
Nor part with Pow'r to give it to my Foes.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Sulpitius, ſee, what abject Slaves are theſe? Such baſe
Deformities a long Robe hides.

SULPITIUS.

I cannot but laugh to think on't.

CAIUS MARIUS.

What?

SUL-

SULPITIUS.

How these politic Noddles, that look so grave upon the Matter in the Senate-house, will laugh and grin at one another, when they are set a Sunning upon the Capitol.

2 *AMBASSADOR.*

May we return with Joy into our City,
Proclaiming Peace, agreed with Heav'n and you?

CINNA.

Go tell 'em we expect due Homage paid,
Of every Senator expect Acknowledgement,
Mighty Rewards and Offices of Honour.

1 *AMBASSADOR.*

But on that Brow there still appears a Cloud,
That never rose without a following Storm.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Alas! for me a simple banish'd Man,
Driv'n from my Country by the Right of Law,
And justly punish'd as my Ills deserv'd,
Think not of me; Whate'er are his Resolves,
I shall obey.

Both AMBASSADORS.

May all the Gods reward you.—[*Exe. Ambass. and Att.*

CINNA.

Now *Marius.*

CAIUS MARIUS.

Now, my *Cinna,*

CINNA.

Are not we
True born of *Rome,* true Sons of such a Mother?
How I adore thy Temper!

CAIUS MARIUS.

Those two Knaves,
Those whining, fawning, humble, pliant Villains,
Would cut thy Throat or mine for half a *Drachma.*

CINNA.

Let's not delay a Moment.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Oh! let's fly,
Enter this curſed City; nay, with Smiles too.
But falſe as the adulterate Promiſes
Of Favourites in Pow'r, when poor Men court 'em.

CINNA.

They always hated me, becauſe a Soldier.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Baſe Natures ever grudge at things above 'em,
And hate a Pow'r they are too much oblig'd to.
When Fears are on them, then their kindeſt Wiſhes
And beſt Rewards attend the gallant Warrior:
But Dangers vaniſh'd, infamous Neglect,
Ill-Uſage and Reproach are all his Portion;
Or at the beſt he's wedded to hard Wants,
Robb'd of that little Hire he toil'd and bled for.

SULPITIUS.

I'd rather turn a bold true-hearted Rogue,
Live upon Prey, and hang for't with my Fellows;
Than, when my Honour and my Country's Cauſe
Call me to Dangers, be ſo baſely branded.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Ere we this City enter then, let's ſwear
Not to deſtroy one honeſt *Roman* living.

SULPITIUS.

Nor one chaſt Matron.

CINNA.

Nor a faithful Friend,
Nor true-born-Heir, nor Senator that's wiſe.

CAIUS MARIUS.

But Knaves and Villains, Whores, and baſe-born Brat
And th' endleſs ſwarms of Fools grown up in Years,
Be Slaughter's Game, 'till we diſ-people *Rome*.

CINNA.

Draw out our Guards, and let the Trumpets ſound.

CAIUS MARIUS.

'Till all things tell 'em *Marius* is at Hand.

O *Sylla*, if at *Capua* thou shalt hear
How Fortune deals with me, fall on thy Knees,
And make the Gods thy Friends to keep thee from me.
Sulpitius, as along the Streets we move
With solemn Pace and meditating Mischiefs,
Whome'er I smile on let thy Sword go through.
Oh! can the Matrons and the Virgins Cries,
The Screams of dying Infants, and the Groans
Of murder'd Men be Music to appease me?
Sure Death's not far from such a desperate Cure.
Be't with me rather (Gods) as Storms let loose,
That rive the Trunks of tallest Cedars down,
And tear from Tops the loaded pregnant Vine,
And kill the tender Flow'rs but yet half blown.
For having no more Fury left in store,
Heav'ns Face grows clear, the Storm is heard no more.
And Nature smiles as gaily as before—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Metellus's *House.*

Enter METELLUS.

METELLUS.

A Peace with *Marius*! O most base Submission!
That over-ruling Fears should weigh up Reason?
Was not the City ours, and *Sylla* too
At *Capua*, almost in a Trumpet's Call?
And to submit! Could I but once have fought for't,
I might have met this *Marius* in Arms,
And been reveng'd for all the Mischiefs done me.
Nurse.

Enter NURSE.

NURSE.

Here, an't shall please you.

METELLUS.

Go wake *Lavinia*. Tell her she must hence
For *Capua* this Morning; for the Truce

Favours her Journey, and ſecures her Paſſage. [*Exit.*

[*Scene draws and diſcovers* Lavinia *on a Couch.*

NURSE.

Wake her? Poor Titmouſe! it will be as peeviſh,
I'll warrant you, and rub its Nye's, and ſo frown now.
Well: Miſtreſs! why *Lavinia!* faſt I warrant her.
Why, Lamb? why, Lady! Fy, you Slug-a-bed.
What, not a Word? You take your penny-worth now,
Sleep for a Week; for the next Night (my Word for't)
Sylla takes care that you ſhall reſt but little.
Gods forgive me——
Marry and *Amen*. How ſound is ſhe aſleep?
I muſt needs wake her. Madam! Madam! Madam!
Now ſhould your Lover find you in this Poſture,
He'd fright you up i'faith? What? Won't it do?
Dreſt too? And in your Clothes? and down again?
Nay, I muſt wake you, Lady! Lady! Lady!
Alas! alas! help, help, my Lady's dead.
Ah! well-a-day that ever I was born!
Some *Aqua vitæ*. Hoa! my Lord——my Lady——

Enter METELLUS.

METELLUS.

Lavinia dead?

NURSE.

Your only Daughter's dead:
Dead as a Herring, Stock-fiſh, or Door-nail.

METELLUS.

Stiff, cold and pale. Where are thy Beauties now?
Thy Bluſhes that have warm'd ſo many Hearts?
All Hearts that ever felt her conqu'ring Beauty,
Sigh 'till ye break; and all ye Eyes that languiſh'd
In my *Lavinia's* Brightneſs, weep with me,
'Till Grief grow general, and the World's in Tears.

NURSE.

Oh Day! oh Day? oh Day! oh hateful Day!
Never was ſeen ſo black a Day as this.

Oh

Oh Day! oh woful Day! oh Day, like Night!

METELLUS.

No more: Thus in her Bridal Ornaments
Dreſt as ſhe is, ſhe ſhall be borne to burial,
I'th' Sepulchre where our Forefathers reſt.
Be't done, whilſt all things we ordain'd for Joy
Turn from their Office, and aſſiſt in Sadneſs. [*Exit.*

NURSE.

I ſhall be done and done and overdone, as we are undone. And I will ſigh, and cry 'till I am ſwell'd as big as a Pumkin. Nay, my poor Baby, I'll take care thou ſhalt not die for nothing; for I will waſh thee with my Tears, perfume thee with my Sighs, and ſtick a Flower in every part about thee——— [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the* Forum, *where is placed the Conſul's Tribunal.*

Enter two Citizens.

1 *CITIZEN.*

Whither, oh whither ſhall we fly for Safety?
Already reeking Murder's in our Streets,
Matrons with Infants in their Arms are butcher'd,
And *Rome* appears one noiſome Houſe of Slaughter.

2 *CITIZEN.*

Hear us ye Gods, and pity our Calamities.
Stop, ſtop the Fury of this cruel Tyrant;
Or ſend your Thunder forth to ſtrike us dead,
Ere our own Slaves are Maſters of our Throats.

1 *CITIZEN.*

Ruin draws near us. Oh my Friend! let's fly
To the Altars of our Gods, and by the Hands,
Of one another die, as *Romans* ought. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANCHARIUS *the Senator, and his Grandſ*

CHILD.

Hide me, my Grandſire; the ugly Men are coming
That kill'd my Mother and my Siſter *Thesbie.*
Will they kill you and me too?

ANCHARIUS.

Oh my Child!
I cannot hide thee, nor know not what to do.
Decrepit Age benumbs my weary Limbs:
I can't reſiſt, nor fly——

CHILD.

Then here we'll ſit;
Perhaps they'll not come yet; or if they do,
I'll fall upon my Knees, and beg your Life.
I am a very little harmleſs Boy;
And when I cry, and talk, and hang about 'em,
They'll pity ſure my Tears, and grant me all.

Enter ſeveral old Men in black, with Cypreſs Wreaths, lead
Virgins in white with Myrtle, who kneel before the Tribun

Then enters CAIUS MARIUS *as Conſul, Lictors,* SULPITI
and Guards.

CAIUS MARIUS.

I thank ye, Gods, ye have reſtor'd me now.
[*Mounts the Tribu*
What Pageantry in this, *Sulpitius*, here?
Remove theſe Slaves, and bear 'em to their Fates.

1 *Old MAN.*

We come not for ourſelves, but in the Name
Of *Rome*, to offer up our Lives for all.
Pity a wretched State, thou raging God,
And let looſe all thy dreadful Fury here.

CAIUS MARIUS.

I know ye all, great Senators; ye are
The Heads and Patrons of Rebellious *Rome.*

Ye can be humble when Affliction galls ye:
And with that Cheat at my time ye think
To charm a generous Mind, though ye have wrong'd it.
False are your Safeties when indulg'd by Pow'r:
For soon ye fatten and grow able Traitors.
False are your Fears, and your Afflictions falser:
For they cheat you, and make you hope for Mercy,
Which you shall never gain at *Marius'* Hands.
Who trusts your Penitence is more than Fool,
Rebellion will renew; ye can't be honest.
You're never pleased but with the Knaves that cheat you,
And work your Follies to their private Ends.
For your Religion, like your Clothes you wear it,
To change and turn just as the Fashion alters.
And think you by this solemn piece of Fooling
To hush my Rage, and melt me into Pity?
Advance *Sulpitius*; old *Ancharius* there,
Who was so violent for my Destruction,
That his Beard bristled at his Face distorted;
Away with him. Dispatch these Triflers too.
But spare the Virgins, 'cause mine Eyes have seen 'em;
Or keep 'em for my Warriors to rejoice in.

ANCHARIUS.

Thou who wert born to be the Plague of *Rome*,
What wouldst thou do with me?

CAIUS MARIUS.

Dispose thee hence
Amongst the other Offal, for the Jaws
Of hungry Death, 'till *Rome* be purg'd of Villains,
Thou dy'st for wronging *Marius*.

CHILD.

Oh my Lord!
(For you must be a Lord, you are so angry)
For my sake spare his Life. I have no Friend
But him to guard my tender Years from Wrongs.
When he is dead, what will become of me,
A poor and helpless Orphan, naked left

To

To all the Ills of the wide faithleſs World!

CAIUS MARIUS.

Take hence this Brat too; mount it on a Spear,
And make it ſprawl to make the Grandſire ſport.

CHILD.

O cruel Man! I'll hang upon your Knees,
And with my little dying Hands implore you:
I may be fit to do you ſome ſmall Pleaſures.
I'll find a thouſand tender ways to pleaſe you:
Smile when you rage, and ſtroke you into Mildneſs;
Play with your manly Neck, and call you Father:
For mine (alas!) the Gods have taken from me.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Young Crocodile! Thus from their Mother's Breaſts
Are they inſtructed, bred and taught in *Rome*.
For that old Paralytic Slave, diſpatch him:
Let me not know he breathes another Moment.
But ſpare this, cauſe't has learn'd its Leſſon well,
And I've a Softneſs in my Heart pleads for him.

Enter MESSENGER.

Well now.

MESSENGER.

Metellus.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Hah! *Metellus?* What?

MESSENGER.

Is found.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Speak, where?

MESSENGER.

In an old Suburb-Cottage,
Upbraiding Heav'n, and curſing at your Fortune.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Haſte, let him be preſerv'd for my own Fury.
Clap, clap your Hands for Joy, ye Friends of *Marius*;
Ten thouſand Talents for the News I'll give thee.

The

The Core and Bottom of my Torment's found,
And in a Moment I shall be at ease.
Rome's Walls no more shall be besmear'd with Blood,
But Peace and Gladness flourish in her Streets.
Let's go. *Metellus!* we have found *Metellus!*
Let every Tongue proclaim aloud *Metellus*;
Till I have dash'd him on the Rock of Fate,
Then be his Name forgot, and heard no more. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A Church-yard.*

Enter MARIUS *Junior.*

MARIUS Junior.

As I have wander'd musing to and fro,
Still am I brought to this unlucky Place,
As I had Business with the horrid Dead:
Though could I trust to Flattery of Sleep,
My Dreams presage some joyful News at hand.
My Bosom's Lord sits lightly on his Throne,
And all this Day an unaccustom'd Spirit
Lifts me above the Ground with chearful Thoughts.
I dream'd *Lavinia* came and found me dead,
And breath'd such Life with Kisses on my Lips.
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.

Enter CATULUS.

CATULUS.

My Lord already here?

MARIUS Junior.

My trusty *Catulus*,
What News from my *Lavinia?* speak and bless me.

CATULUS.

She's very well.——

MARIUS Junior.

Then nothing can be ill.
Something thou seem'st to know that's terrible.

Our

Out with it boldly, Man; what canſt thou ſay
Of my *Lavinia?*

CATULUS.

But one ſad Word, She's dead.
Here in her Kindred's Vault I've ſeen her laid,
And have been ſearching you to tell the News.

MARIUS Junior.

Dead? is it ſo? then I defy you, Stars,
Go, haſten quickly, get me Ink and Paper.
'Tis done: I'll hence To-night.
Haſt thou no Letters to me from the Prieſt?

CATULUS.

No, my good Lord.

MARIUS Junior.

No matter, get thee gone—— [*Exit* Catul
Lavinia! yet I'll lie with thee To-night;
But for the means. Oh Miſchief! thou art ſwift
To catch the ſtragling Thoughts of deſp'rate Men,
I do remember an Apothecary,
That dwelt about this Rendezvous of Death:
Meagre and very rueful were his Looks;
Sharp Miſery had worn him to the Bones;
And in his needy Shop a Tortoiſe hung,
An Allegator ſtuff'd, and other Skins
Of ill-ſhap'd Fiſhes; and about his Shelves
A beggarly account of empty Boxes,
Green Earthen-pots, Bladders, and muſty Seeds,
Remnants of Pack-thread, and old Cakes of Roſes
Were thinly ſcatter'd to make up a Show.
Oh for a Poiſon now! his Need will ſell it,
Though it be preſent Death by *Roman* Law.
As I remember, this ſhould be the Houſe.
His Shop is ſhut: with Beggars all are Holidays.
Holla? Apothecary; hoa!

Enter APOTHECARY.

APOTHECARY.

Who's there?

MARIUS Junior.

Come hither, Man, I see thou art very poor;
Thou may'st do any thing: here's fifty *Drachma's*
Get me a Draught of that will soonest free
A Wretch from all his Cares: thou understand'st me.

APOTHECARY.

Such mortal Drugs I have, but *Roman* Law
Speaks Death to any he that utters 'em.

MARIUS Junior.

Art thou so base and full of Wretchedness,
Yet fear'st to die? Famine is in thy Cheeks,
Need and Oppression stareth in thy Eyes,
Contempt and Beggary hang on thy Back;
The World is not thy Friend, nor the World's Law;
The World affords no Law to make thee rich:
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

APOTHECARY.

My Poverty, but not my Will consents——
[*Goes in, and fetches a Phial of Poison.*
Take this and drink it off, the Work is done.

MARIUS Junior.

There is thy Gold, worse Poison to Mens Souls,
Doing more Murders in this loathsom World
Than these poor Compounds thou'rt forbid to sell.
I sell thee Poison, thou hast sold me none.——
Farewel—buy Food—and get thyself in Flesh.
Now for the Monument of the *Metelli*—— [*Exit.*

[*Scene draws, and shews the Temple and Monument.*

Re-enter MARIUS.

MARIUS Junior.

It should be here: the Door is open too.
Th' insatiate Mouth of Fate gapes wide for more.

LAVINIA.

I am *Lavinia*, born of noble Race,
My blooming Beauty conquer'd many Hearts,
But prov'd the greatest Torment of my own;
Tho' my Vows prosper'd, and my Love was answer'd
By *Marius*, the noblest, goodliest Youth
That Man e'er envy'd at, or Virgin sigh'd for.
He was the Son of an unhappy Parent,
And banish'd with him when our Joys were young;
Scarce a Night old.

CAIUS MARIUS.

I do remember't well.
And thou art she, that Wonder of thy kind,
That couldst be true to exil'd Misery,
And to and fro through barren Deserts range.
To find th' unhappy Wretch thy Soul was fond of.

LAVINIA.

Do you remember't well?

CAIUS MARIUS.

In every Point.

LAVINIA.

You then were gentle, took me in your Arms,
Embrac'd me, blest me, us'd me like a Father.
And sure I was not thankless for the Bounty.

CAIUS MARIUS.

No, thou wert, next the Gods, my only Comfort.
When I lay fainting on the dry parch'd Earth,
Beneath the scorching Heat of burning Noon,
Hungry and dry, no Food nor Friend to chear me:
Then thou, as by the Gods some Angel sent,
Cam'st by, and in compassion didst relieve me.

LAVINIA.

Did I all this?

CAIUS MARIUS.

Thou didst; thou sav'dst my Life,
Else I had sunk beneath the Weight of Want,
And been a Prey to my remorseless Foes.

LA-

LAVINIA.

And see how well I am at last rewarded.
All could not balance for the short-term'd Life
Of one old Man; You have my Father butcher'd,
The only Comfort I had left on Earth.
The Gods have taken too my Husband from me;
See where he lies, your and my only Joy.
This Sword, yet reeking with my Father's Gore,
Plunge it into my Breast: plunge, plunge it thus.
And now let Rage, Distraction and Despair
Seize all Mankind, 'till they grow mad as I am.

[*Stabs herself with his Sword.*

CAIUS MARIUS.

Nay, now thou hast outdone me much in Cruelty.
Be Nature's Light extinguish'd; let the Sun
Withdraw his Beams, and put the World in Darkness,
Whilst here I howl away my Life in Sorrows.
Oh! let me bury Me and all my Sins
Here with this good old Man. Thus let me kiss
Thy pale sunk Cheeks, embalm thee with my Tears.
My Son, how cam'st thou by this wretched End?
We might have all been Friends, and in one House
Enjoy'd the Blessings of eternal Peace.
But oh! my cruel Nature has undone me.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

My Lord, I bring you most disastrous News.
Sylla's return'd; his Army's on their March
From *Capua*, and To-morrow will reach *Rome*.
At which the Rabble are in new Rebellion,
And your *Sulpitius* mortally is wounded.

Enter SULPITIUS *(led by two of the Guards) and* GRANIUS.

CAIUS MARIUS.

Oh! then I'm ruin'd. From this very Moment,
Has my good Genius left me; Hope forsakes me.

The Name of *Sylla's* baneful to my Fortune.
Be warn'd by me, ye Great ones, how y'embroil
Your Country's Peace, and dip your Hands in Slaughter.
Ambition is a Luſt that's never quench'd,
Grows more inflam'd and madder by Enjoyment.
Bear me away, and lay me on my Bed,
A hopeleſs Veſſel bound for the dark Land
Of loathſom Death, and loaded deep with Sorrows.

[*He is led off.*

SULPITIUS.

A Curſe on all Repentance! how I hate it!
I'd rather hear a Dog howl than a Man whine.

GRANIUS.

You're wounded, Sir: I hope it is not much.

SULPITIUS.

No; 'tis not ſo deep as a Well, nor ſo wide as a Church-door; but 'tis deep enough; 'twill ſerve; I am pepper'd I warrant, I warrant for this World. A Pox on all Mad-men hereafter. If I get a Monument, let this be my Epitaph.

Sulpitius *lies here, that troubleſome Slave,*
That ſent many honeſter Men to the Grave;
And dy'd like a Fool, when h'had liv'd like a Knave.

[Exeunt Omnes.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Barry*, who acted *Lavinia*.

A Miſchief on't! though I'm again alive,
May I believe this Play of ours ſhall thrive?
This Drumming, Trumpeting, and fighting Play:
Why, what a Devil will the People ſay?
The Nation that's without, and hears the Din,
Will ſwear we are raiſing Volunteers again.
For know, our Poet, when this Play was made,
Had nought but Drums and Trumpets in his Head.
H'had baniſh'd Poetry and all her Charms,
And needs the Fool would be a Man at Arms.
No Prentice e'er grown weary of Indentures
Had ſuch a longing Mind to ſeek Adventures.
Nay, ſure at laſt th' Infection general grew;
For t'other Day I was a Captain too:
Neither for Flanders *nor for* France *to roam,*
But, juſt as you were all, to ſtay at home.
And now for you who here come wrapt in Cloaks,
Only for Love of Underhill *and Nurſe* Noakes;
Our Poet ſays one Day to a Play ye come,
Which ſerves ye half a Year for Wit at home.
But which amongſt you is there to be found,
Will take his third Day's Pawn for fifty Pound?
Or, now he is caſhier'd, will fairly venture
To give him ready Money for's Debenture?
Therefore when he receiv'd that fatal Doom,
This Play came forth, in hopes his Friends would come
To help a poor diſbanded Soldier home.

VENICE

VENICE PRESERV'D:

OR, A

PLOT DISCOVER'D.

A

TRAGEDY.

To Her GRACE the

Dutcheſs of PORTSMOUTH.

MADAM,

ERE it poſſible for me to let the World know how intirely Your Grace's Goodneſs has devoted a poor Man to Your Service; were there Words enough in Speech to expreſs the mighty Senſe I have of Your great Bounty towards me; ſurely I ſhould write and talk of it for ever: But Your

Grace has given me ſo large a Theme, and laid ſo vaſt a Foundation, that Imagination wants Stock to build upon it. I am as one dumb when I would ſpeak of it; and when I ſtrive to write, I want a Scale of Thought ſufficient to comprehend the Height of it. Forgive me then, Madam, if (as a poor Peaſant once made a Preſent of an Apple to an Emperor) I bring this ſmall Tribute, the humble Growth of my little Garden, and lay it at your Feet. Believe it is paid You with the utmoſt Gratitude: Believe that ſo long as I have Thought to remember how very much I owe Your generous Nature, I will ever have a Heart that ſhall be grateful for it too: Your Grace, next Heav'n, deſerves it amply from me; That gave me Life, but on a hard Condition, 'till Your extended Favour taught me to prize the Gift, and took the heavy Burden it was clogg'd with from me; I mean, hard Fortune. When I had Enemies, that with malicious Power kept back, and ſhaded me from thoſe Royal Beams, whoſe Warmth is all I have, or

hope

hope to live by; Your noble Pity and Compaſſion found me, where I was far caſt backward from my Bleſſing; down in the Rear of Fortune; call'd me up, plac'd me in the Shine, and I have felt its Comfort. You have in that reſtor'd me to my Native Right; for a ſteddy Faith, and Loyalty to my Prince, was all the Inheritance my Father left me: And however hardly my ill Fortune deal with me, it is what I prize ſo well, that I never pawn'd it yet, and hope I never ſhall part with it. Nature and Fortune were certainly in league when You were born: and as the firſt took care to give You Beauty enough to enſlave the Hearts of all the World, ſo the other reſolv'd to do its Merit Juſtice, that none but a Monarch, fit to rule that World, ſhould e'er poſſeſs it; and in it he had an Empire. The young Prince You have given him, by his blooming Virtues, early declares the mighty Stock he came from; and as You have taken all the pious Care of a dear Mother and a prudent Guardian, to give him a noble and generous

Education; may it ſucceed according to His Merits and Your Wiſhes: May he grow up to be a Bulwark to his illuſtrious Father, and a Patron to his Loyal Subjects; with Wiſdom and Learning to aſſiſt him, whenever call'd to his Councils; to defend his Right againſt the Encroachments of Republicans in his Senates; to cheriſh ſuch Men as ſhall be able to vindicate the Royal Cauſe; that good and fit Servants to the Crown, may never be loſt for want of a Protector. May he have Courage and Conduct, fit to Fight his Battles abroad, and terrify his Rebels at home; and that all theſe may be yet more ſure, during the Spring-time of his Years, when thoſe growing Virtues ought with Care to be cheriſh'd in order to their Ripening; may he never meet with vitious Natures, or the Tongues of Faithleſs, Sordid, Inſipid Flatterers, to blaſt them: To conclude; may he be as great as the Hand of Fortune (with his Honour) ſhall be able to make him: And may Your Grace, who are ſo good

Miſtreſs, and ſo noble a Patroneſs, never meet with a leſs grateful Servant, than,

MADAM,

Your Grace's entirely

devoted Creature,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE.

IN theſe diſtracted Times, when each Man dreads
The bloody Stratagems of buſy Heads;
When we have fear'd three years we know not what,
'Till Witneſſes begin to die o'th' Rot,
What made our Poet meddle with a Plot?
Was't that he fancy'd for the very Sake
And name of Plot, his trifling Play might take?
For there's not in't one Inch-board Evidence,
But 'tis, he ſays, to Reaſon plain and Senſe,
And that he thinks a plauſible Defence.
Were Truth by Senſe and Reaſon to be try'd;
Sure all our Swearers might be laid aſide.
No, of ſuch Tools our Author has no need,
To make his Plot, or make his Play ſucceed:
He, of black Bills has no prodigious Tales,
Or Spaniſh *Pilgrims caſt aſhore in* Wales;
Here's not one murder'd Magiſtrate at leaſt:
Kept rank like Veu'ſon for a City Feaſt:
Grown four Days ſtiff, the better to prepare
And fit his pliant Limbs to ride in Chair:
Yet here's an Army rais'd though under Ground,
But no Man ſeen, nor one Commiſſion found:
Here is a Traitor too, that's very old,
Turbulent, Subtle, Miſchievous and Bold,
Bloody, Revengeful, and to crown his part,
Loves fumbling with a Wench with all his Heart;
Till after having many Changes paſt,
In ſpight of Age, (thanks t'Heav'n) is hang'd at laſt.

Next

ot is a Senator that keeps a Whore;
Venice *none a higher Office bore*;
Lewdneſs every Night the Letcher ran:
ow me all London *ſuch another Man,*
atch him at Mother Creſwold's, *if you can.*
Poland, Poland! *had it been thy Lot,*
have heard in time of this Venetian *Plot*;
ou ſurely choſen hadſt one King from thence,
d honour'd them as thou haſt England *ſince.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Duke of *Venice*,	Mr. *D. Williams.*
Priuli, Father to *Belvidera*, a Senator,	Mr. *Bowman.*
Antonio, a fine Speaker in the Senate,	Mr. *Leigh.*
Bedamar, the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador,	Mr. *Gillow.*
Jaffeir,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Pierre,	Mr. *Smith.*
Renault,	Mr. *Wiltſhire.*
Spinoſa,	Mr. *Perci-val.*
Theodore,	
Eliot,	
Revillido,	
Durand,	
Mazzana,	
Bramveil,	
Ternon,	
Brabe,	

Conſpirators.

WOMEN.

Belvidera,	Mrs. *Barry.*
Aquilina,	Mrs. *Currer.*

Two Women, Attendants on *Belvidera*,
Two Women, Servants to *Aquilina*.
The Council of Ten.
Officer, Guard, Friar, Executioner and Rabble.

VENICE PRESERV'D:

OR, A

PLOT DISCOVER'D.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter PRIULI *and* JAFFEIR.

PRIULI.

NO more! I'll hear no more; be gone and leave me.

JAFFEIR.

Not hear me! by my Sufferings but you ſhall!
My Lord, my Lord! I'm not that abject Wretch
You think me: Patience! where's the Diſtance throws
Me back ſo far, but I may boldly ſpeak
In right, though proud Oppreſſion will not hear me!

PRIULI.

Have you not wrong'd me?

JAFFEIR.

Could my Nature e'er
Have brook'd Injuſtice, or the doing Wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent myſelf,
To gain a Hearing from a cruel Father!
Wrong'd you?

PRI-

PRIULI.

Yes, wrong'd me, in the niceſt Point;
The Honour of my Houſe; you've done me wrong;
You may remember, (for I now will ſpeak,
And urge its Baſeneſs:) When you firſt came home
From Travel, with ſuch Hopes, as made you look'd on
By all Mens Eyes, a Youth of Expectation;
Pleas'd with your growing Virtue, I receiv'd you;
Courted, and ſought to raiſe you to your Merits:
My Houſe, my Table, nay, my Fortune too,
My very ſelf, was yours; you might have us'd me
To your beſt Service; like an open Friend,
I treated, truſted you, and thought you mine;
When in requital of my beſt Endeavours,
You treacherouſly practis'd to undo me.
Seduc'd the Weakneſs of my Age's Darling,
My only Child, and ſtole her from my Boſom:
Oh *Belvidera!*

JAFFEIR.

'Tis to me you owe her,
Childleſs you had been elſe, and in the Grave
Your Name extinct, no more *Priuli* heard of,
You may remember, ſcarce five Years are paſt,
Since in your Brigantine you ſail'd to ſee
The *Adriatick* wedded by our Duke,
And I was with you: Your unskilful Pilot
Daſh'd us upon a Rock; when to your Boat
You made for ſafety; enter'd firſt yourſelf:
Th' affrighted *Belvidera* following next,
As ſhe ſtood trembling on the Veſſel's ſide,
Was by a Wave waſh'd off into the Deep;
When inſtantly I plung'd into the Sea,
And buffeting the Billows to her Reſcue,
Redeem'd her Life with half the Loſs of mine.
Like a rich Conqueſt in one Hand I bore her,
And with the other daſh'd the ſaucy Waves,
That throng'd and preſs'd to rob me of my Prize:

I brought her, gave her to your despairing Arms:
Indeed you thank'd me; but a nobler Gratitude
Rose in her Soul: For from that Hour she lov'd me,
'Till for her Life she paid me with herself.

PRIULI.

You stole her from me; like a Thief you stole her
At dead of Night; that curs'd Hour you chose
To rifle me of all my Heart held dear.
May all your Joys in her prove false like mine;
A steril Fortune, and a barren Bed,
Attend you both; continual Discord make
Your Days and Nights bitter and grievous: Still
May the hard Hand of a vexatious Need
Oppress, and grind you; 'till at last you find
The Curse of Disobedience all your Portion.

JAFFEIR.

Half of your Curse, you have bestow'd in vain:
Heav'n has already crown'd our faithful Loves
With a young Boy, sweet as his Mother's Beauty:
May he live to prove more gentle than his Grandsire,
And happier than his Father!

PRIULI.

Rather live
To bait thee for his Bread, and din your Ears
With hungry Cries: Whilst his unhappy Mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterness of Want.

JAFFEIR.

You talk as if 'twould please you.

PRIULI.

'Twould, by Heav'n.
Once she was dear indeed; the Drops that fell
From my sad Heart, when she forgot her Duty,
The Fountain of my Life was not so precious:
But she is gone, and if I am a Man
I will forget her.

JAFFEIR.

Would I were in my Grave.

PRI-

PRIULI.

And the too with thee;
For living here, you're but my curs'd Remembrancers
I once was happy.

JAFFEIR.

You uſe me thus, becauſe you know my Soul
Is fond of *Belvidera*: You perceive
My Life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me!
Oh! could my Soul have ever known Satiety;
Were I that Thief, the Doer of ſuch Wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
But I might ſend her back to you with Contumely,
And court my Fortune where ſhe would be kinder!

PRIULI.

You dare not do't.——

JAFFEIR.

Indeed, my Lord, I dare not.
My Heart that awes me, is too much my Maſter.
Three Years are paſt ſince firſt our Vows were plighted,
During which time the World muſt bear me witneſs,
I've treated *Belvidera* like your Daughter,
The Daughter of a Senator of *Venice*;
Diſtinction, Place, Attendance and Obſervance,
Due to her Birth, ſhe always has commanded;
Out of my little Fortune I've done this;
Becauſe (tho' hopeleſs e'er to win your Nature)
The World might ſee, I lov'd her for herſelf,
Not as the Heireſs of the great *Priuli*,——

PRIULI.

No more!

JAFFEIR.

Yes! all, and then adieu for ever.
There's not a Wretch that lives on common Charity
But's happier than me: For I have known
The luſcious Sweets of Plenty; every Night
Have ſlept with ſoft Content about my Head,
And never wak'd but to a joyful Morning;

Ye

Yet now muſt fall like a full Ear of Corn,
Whoſe Bloſſom ſcap'd, yet's wither'd in the ripening.

PRIULI.

Home and be humble, ſtudy to retrench;
Diſcharge the lazy Vermin of thy Hall,
Thoſe Pageants of thy Folly,
Reduce the glittering Trappings of thy Wife
To humble Weeds, fit for thy little State;
Then to ſome Suburb Cottage both retire;
Drudge, to feed loathſom Life; get Brats, and ſtarve——
Home, home, I ſay—— [*Exit.*

JAFFEIR.

Yes, if my Heart would let me——
This proud, this ſwelling Heart; Home I would go,
But that my Doors are hateful to mine Eyes,
Fill'd and damn'd up with gaping Creditors
Watchful as Fowlers when their Game will ſpring;
I've now not fifty Ducats in the World,
Yet ſtill I am in love, and pleas'd with Ruin.
Oh *Belvidera!* Oh! ſhe is my Wife——
And we will bear our wayward Fate together,
But ne'er know Comfort more.

Enter PIERRE.

PIERRE.

My Friend, Good-morrow!
How fares the honeſt Partner of my Heart?
What, melancholy! not a Word to ſpare me?

JAFFEIR.

I'm thinking, *Pierre*, how that damn'd ſtarving Quality,
Call'd Honeſty, got footing in the World.

PIERRE.

Why, pow'rful Villany firſt ſet it up,
For its own Eaſe and Safety: Honeſt Men
Are the ſoft eaſy Cuſhions on which Knaves
Repoſe and fatten: Were all Mankind Villains,
They'd ſtarve each other; Lawyers would want Practice,

Cut

Cut-throats Rewards: Each Man would kill his Brother
Himſelf, none would be paid or hang'd for Murder:
Honeſty: 'twas a Cheat invented firſt
To bind the Hands of bold deſerving Rogues,
That Fools and Cowards might ſit ſafe in Power,
And lord it uncontroll'd above their Betters.

JAFFEIR.

Then Honeſty is but a Notion?

PIERRE.

Nothing elſe:
Like Wit, much talk'd of, not to be defin'd:
He that pretends to moſt too, has leaſt ſhare in't;
'Tis a ragged Virtue: Honeſty! no more on't.

JAFFEIR.

Sure thou art honeſt?

PIERRE.

So indeed Men think me.
But they're miſtaken, *Jaffeir*: I'm a Rogue
As well as they;
A fine gay bold-fac'd Villain, as thou ſeeſt me;
'Tis true, I pay my Debts when they're contracted;
I ſteal from no Man; would not cut a Throat
To gain admiſſion to a great Man's Purſe,
Or a Whore's Bed; I'd not betray my Friend
To get his Place or Fortune: I ſcorn to flatter
A blown-up Fool above me, or cruſh the Wretch beneath me:
Yet, *Jaffeir*, for all this I am a Villain.

JAFFEIR.

A Villain!

PIERRE.

Yes, a moſt notorious Villain:
To ſee the Sufferings of my Fellow-Creatures,
And own myſelf a Man: To ſee our Senators
Cheat the deluded People with a ſhew
Of Liberty, which yet they ne'er muſt taſte of;
They ſay, by them our Hands are free from Fetters,
Yet whom they pleaſe they lay in baſeſt Bonds;

Bring

Bring whom they please to Infamy and Scorn upon us;
Drive us like Wrecks down the rough Tide of Power,
Whilst no Hold's left to save us from Destruction
All that bear this are Villains, and I one.
Not to rouze up at the great Call of Nature,
And check the growth of these domestic Spoilers.
That make us Slaves, and tell us 'tis our Charter.

JAFFEIR.

Oh *Aquilina!* Friend, to lose such Beauty,
The dearest purchase of thy noble Labours;
She was thy right by Conquest, as by Love.

PIERRE.

Oh *Jaffeir!* I'd so fix'd my Heart upon her,
That whereso'er I fram'd a Scheme of Life
For time to come she was my only Joy,
With which I wish'd to sweeten future Cares;
I fancy'd Pleasures, none but one that loves
And doats as I did, can imagine like 'em:
When in the Extremity of all these Hopes,
In the most charming Hour of Expectation,
Then when our eager Wishes soar the highest,
Ready to stoop and grasp the lovely Game,
A haggard Owl, a worthless Kite of Prey,
With his foul Wings fail'd in, and spoil'd my Quarry.

JAFFEIR.

I know the Wretch, and scorn him as thou hat'st him.

PIERRE.

Curse on the common good that's so protected,
Where every Slave that heaps up Wealth enough
To do much Wrong, becomes a Lord of Right:
I, who believ'd no Ill could e'er come near me,
Found in th' Embraces of my *Aquilina*
A wretched old, but itching Senator;
A wealthy Fool, that had bought out my Title:
A Rogue, that uses Beauty like a Lamb-skin,
Barely to keep him warm; that filthy Cuckoo
Was in my Absence crept into my Nest,

And

And ſpoiling all my Brood of noble Pleaſure.

JAFFEIR.

Didſt thou not chaſe him thence?

PIERRE.

I did, and drove
The rank old bearded *Hirco* ſtinking home:
The matter was complain'd of in the Senate,
I ſummon'd to appear, and cenſur'd baſely,
For violating ſomething they call *Privilege*——
This was the Recompence of my Service.
Would I'd been rather beaten by a Coward:
A Soldier's Miſtreſs, *Jaffeir*, 's his Religion,
When that's profan'd, all other Ties are broken:
That even diſſolves all former Bonds of Service,
And from that Hour I think myſelf as free
To be the Foe as e'er the Friend of *Venice*——
Nay, dear Revenge, whene'er thou call'ſt, I'm ready.

JAFFEIR.

I think no Safety can be here for Virtue,
And grieve, my Friend, as much as thou, to live
In ſuch a wretched State as this of *Venice*,
Where all agree to ſpoil the Public Good,
And Villains fatten with the brave Man's Labours.

PIERRE.

We've neither Safety, Unity nor Peace,
For the Foundation's loſt of common Good;
Juſtice is lame as well as blind amongſt us;
The Laws (corrupted to their Ends that make 'em)
Serve but for Inſtruments of ſome new Tyranny,
That every Day ſtarts up t'enſlave us deeper:
Now could this glorious Cauſe but find out Friends
To do it right! oh *Jaffeir*: then might'ſt thou
Not wear theſe Seals of Woe upon thy Face:
The proud *Priuli* ſhould be taught Humanity,
And learn to value ſuch a Son as thou art.
I dare not ſpeak! but my Heart bleeds this Moment.

JAF-

JAFFEIR.

Curſt be the Cauſe, tho' I thy Friend be part on't,
Let me partake the Troubles of thy Boſom,
For I am us'd to Miſery, and perhaps
May find a way to ſweeten't to thy Spirit.

PIERRE.

Too ſoon 'twill reach thy Knowledge——

JAFFEIR.

Then from thee
Let it proceed. There's Virtue in thy Friendſhip
Would make the ſaddeſt Tale of Sorrow pleaſing,
Strengthen my Conſtancy, and welcome Ruin.

PIERRE.

Then thou art ruin'd!

JAFFEIR.

That I long ſince knew;
I and Ill-fortune have been long acquainted.

PIERRE.

I paſs'd this very Moment by thy Doors,
And found them guarded by a Troop of Villains;
The Sons of public Rapine were deſtroying:
They told me, by the Sentence of the Law,
They had Commiſſion to ſeize all thy Fortune:
Nay more, *Priuli*'s cruel Hand hath ſign'd it.
Here ſtood a Ruffian with a horrid Face
Lording it o'er a Pile of maſſy Plate,
Tumbled into a heap for public Sale:
There was another making villanous Jeſts
At thy undoing; he had ta'en poſſeſſion
Of all thy ancient moſt domeſtic Ornaments,
Rich Hangings, intermix'd and wrought with Gold;
The very Bed, which on thy Wedding-night
Receiv'd thee to the Arms of *Belvidera*;
The Scene of all thy Joys, was violated
By the courſe Hands of filthy Dungeon Villains,
And thrown amongſt the common Lumber.

JAF-

JAFFEIR.

Now thank Heav'n———

PIERRE.

Thank Heav'n! for what?

JAFFEIR.

That I'm not worth a Dueat.

PIERRE.

Curſe thy dull Stars, and the worſe Fate of *Venice*,
Where Brothers, Friends, and Fathers, all are falſe;
Where there's no Truſt, no Truth; where Innocence
Stoops under vile Oppreſſion; and Vice lords it:
Hadſt thou but ſeen, as I did, how at laſt
Thy beauteous *Belvidera*, like a Wretch
That's doom'd to Baniſhment, came weeping forth,
Shining through Tears, like *April*-Suns in Showers
That labour to o'ercome the Cloud that loads 'em;
Whilſt two young Virgins, on whoſe Arms ſhe lean'd,
Kindly look'd up, and at her Grief grew ſad,
As if they catch'd the Sorrows that fell from her:
E'en the lewd Rabble that were gather'd round
To ſee the fight, ſtood mute when they beheld her;
Govern'd their roaring Throats, and grumbled Pity:
I cou'd have hugg'd the greazy Rogues: They pleas'd me.

JAFFEIR.

I thank thee for this Story, from my Soul,
Since now I know the worſt than can befal me:
Ah *Pierre!* I have a Heart, that could have borne
The rougheſt Wrong my Fortune could have done me:
But when I think what *Belvidera* feels,
The bitterneſs her tender Spirit taſtes of,
I own myſelf a Coward: Bear my Weakneſs,
If throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck,
I play the Boy, and blubber in thy Boſom.
Oh! I ſhall drown thee with my Sorrows!

PIERRE.

Burn!
Firſt burn, and level *Venice* to thy Ruin.

What,

What, ſtarve like Beggars Brats in froſty Weather,
Under a Hedge, and whine ourſelves to Death!
Thou, or thy Cauſe ſhall never want Aſſiſtance,
Whilſt I have Blood or Fortune fit to ſerve thee;
Command my Heart; Thou'rt every way its Maſter.

JAFFEIR.

No, there's a ſecret Pride in bravely dying.

PIERRE.

Rats die in Holes and Corners, Dogs run mad;
Man knows a braver Remedy for Sorrow.
Revenge! the Attribute of Gods; they ſtampt it
With their great Image on our Natures: Die!
Conſider well the Cauſe that calls upon thee:
And if thou'rt baſe enough, die then: Remember
Thy *Belvidera* ſuffers: *Belvidera!*
Die——Damn firſt——what, be decently Interr'd
In a Church-yard, and mingle thy brave Duſt
With ſtinking Rogues that rot in Winding-ſheets,
Surfeit ſlain Fools, the common Dung o' th' Soil.

JAFFEIR.

Oh!

PIERRE.

Well ſaid, out with it, ſwear a little——

JAFFEIR.

Swear! By Sea and Air! by Earth, by Heav'n and Hell,
I will revenge my *Belvidera*'s Tears!
Hark thee, my Friend——*Priuli*——is——a Senator!

PIERRE.

A Dog!

JAFFEIR.

Agreed.

PIERRE

Shoot him.

JAFFEIR.

With all my Heart.
No more: Where ſhall we meet at Night?

PIERRE.

I'll tell thee;
On the *Rialto* every Night at Twelve
I take my Evening's walk of Meditation;
There we two'll meet, and talk of precious Mischief—

JAFFEIR.

Farewel.

PIERRE.

At Twelve.

JAFFEIR.

At any Hour; my Plagues
Will keep me waking. Tell me why, good Heav'n, [*Ex.* Pi.
Thou mad'ſt me what I am, with all the Spirit,
Aſpiring Thoughts, and elegant Deſires
That fill the happieſt Man? Ah! rather why
Didſt thou not form me ſordid as my Fate,
Baſe-minded, dull, and fit to carry Burdens?
Why have I Senſe to know the Curſe that's on me?
Is this juſt dealing, Nature?——*Belvidera:*

Enter BELVIDERA.

Poor *Belvidera!*

BELVIDERA.

Lead me, lead me, my Virgins,
To that kind Voice. My Lord, my Love, my Refuge!
Happy my Eyes, when they behold thy Face:
My heavy Heart will leave its doleful beating
At ſight of thee, and bound with ſprightful Joys.
Oh ſmile, as when our Loves were in their Spring,
And chear my fainting Soul.

JAFFEIR.

As when our Loves
Were in their Spring? has then my Fortune chang'd?
Art thou not *Belvidera*, ſtill the ſame,
Kind, good, and tender, as my Arms firſt found thee?
If thou art alter'd, where ſhall I have harbour?
Where eaſe my loaded Heart? Oh! where complain?

BELVIDERA.

Does this appear like Change, or Love decaying,
When thus I throw myſelf into thy Boſom,
With all the reſolution of ſtrong Truth?
Beats not my Heart as 'twould alarum thine
To a new charge of bliſs? I joy more in thee,
Than did thy Mother when ſhe hugg'd thee firſt,
And bleſs'd the Gods for all her Travel paſt.

JAFFEIR.

Can there in Woman be ſuch glorious Faith?
Sure all ill Stories of thy Sex are falſe;
Oh Woman! lovely Woman! Nature made thee
To temper Man: We had been Brutes without you,
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of Heav'n,
Amazing Brightneſs, Purity and Truth,
Eternal Joy, and everlaſting Love.

BELVIDERA.

If Love be Treaſure, we'll be wond'rous rich;
I have ſo much, my Heart will ſurely break with't;
Vows can't expreſs it. When I would declare
How great's my Joy, I'm dumb with the big Thought;
I ſwell and ſigh, and labour with my longing.
O lead me to ſome Deſart wide and wild,
Barren as our Misfortunes, where my Soul
May have its vent; where I may tell aloud
To the high Heavens and ev'ry liſt'ning Planet,
With what a boundleſs ſtock my Boſom's fraught;
Where I may throw my eager Arms about thee,
Give looſe to Love with Kiſſes, kindling Joy,
And let off all the Fire that's in my Heart.

JAFFEIR.

Oh *Belvidera!* doubly I'm a Beggar,
Undone by Fortune, and indebt to thee;
Want! worldly Want! that hungry meager Fiend
Is at my Heels, and chaſes me in view.
Canſt thou bear cold and Hunger? Can theſe Limbs,

Fram'd

Fram'd for the tender Offices of Love,
Endure the Mockeries of ſcorning Beauty,
When baniſh'd by our Miſeries abroad,
(As ſuddenly we ſhall be) to ſeek out
(In ſome far Climate where our Names are Strangers)
For charitable Succour; wilt thou then,
When in a Bed of Straw we ſhrink together,
And the bleak Winds ſhall whiſtle round our Heads;
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? wilt thou then
Huſh my Cares thus, and ſhelter me with Love?

BELVIDERA.

Oh I will love thee, even in Madneſs love thee.
Tho' my diſtracted Senſes ſhould forſake me,
I'd find ſome Intervals, when my poor Heart
Should 'ſwage itſelf, and be let looſe to thine.
Tho' the bare Earth be all our reſting Place,
Its Roots our Food, ſome Clift our Habitation,
I'll make this Arm a Pillow for thy Head;
As thou ſighing ly'ſt, and ſwell'd with Sorrow,
Creep to thy Boſom, pour the Balm of Love
Into thy Soul, and kiſs thee to thy Reſt;
Then praiſe our God, and watch thee till the Morning.

JAFFEIR.

Hear this, you Heav'ns, and wonder how you made her!
Reign, reign ye Monarchs that divide the World,
Buſy Rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquility and Happineſs like mine;
Like gaudy Ships th' obſequious Billows fall
And riſe again, to lift you in your Pride;
They wait but for a Storm, and then devour you:
I, in my private Bark, already wreck'd,
Like a poor Merchant driv'n on unknown Land,
That had by chance pack'd up his choiceſt Treaſure
In one dear Caſket, and ſav'd only that,
Since I muſt wander further on the Shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious Store;
Reſolv'd to ſcorn, and truſt my Fate no more. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter PIERRE *and* AQUILINA.

AQUILINA.

BY all thy Wrongs, thou'rt dearer to my Arms
Than all the Wealth of *Venice*: Pr'ythee ſtay,
And let us love to-night.

PIERRE.

No: There is Fool.
There's Fool about thee: When a Woman ſells
Her Fleſh to Fools, her Beauty's loſt to me;
They leave a Taint, a Sully where they've paſt;
There's ſuch a baneful Quality about 'em,
E'en ſpoils Complexions with their Nauſeouſneſs,
They infect all they touch; I cannot think
Of taſting any thing a Fool has pall'd.

AQUILINA.

I loath and ſcorn that Fool thou mean'ſt, as much
Or more than thou canſt; but the Beaſt has Gold
That makes him neceſſary: Power too,
To qualify my Character, and poiſe me
Equal with peeviſh Virtue, that beholds
My Liberty with Envy: In their Hearts
They're looſe as I am; but an ugly Power
Sits in their Faces, and frights Pleaſure from 'em.

PIERRE.

Much good may't do you, Madam, with your Senator.

AQUILINA.

My Senator! why, canſt thou think that Wretch
E'er fill'd thy *Aquilina*'s Arms with Pleaſure?
Think'ſt thou, becauſe I ſometimes give him leave
To foil himſelf at what he is unfit for;
Becauſe I force myſelf t' endure and ſuffer him,

Think'ſt thou, I love him? No, by all the Joys,
Thou ever gav'ſt me, his Preſence is my Penance;
The worſt thing an old Man can be's a Lover....
A mere *Memento Mori* to poor Woman.
I never lay by his decrepit ſide,
But all that Night I ponder'd on my Grave.

PIERRE.

Would he were well ſent thither.

AQUILINA.

That's my Wiſh too;
For then my *Pierre*, I might have Cauſe with Pleaſure
To play the Hypocrite; Oh! how I could weep
Over the dying Dotard, kiſs him too,
In hopes to ſmother him quite; then when the Time
Was come to pay my Sorrows at his Funeral,
(For he has already made me Heir to Treaſures
Wou'd make me out-act a real Widow's whining:)
How could I frame my Face to fit my Mourning!
With wringing Hands attend him to his Grave,
Fall ſwooning on his Hearſe: Take mad Poſſeſſion
E'en of the diſmal Vault where he lay bury'd,
There like th'*Epheſian* Matron dwell, till thou,
My lovely Soldier, com'ſt to my Deliverance;
Then throwing up my Veil, with open Arms
And laughing Eyes, run to new dawning Joy.

PIERRE.

No more! I've Friends to meet me here to-night,
And muſt be private. As you prize my Friendſhip,
Keep up your Coxcomb: Let him not pry nor liſten,
Nor fisk about the Houſe as I have ſeen him,
Like a tame mumping Squirrel with a Bell on;
Curs will be abroad to bite him, if you do.

AQUILINA.

What Friends to meet? may'nt I be of your Council?

PIERRE.

How! A Woman ask Queſtions out of Bed?
Go to your Senator, ask him what paſſes

Amongſt

Amongſt his Brethren; he'll hide nothing from you:
But pump me not for Politics. No more!
Give order that whoever in my Name
Comes here, receive Admittance. So, good night.

AQUILINA.

Muſt we ne'er meet again! Embrace no more!
Is Love ſo ſoon and utterly forgotten!

PIERRE.

As you henceforward treat your Fool, I'll think on't.

AQUILINA.

Curſt be all Fools—I die if he forſakes me;
And how to keep him, Heav'n or Hell inſtruct me. [*Exe.*

SCENE *the* RIALTO.

Enter JAFFEIR.

JAFFEIR.

I'm here; and thus, the Shades of Night around me,
I look as if all Hell were in my Heart,
And I in Hell. Nay ſurely 'tis ſo with me;
For every Step I tread methinks ſome Fiend
Knocks at my Breaſt, and bids me not be quiet.
I've heard how deſperate Wretches like myſelf,
Have wander'd out at this dead time of Night
To meet the Foe of Mankind in his Walk:
Sure I'm ſo curſt, that tho' of Heav'n forſaken,
No Miniſter of Darkneſs cares to tempt me.
Hell! Hell! why ſleep'ſt thou?

Enter PIERRE.

PIERRE.

Sure I've ſtaid too long:
The Clock has ſtruck, and I may loſe my Proſelyte.
Speak, who goes there?

JAFFEIR.

A Dog that comes to howl

At yonder Moon: What's he that asks the Queſtion?

PIERRE.

A Friend to Dogs, for they are honeſt Creatures,
And ne'er betray their Maſters; never fawn
On any that they love not: Well met, Friend:
Jaffeir!

JAFFEIR.

The ſame. Oh *Pierre*, thou'rt come in ſeaſon,
I was juſt going to pray.

PIERRE.

Ah that's mechanic,
Prieſts make a Trade on't, and yet ſtarve by't too:
No praying; it ſpoils Buſineſs, and Time's precious:
Where's *Belvidera?*

JAFFEIR.

For a Day or two
I've lodg'd her privately, till I ſee farther
What Fortune will do with me. Pr'ythee, Friend,
If thou wouldſt have me fit to hear good Counſel,
Speak not of *Belvidera?*

PIERRE.

Not of her?

JAFFEIR.

Oh no!

PIERRE.

Nor name her? May be I wiſh her well.

JAFFEIR.

Whom well?

PIERRE.

Thy Wife, thy lovely *Belvidera*;
I hope a Man may wiſh his Friend's Wife well,
And no harm done!

JAFFEIR.

You're merry, *Pierre!*

PIERRE.

I am ſo:
Thou ſhalt ſmile too, and *Belvidera* ſmile;

We'll

We'll all rejoice, here's ſomething to buy Pins.

[*Gives him a Purſe.*

Marriage is chargeable.

JAFFEIR.

I but half wiſht
To ſee the Devil, and he's here already. Well!
What muſt this buy, Rebellion, Murder, Treaſon?
Tell me which way I muſt be damn'd for this.

PIERRE.

When laſt we parted, we'd no Qualms like theſe,
But entertain'd each other's Thoughts like Men;
Whoſe Souls were well acquainted. Is the World
Reform'd ſince our laſt meeting? What new Miracles
Have happen'd? has *Priuli's* Heart relented?
Can he be honeſt?

JAFFEIR.

Kind Heav'n! let heavy Curſes
Gall his old Age; Cramps, Aches rack his Bones,
And bittereſt Diſquiet wring his Heart;
Oh let him live till Life become his Burden!
Let him groan under't long, linger an Age
In the worſt Agonies and Pangs of Death,
And find its Eaſe, but late.

PIERRE.

Nay, couldſt thou not
As well, my Friend, have ſtretch'd the Curſe to all
The Senate round, as to one ſingle Villain?

JAFFEIR,

But Curſes ſtick not: Could I kill with Curſing,
By Heav'n, I know not thirty Heads in *Venice*
Should not be blaſted; Senators ſhould rot
Like Dogs on Dunghills; but their Wives and Daughters
Die of their own Diſeaſes. Oh for a Curſe
To kill with!

PIERRE.

Daggers, Daggers, are much better—

JAFFEIR.

Ha!

PIERRE.

Daggers.

JAFFEIR.

But where are they?

PIERRE.

Oh, a thouſand
May be diſpos'd in honeſt Hands in *Venice*,

JAFFEIR.

Thou talk'ſt in Clouds.

PIERRE.

But yet a Heart half wrong'd
As thine has been, would find the Meaning, *Jaffeir*.

JAFFEIR.

A thouſand Daggers all in honeſt Hands;
And have not I a Friend will ſtick one here?

PIERRE.

Yes, if I thought thou wert not to be cheriſht
T' a nobler Purpoſe, I would be that Friend.
But thou haſt better Friends; Friends whom thy Wrongs
Have made thy Friends; Friends worthy to be call'd ſo!
I'll truſt thee with a Secret; There are Spirits
This Hour at work. But as thou art a Man,
Whom I have pickt and choſen from the World,
Swear that thou wilt be true to what I utter,
And when I've told thee that which only Gods,
And Men like Gods, are privy to, then ſwear
No Chance or Change ſhall wreſt it from thy Boſom.

JAFFEIR.

When thou wouldſt bind me, is there need of Oaths?
(Green-ſickneſs Girls loſe Maidenheads with ſuch Counters)
For thou'rt ſo near my Heart, that thou may'ſt ſee
Its bottom, ſound its Strength and Firmneſs to thee:
Is Coward, Fool, or Villain in my Face?
If I ſeem none of theſe, I dare believe
Thou wouldſt not uſe me in a little Cauſe,

For

For I am fit for Honour's toughest task;
Nor ever yet found fooling was my Province;
And for a villanous inglorious Enterprize,
I know thy Heart so well. I dare lay mine
Before thee, set it to what Point thou wilt.

PIERRE.

Nay, it's a Cause thou wilt be fond of, *Jaffeir*,
For it is founded on the noblest Basis,
Our Liberties, our natural Inheritance;
There's no Religion, no Hypocrisy in't;
We'll do the Business, and ne'er fast and pray for't;
Openly act a Deed the World shall gaze
With wonder at, and envy when 'tis done.

JAFFEIR.

For Liberty!

PIERRE.

For Liberty, my Friend!
Thou shalt be freed from base *Priuli's* Tyranny,
And thy sequestred Fortunes heal'd again.
I shall be freed from those opprobrious Wrongs
That press me now, and bend my Spirit downward.
All *Venice* free, and every growing Merit
Succeed to its just Right: Fools shall be pull'd
From Wisdom's Seat; those baleful unclean Birds,
Those lazy Owls who (perch'd near Fortune's Top)
Sit only watchful with their heavy Wings
To cuff down new-fledg'd Virtues, that would rise
To nobler Heights, and make the Grove harmonious.

JAFFEIR.

What can I do?

PIERRE.

Canst thou not kill a Senator?

JAFFEIR.

Were there one wise or honest, I could kill him
For herding with that Nest of Fools and Knaves.
By all my Wrongs, thou talk'st as if Revenge
Were to be had, and the brave Story warms me.

PIERRE.

Swear then!

JAFFEIR.

I do, by all thoſe glittering Stars
And yon great ruling Planet of the Night!
By all good Powers above, and ill below!
By Love and Friendſhip, dearer than my Life!
No Power, or Death ſhall make me falſe to thee.

PIERRE.

Here we embrace, and I'll unlock my Heart.
A Council's held hard by, where the Deſtruction
Of this great Empire's hatching: There I'll lead thee!
But be a Man, for thou'rt to mix with Men
Fit to diſturb the Peace of all the World,
And rule it when it's wildeſt——

JAFFEIR.

I give thee Thanks
For this kind warning; Yes, I'll be a Man,
And charge thee, *Pierre*, when e'er thou ſeeſt my Fears
Betray me leſs, to rip this Heart of mine
Out of my Breaſt, and ſhew it for a Coward's.
Come let's be gone, for from this Hour I chace
All little Thoughts, all tender human Follies
Out of my Boſom: Vengeance ſhall have room:
Revenge!

PIERRE.

And Liberty!

JAFFEIR.

Revenge! Revenge— [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to* AQUILINA's *Houſe, the Greek Curtezan.*

Enter RENAULT.

RENAULT.

Why was my choice Ambition, the worſt ground
A Wretch can build on? it's indeed at diſtance

goodly Proſpect, tempting to the View,
he Height delights us, and the Mountain Top
oks beautiful, becauſe it's nigh to Heav'n;
ut we ne'er think how ſandy's the Foundation,
What Storm will batter, and what Tempeſt ſhake us.
Who's there?

Enter SPINOSA.

SPINOSA.

Renault, Good-morrow! for by this time
I think the Scale of Night has turn'd the Balance,
And weighs up Morning: Has the Clock ſtruck Twelve?

RENAULT.

Yes; Clocks will go as they are ſet: But Man,
Irregular Man's ne'er conſtant, never certain;
I've ſpent at leaſt three precious Hours of Darkneſs
In waiting dull Attendance; 'tis the Curſe
Of diligent Virtue to be mixt, like mine,
With giddy Tempers, Souls but half reſolv'd.

SPINOSA.

Hell ſeize that Soul amongſt us, it can frighten.

RENAULT.

What's then the Cauſe that I am here alone?
Why are we not together?

Enter ELIOT.

O Sir, welcome!
You are an *Engliſhman*: When Treaſon's hatching
One might have thought you'd not have been behind hand:
In what Whore's Lap have you been lolling?
Give but an *Engliſhman* his Whore and Eaſe,
Beef and a Sea-coal-fire, he's yours for ever.

ELIOT.

Frenchman, you are ſaucy.

RENAULT.

How!

Enter BEDAMAR *the Ambaſſador*, THEODORE, BRAMVELL, DURAND, BRABE, REVILLIDO, MEZERAY, TERNON, RUTROST, *Conſpirators.*

BEDAMAR.

At Difference! fy:
Is this a time for Quarrels? Thieves and Rogues
Fall out and brawl: Should Men of your high Calling,
Men ſeparated by the Choice of Providence
From the groſs Heap of Mankind, and ſet here
In this Aſſembly as in one great Jewel,
T'adorn the braveſt Purpoſe it e'er ſmil'd on;
Should you, like Boys, wrangle for Trifles?

RENAULT.

Boys!

BEDAMAR.

Renault, thy Hand!

RENAULT.

I thought I'd given my Heart
Long ſince to every Man that mingles here;
But grieve to find it truſted with ſuch Tempers,
That can't forgive my froward Age its Weakneſs.

BEDAMAR.

Eliot, thou once hadſt Virtue; I have ſeen
Thy ſtubborn Temper bend with god-like Goodneſs,
Not half thus courted: 'Tis thy Nation's Glory,
To hug the Foe that offers brave Alliance.
Once more embrace, my Friends—we'll all embrace—
United thus, we are the mighty Engine
Muſt twiſt this rooted Empire from its Baſis!
Totters not it already?

ELIOT.

Would 'twere tumbling.

BEDAMAR.

Nay it ſhall down: This Night we ſeal its Ruin.

En

Enter PIERRE.

Oh *Pierre*, thou art welcome!
Come to my Breaſt, for by its Hopes thou look'ſt
Lovelily dreadful, and the Fate of *Venice*
Seems on thy Sword already. Oh my *Mars!*
The Poets that firſt feign'd a God of War
Sure propheſy'd of thee.

PIERRE.

Friends! was not *Brutus*,
(I mean that *Brutus*, who in open Senate
Stabb'd the firſt *Cæſar* that uſurp'd the World)
A gallant Man?

RENAULT.

Yes, and *Catiline* too;
Tho' Story wrong his Fame: For he conſpir'd
To prop the reeling Glory of his Country:
His Cauſe was good.

BEDAMAR.

And ours as much above it,
As *Renault* thou'rt ſuperior to *Gethegus*,
Or *Pierre* to *Caſſius*.

PIERRE.

Then to what we aim at,
When do we ſtart? or muſt we talk for ever?

BEDAMAR.

No, *Pierre*, the Deed's near Birth: Fate ſeems to have ſet
The Buſineſs up, and given it to our Care:
I hope there's not a Heart or Hand amongſt us,
But is firm and ready.

ALL.

All!
We'll die with *Bedamar*.

BEDAMAR.

Oh Men,
Matchleſs, as will your Glory be hereafter,
The Game is for a matchleſs Prize if won;

If

If loſt, diſgraceful Ruin.

RENAULT.

What can loſe it?
The public Stock's a Beggar; one *Venetian*
Truſts not another: Look into their Stores
Of general Safety; empty Magazines,
A tatter'd Fleet, a murmuring unpaid Army,
Bankrupt Nobility, a haraſs'd Commonalty,
A factious, giddy, and divided Senate,
Is all the Strength of *Venice*: Let's deſtroy it;
Let's fill their Magazines with Arms to awe them,
Man out their Fleet, and make their Trade maintain it;
Let looſe the murmuring Army on their Maſters,
To pay themſelves with Plunder, lop their Nobles
To the baſe Roots, whence moſt of 'em firſt ſprung;
Enſlave the Rout, whom ſmarting will make humble;
Turn out their droning Senate, and poſſeſs
That Seat of Empire which our Soul's were fram'd for.

PIERRE.

Ten thouſand Men are armed, at your Nod,
Commanded all by Leaders fit to guide
A Battel for the Freedom of the World;
This wretched State has ſtarv'd them in its Service.
And by your Bounty quicken'd, they're reſolv'd
To ſerve your Glory, and revenge their own:
They've all their different Quarters in this City,
Watch for th' Alarm, and grumble 'tis ſo tardy.

BEDAMAR.

I doubt not, Friend, but thy unwearied Diligence
Has ſtill kept waking, and it ſhall have Eaſe;
After this Night it is reſolv'd we meet
No more, 'till *Venice* own us for her Lords.

PIERRE.

How lovely the *Adriatic* Whore,
Dreſs'd in her Flames, will ſhine! devouring Flames!
Such as ſhall burn her to the watry Bottom,
And hiſs in her Foundation.

BEDA-

BEDAMAR.

Now if any
Amongſt us that owns this glorious Cauſe,
Have Friends or Intereſt he'd with to ſave,
Let it be told; the general Doom is ſeal'd;
But I'd forego the Hopes of a World's Empire,
Rather than wound the Bowels of my Friend.

PIERRE.

I muſt confeſs, you there have touch'd my Weakneſs,
I have a Friend; hear it, and ſuch a Friend!
My Heart was ne'er ſhut to him. Nay, I'll tell you.
He knows the very Buſineſs of this Hour;
But he rejoices in the Cauſe, and loves it:
W'ave chang'd a Vow to live and die together,
And he's at hand to ratify it here.

RENAULT.

How! all betray'd?

PIERRE.

No——I've dealt nobly with you;
I've brought my All into the Public Stock;
I'ad but one Friend, and him I'll ſhare amongſt you?
Receive and cheriſh him: or if, when ſeen
And ſearch'd, you find him worthleſs; as my Tongue
Has lodg'd this Secret in his faithful Breaſt,
To eaſe your Fears I were a Dagger here,
Shall rip it out again, and give you reſt.
Come forth thou only Good I e'er could boaſt of.

Enter JAFFEIR *with a Dagger.*

BEDAMAR.

His Preſence bears the ſhew of manly Virtue!

JAFFEIR.

I know you'll wonder all, that thus uncall'd,
I dare approach this Place of fatal Councils;
But I'm amongſt you, and by Heav'n it glads me,
To ſee ſo many Virtues thus united,
To reſtore Juſtice and dethrone Oppreſſion.

Command

Command this Sword, if you would have it quiet,
Into this Breaſt; but if you think it worthy
To cut the Throats of reverend Rogues in Robes,
Send me into the curs'd aſſembled Senate;
It ſhrinks not, tho' I meet a Father there.
Would you behold this City flaming? Here's
A Hand ſhall bear a lighted Torch at Noon
To th'Arſenal, and ſet its Gates on Fire.

RENAULT.

You talk this well, Sir.

JAFFEIR.

Nay——by Heav'n I'll do this.
Come, come, I read Diſtruſt in all your Faces,
You fear me a Villain; and indeed it's odd
To hear a Stranger talk thus at firſt meeting,
Of Matters that have been ſo well debated;
But I come ripe with Wrongs, as you with Councils;
I hate this Senate, am a Foe to *Venice*:
A Friend to none, but Men reſolv'd like me,
To puſh on Miſchief. Oh did you but know me,
I need not talk thus!

BEDAMAR.

Pierre! I muſt embrace him.
My Heart beats to this Man as if it knew him.

RENAULT.

I never lov'd theſe Huggers.

JAFFEIR.

Still I ſee,
The Cauſe delights me not. Your Friends ſurvey me
As I were dangerous——but I come arm'd
Againſt all Doubts, and to your Truſt will give
A Pledge, worth more than all the World can pay for.
My *Belvidera!* Ho! My *Belvidera!*

BEDAMAR.

What Wonder's next?

JAFFEIR.

Let me intreat you, Sirs,

As

As I have henceforth hopes to call ye Friends,
That all but the Ambassador, and this
Grave Guide of Councils, with my Friend that owns me,
Withdraw a while, to spare a Woman's Blushes.

[*Exeunt all but* Bed. Ren. Jaff. Pier.

BEDAMAR.

Whither will all this Ceremony lead us?

JAFFEIR.

My *Belvidera!* Ho! my *Belvidera!*

Enter BELVIDERA.

BELVIDERA.

Who calls so loud at this late peaceful Hour!
That Voice was wont to come in gentle Whispers,
And fill my Ears with the soft Breath of Love:
Thou hourly Image of my Thoughts, where art thou?

JAFFEIR.

Indeed 'tis late.

BELVIDERA.

Oh! I have slept and dreamt;
And dreamt again: Where hast thou been thou Loiterer?
Tho' my Eyes clos'd, my Arms have still been open'd;
Stretch'd every way betwixt my broken Slumbers,
To search if thou wert come to crown my Rest;
There's no Repose without thee: Oh the Day
Too soon will break, and wake us to our Sorrow;
Come, come to Bed, and bid thy Cares Good-night.

JAFFEIR.

Oh *Belvidera!* we must change the Scene
In which the past Delights of Life were tasted:
The Poor sleep little; we must learn to watch
Our Labours late, and early every Morning,
'Midst Winter Frosts, thin clad and fed with sparing,
Rise to our Toils, and drudge away the Day.

BELVIDERA.

Alas! where am I! whither is't you lead me!
Methinks I read Distraction in your Face!

Some-

Something leſs gentle than the Fate you tell me:
You ſhake and tremble too! your Blood runs cold!
Heav'ns guard my Love, and bleſs his Heart with Patie

JAFFEIR.

That I have Patience, let our Fate bear witneſs,
Who has ordain'd it ſo, that thou and I,
(Thou the divineſt good Man e'er poſſeſs'd,
And I, the wretcheſt of the Race of Man)
This very Hour, without one Tear, muſt part.

BELVIDERA.

Part! muſt we part? Oh am I then forſaken?
Will my Love caſt me off? have my Misfortunes
Offended him ſo highly, that he'll leave me?
Why drag you from me? whither are you going?
My Dear! my Life! my Love!

JAFFEIR.

Oh Friends!

BELVIDERA.

Speak to m

JAFFEIR.

Take her from my Heart,
She'll gain ſuch hold elſe, I ſhall ne'er get looſe.
I charge thee take her, but with tender'ſt Care,
Relieve her Troubles and aſſuage her Sorrows.

RENAULT.

Riſe, Madam! and command amongſt your Servants

JAFFEIR.

To you, Sirs, and your Honour, I bequeath her,
And with her this; whene'er I prove unworthy——
[*Gives a Dagg*
You know the reſt,——Then ſtrike it to her Heart;
And tell her, he who three whole happy Years
Lay in her Arms, and each kind Night repeated
The paſſionate Vows of ſtill increaſing Love,
Sent that Reward for all her Truth and Sufferings.

BELVIDERA.

Nay, take my Life, ſince he has ſold it cheaply;

Or ſend me to ſome diſtant Clime your Slave;
But let it be far off, leſt my Complainings
Should reach his guilty Ears, and ſhake his Peace.

JAFFEIR.

No, *Belvidera*, I've contriv'd thy Honour;
Truſt to my Faith, and be but Fortune kind
To me, as I'll preſerve that Faith unbroken.
When next we meet, I'll lift thee to a Height,
Shall gather all the gazing World about thee,
To wonder what ſtrange Virtue plac'd thee there.
But if we ne'er meet more——

BELVIDERA.

Oh thou unkind one;
Ne'er meet more! have I deſerv'd this from you?
Look on me, tell me; ſpeak, thou dear Deceiver,
Why am I ſeparated from thy Love?
If I am falſe, accuſe me; but if true,
Don't, pr'ythee don't in Poverty forſake me,
But pity the ſad Heart, that's torn with parting.
Yet hear me! yet recal me— [*Exeunt* Ren. Bed. *and* Belv.

JAFFEIR.

Oh my Eyes!
Look not that way, but turn yourſelves a while
Into my Heart, and be wean'd all together.
My Friend, where art thou?

PIERRE.

Here, my Honour's Brother.

JAFFEIR.

Is *Belvidera* gone?

PIERRE.

Renault has led her
Back to her own Apartment; but, by Heav'n!
Thou muſt not ſee her more 'till our Work's over.

JAFFEIR.

No?

PIERRE.

Not for your Life.

JAF-

JAFFEIR.

Oh *Pierre*, wert thou but ſhe,
How I could pull thee down into my Heart,
Gaze on thee till my Eye-ſtrings crackt with Love,
Till all my Sinews with its Fire extended,
Fixt me upon the Rack of ardent Longing;
Then ſwelling, ſighing, raging to be bleſt,
Come like a panting Turtle to thy Breaſt,
On thy ſoft Boſom, hovering, bill and play,
Confeſs the Cauſe why laſt I fled away;
Own 'twas a Fault, but ſwear to give it o'er,
And never follow falſe Ambition more. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter AQUILINA *and her Maid.*

AQUILINA.

TELL him I am gone to Bed: Tell him I am not at Home; tell him I've better Company with me, or any thing; tell him in ſhort I will not ſee him, the eternal troubleſome vexatious Fool: He's worſe Company than an ignorant Phyſician——I'll not be diſturb'd, at theſe unſeaſonable Hours.

MAID.

But, Madam! he's here already, juſt enter'd the Doors.

AQUILINA.

Turn him out again, you unneceſſary, uſeleſs, giddy-brain'd Aſs! if he will not be gone, ſet the Houſe a-fire and burn us both: I'd rather meet a Toad in my Diſh, than that old hideous Animal in my Chamber to Night.

Enter

Enter ANTONIO.

ANTONIO.

Nacky, Nacky, Nacky——how doſt do, *Nacky?* hurry durry. I am come, little *Nacky*; paſt eleven o'Clock, a late Hour; time in all Conſcience to go to Bed, *Nacky*—*Nacky* did I ſay? Ay, *Nacky, Aquilina, lina, lina, quilina, quilina, quilina, Aquilina, Naquilina, Naquilina, Acky, Acky, Nacky, Nacky*, Queen *Nacky*——come let's to Bed——you Fubbs, you Pugg you——you little Paſs——Purree Tuzzy——I am a Senator.

AQUILINA.

You are a Fool, I am ſure.

ANTONIO.

May be ſo too, Sweet-heart. Never the worſe Senator for all that. Come, *Nacky, Nacky*, let's have a Game at Romp, *Nacky*.

AQUILINA.

You would do well, Signior, to be troubleſome here no longer, but leave me to myſelf; be ſober and go home, Sir.

ANTONIO.

Home, *Madona!*

AQUILINA.

Ay, home, Sir. Who am I?

ANTONIO.

Madona, as I take it you are my——you are——thou art my little *Nicky, Nacky*——that's all!

AQUILINA.

I find you are reſolv'd to be troubleſome; and ſo to make ſhort of the matter in few words, I hate you, deteſt you, loath you, I am weary of you, ſick of you——hang you, you are an old, ſilly, impertinent, impotent, ſollicitous Coxcomb; crazy in your Head, and lazy in your Body, love to be medling with every thing, and if you had not Money, you are good for nothing.

ANT-

ANTONIO.

Good for nothing! Hurry durry, I'll try that presently. Sixty-one Years Old, and good for nothing; that's brave. [*To the Maid*] Come, come, come, Mrs. Fiddle-faddle, turn you out for a Season; go, turn out I say, it is our Will and Pleasure to be private some Moments——out, out when you are bid too—[*Puts her out and locks the Door.* Good for nothing, you say?

AQUILINA.

Why, what are you good for?

ANTONIO.

In the first place, Madam, I am old, and consequently very wise, very wise, *Madona*, d'ye mark that? in the second place take notice, if you please, that I am a Senator, and when I think fit can make Speeches, *Madona*. Hurry durry, I can make a Speech in the Senate-house now and then——would make your Hair stand an end, *Madona*.

AQUILINA.

What care I for your Speeches in the Senate-house? if you would be silent here, I should thank you.

ANTONIO.

Why, I can make Speeches to thee too, my lovely *Madona*; for example—My cruel Fair one,

[*Takes out a Purse of Gold, and at every Pause shakes it.* Since it is my Fate, that you should with your Servant angry prove; tho' late at Night——I hope 'tis not too late with this to gain Reception for my Love——There's for thee, my little *Nicky Nacky*——take it, here take it—I say take it, or I'll throw it at your Head—how now, Rebel!

AQUILINA.

Truly, my illustrious Senator, I must confess your Honour is at present most profoundly Eloquent indeed.

ANTONIO.

Very well: Come now let's sit down and think upon't a little——come sit, I say——sit down by me a little, my *Nicky Nacky*, ha——[*Sits down.*] Hurry durry——good for nothing——

AQUI-

AQUILINA.

No, Sir, if you pleaſe I can know my diſtance, and ſtand.

ANTONIO.

Stand: How, *Nacky* up and I down! Nay then let me exclaim with the Poet,

Shew me a Caſe more pitiful who can,
A ſtanding Woman and a falling Man.

Hurry durry——not ſit down——*ſee this ye Gods.* You won't ſit down?

AQUILINA.

No, Sir.

ANTONIO.

Then look you now, ſuppoſe me a Bull, a *Baſan*-Bull, the Bull of Bulls, or any Bull. Thus up I get and with my Brows thus bent——I broo, I ſay I broo, I broo, I broo. Youwon't ſit down, will you——I broo,——

[*Bellows like a Bull and drives her about.*

AQUILINA.

Well, Sir, I muſt endure this, [*She ſits down.* Now your Honour has been a Bull, pray what Beaſt will your Worſhip pleaſe to be next?

ANTONIO.

Now I'll be a Senator again, and thy Lover, little *Nicky Nacky!* [*He ſits by her.*] Ah toad, toad, toad, toad! ſpit in my Face a little, *Nacky*——ſpit in my Face, pry'thee, ſpit in my Face never ſo little: ſpit but a little bit——ſpit, ſpit, ſpit, ſpit when you are bid I ſay; do pr'ythee ſpit——now, now, now ſpit: what you won't ſpit will you? Then I'll be a Dog.

AQUILINA.

A Dog, my Lord!

ANTONIO.

Ay, a Dog—and I'll give thee this t'other Purſe to let me be a Dog——and uſe me like a Dog a little. Hurry durry—I will—here 'tis—— [*Gives the Purſe.*

AQUI-

AQUILINA.

Well, with all my Heart. But let me beſeech Dogſhip to play your Tricks over as faſt as you can, you may come to ſtinking the ſooner, and be turn'd of Doors as you deſerve.

ANTONIO.

Ay, ay,——no matter for that——that ſh move me——[*He gets under the Table.*] Now bough wa waugh, bough waugh—— [*Barks like a*

AQUILINA.

Hold, hold, hold Sir, I beſeech you: what is't do? If Curs bite, they muſt be kickt, Sir. Do you kickt thus.

ANTONIO.

Ay, with all my Heart: do, kick, kick on, no am under the Table, kick again—kick harder—ha yet, bough waugh, waugh, waugh, bough——odd, have a ſnap at thy ſhins——bough waugh waugh, wa bough——'odd ſhe kicks bravely——

AQUILINA.

Nay, then I'll go another way to work with you: I think here's an Inſtrument fit for the purpoſe!

[*Fetches a Whip and a*

What, bite your Miſtreſs, Sirrah! out, out of Doors Dog, to Kennel and be hang'd—bite your Miſtreſs the Legs, you Rogue—— [*She whips*

ANTONIO.

Nay, pr'ythee *Nacky*, now thou art too loving: H durry, 'odd I'll be a Dog no longer.

AQUILINA.

Nay, none of your fawning and grinning; But gone, or here's the Diſcipline: What, bite your Mi by the Legs, you Mungril? out of Doors——h hout, to Kennel, Sirrah! go.

ANTONIO.

This is very barbarous uſage, *Nacky*, very barbar look you, I will not go——I will not ſtir from the D

that I reſolve——hurry durry, what, ſhut me out?

[*She whips him out.*

AQUILINA.

Ay, and if you come here any more To-night I'll have my Footmen lug you, you Cur: What, bite your poor Miſtreſs *Nacky*, Sirrah!

Enter MAID.

MAID.

Heav'ns, Madam! what's the matter?

[*He howls at the Door like a Dog.*

AQUILINA.

Call my Footmen hither preſently.

Enter two FOOTMEN.

MAID.

They are here already, Madam; the Houſe is all alarm'd with a ſtrange Noiſe, that no body knows what to make of.

AQUILINA.

Go all of you and turn that troubleſome Beaſt in the next Room out of my Houſe—If I ever ſee him within theſe Walls again, without my leave for his Admittance, you ſneaking Rogues——I'll have you poiſon'd all, poiſon'd like Rats: every Corner of the Houſe ſhall ſtink of one of you: Go, and learn hereafter to know my Pleaſure. So now for my *Pierre:*

Thus when the Godlike Lover is diſpleas'd,
We ſacrifice our Fool, and he's appeas'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter BELVIDERA.

BELVIDERA.

I'm ſacrific'd! I'm ſold! Betray'd to Shame!
Inevitable Ruin has inclos'd me!

No

No ſooner was I to my Bed repair'd,
To weigh and (weeping) ponder my Condition,
But the old hoary Wretch, to whoſe falſe Care
My Peace and Honour was entruſted, came
(Like *Tarquin*) ghaſtly with infernal Luſt,
Oh thou *Roman Lucrece!* thou could'ſt find Friends to
vindicate thy Wrong;
I never had but one, and he's prov'd falſe;
He that ſhould guard my Virtue, has betray'd it;
Left me! undone me! Oh that I could hate him!
Where ſhall I go! Oh whither, whither wander?

Enter JAFFEIR.

JAFFEIR.

Can *Belvidera* want a Reſting-place,
When theſe poor Arms are open to receive her?
Oh 'tis in vain to ſtruggle with Deſires
Strong as my Love to thee; for every Moment
I'm from thy ſight, thy Heart within my Boſom
Moans like a tender Infant in its Cradle,
Whoſe Nurſe had left it: Come, and with the Songs
Of gentle Love perſuade it to its peace.

BELVIDERA.

I fear the ſtubborn Wanderer will not own me;
'Tis grown a Rebel to be rul'd no longer,
Scorns the indulgent Boſom that firſt lull'd it;
And, like a diſobedient Child, diſdains
The ſoft Authority of *Belvidera*.

JAFFEIR.

There was a Time———

BELVIDERA.

Yes, yes, there was a time
When *Belvidera*'s Tears, her Cries, and Sorrows,
Were not deſpis'd; when if ſhe chanc'd to ſigh,
Or look but ſad;——there was indeed a time
When *Jaffeir* would have ta'en her in his Arms,
Eas'd her declining Head upon his Breaſt,

And never left her till he found the Cauſe.
But let her now weep Seas,
Cry till ſhe rend the Earth; ſigh till ſhe burſt
Her Heart aſunder; ſtill he bears it all,
Deaf as the Wind, and as the Rocks unſhaken.

JAFFEIR.

Have I been deaf? am I that Rock unmov'd,
Againſt whoſe Root, Tears beat, and Sighs are ſent!
In vain have I beheld thy Sorrows calmly!
Witneſs againſt me, Heav'ns, have I done this?
Then bear me in a Whirlwind back again,
And let that angry Dear one ne'er forgive me!
Oh thou too raſhly cenſureſt of my Love!
Could'ſt thou but think how I have ſpent this Night,
Dark and alone, no Pillow to my Head,
Reſt in my Eyes, nor Quiet in my Heart,
Thou wouldſt not, *Belvidera*, ſure thou wouldſt not,
Talk to me thus, but like a pitying Angel
Spreading thy Wings, come ſettle on my Breaſt,
And hatch warm Comfort there, ere Sorrows freeze.

BELVIDERA.

Why then, poor Mourner, in what baleful Corner
Haſt thou been talking with that Witch the Night?
On what cold Stone haſt thou been ſtretch'd along,
Gathering the grumbling Winds about thy Head,
To mix with theirs the Accents of thy Woes!
Oh now I find the Cauſe my Love forſakes me!
I am no longer fit to bear a ſhare
In his Concernments: My weak female Virtue
Muſt not be truſted; 'Tis too frail and tender.

PIERRE.

Oh *Porcia! Porcia!* What a Soul was thine?

BELVIDERA.

That *Porcia* was a Woman; and when *Brutus*,
Big with the Fate of *Rome*, (Heav'n guard thy Safety!)
Conceal'd from her the Labours of his Mind,
She let him ſee her Blood was great as his,

Flow'd from a Spring as Noble, and a Heart
Fit to partake his Troubles, as his Love:
Fetch, fetch that Dagger back, the dreadful Dower
Thou gav'ſt laſt Night in parting with me; ſtrike it
Here to my Heart, and as the Blood flows from it,
Judge if it run not pure as *Cato's* Daughter's.

JAFFEIR.

Thou art too good, and I indeed unworthy,
Unworthy ſo much Virtue: Teach me how
I may deſerve ſuch matchleſs Love as thine,
And ſee with what attention I'll obey thee.

BELVIDERA.

Do not deſpiſe me: That's the All I ask.

JAFFEIR.

Deſpiſe thee! Hear me——

BELVIDERA.

Oh thy charming Tongue
Is but too well acquainted with my Weakneſs;
Knows, let it name but Love, my melting Heart
Diſſolves within my Breaſt; till with clos'd Eyes
I reel into thy Arms, and all's forgotten.

JAFFEIR.

What ſhall I do?

BELVIDERA.

Tell me! be juſt, and tell me
Why dwells that buſy Cloud upon thy Face?
Why am I made a Stranger? why that Sigh,
And I not know the Cauſe? Why when the World
Is wrapt in Reſt, why chooſes then my Love
To wander up and down in horrid Darkneſs
Loathing his Bed, and theſe deſiring Arms?
Why are theſe Eyes bloodſhot with tedious watching?
Why ſtarts he now? and looks as if he wiſht
His Fate were finiſh'd? Tell me, eaſe my Fears,
Leſt when we next time meet, I want the power
To ſearch into the ſickneſs of thy Mind,
But talk as wildly then as thou lookeſt now.

JA

JAFFEIR.

Oh *Belvidera!*

BELVIDERA.

Why was I laſt Night deliver'd to a Villain?

JAFFEIR.

Hah, a Villain?

BELVIDERA.

Yes! to a Villain! Why at ſuch an Hour
Meets that Aſſembly all made up of Wretches,
That look as Hell has drawn 'em into League?
Why, I in this Hand, and in that a Dagger
Was I deliver'd with ſuch dreadful Ceremonies?
"To you, Sirs, and your Honour I bequeath her,
"And with her this: Whene'er I prove unworthy,
"You know the reſt, then ſtrike it to her Heart?"
Oh why's that *reſt* conceal'd from me? muſt I
Be made the Hoſtage of a helliſh Truſt?
For ſuch I know I am; that's all my Value!
But by the Love and Loyalty I owe thee,
I'll free thee from the Bondage of theſe Slaves;
Strait to the Senate, tell 'em all I know,
All that I think, all that my Fears inform me.

JAFFEIR.

Is this the *Roman* Virtue! this the Blood
That boaſts its Purity with *Cato's* Daughter!
Would ſhe have e'er betray'd her *Brutus?*

BELVIDERA.

No,
For *Brutus* truſted her: Wert thou ſo kind,
What would not *Belvidera* ſuffer for thee?

JAFFEIR.

I ſhall undo myſelf, and tell thee all.

BELVIDERA.

Look not upon me as I am a Woman,
But as a Bone, thy Wife, thy Friend; who long
Has had admiſſion to thy Heart, and there
Study'd the Virtues of thy gallant Nature;

Thy Conſtancy, thy Courage, and thy Truth,
Have been my daily Leſſon: I have learn'd 'em,
And bold as thou, can ſuffer or deſpiſe
The worſt of Fates for thee; and with thee ſhare 'em.

JAFFEIR.

Oh you divineſt Powers! look down and hear
My Prayers! inſtruct me to reward this Virtue!
Yet think a little, ere thou tempt me further;
Think I've a Tale to tell will ſhake thy Nature,
Melt all this boaſted Conſtancy thou talk'ſt of
Into vile Tears and deſpicable Sorrows:
Then if thou ſhould'ſt betray me!

BELVIDERA.

Shall I ſwear?

JAFFEIR.

No, do not ſwear: I would not violate
Thy tender Nature with ſo rude a Bond:
But as thou hop'ſt to ſee me live my Days,
And love thee long, lock this within thy Breaſt;
I've bound myſelf by all the ſtricteſt Sacraments,
Divine and Human——

BELVIDERA.

Speak!

JAFFEIR.

To kill thy Father——

BELVIDERA.

My Father!

JAFFEIR.

Nay the Throats of the whole Senate
Shall bleed, my *Belvidera:* He amongſt us
That ſpares his Father, Brother, or his Friend,
Is damn'd. How rich and beauteous will the Face
Of Ruin look, when theſe wide Streets run Blood;
I, and the glorious Partners of my Fortune
Shouting, and ſtriding o'er the proſtrate Dead,
Still to new waſte; whilſt thou, far off in Safety
Smiling, ſhalt ſee the wonders of our daring;

And

And when Night comes, with Praiſe and Love receive me.

BELVIDERA.

Oh!

JAFFEIR.

Have a care, and ſhrink not even in thought!
For if thou do'ſt——

JAFFEIR. Belvidera

I know it, thou wilt kill me.
Do, ſtrike thy Sword into this Boſom: Lay me
Dead on the Earth, and then thou wilt be ſafe.
Murder my Father! Tho' his cruel Nature
Has perſecuted me to my Undoing;
Driven me to baſeſt Wants; can I behold him,
With Smiles of Vengeance, butcher'd in his Age?
The ſacred Fountain of my Life deſtroy'd?
And canſt thou ſhed the Blood that gave me Being?
Nay, be a Traitor too, and ſell thy Country?
Can thy great Heart deſcend ſo vilely low,
Mix with hir'd Slaves, Bravoes, and common Stabbers,
Noſe-ſlitters, Ally-lurking Villains! Join
With ſuch a Crew, and take a Ruffian's Wages,
To cut the Throats of Wretches as they ſleep?

JAFFEIR.

Thou wrong'ſt me, *Belvidera!* I've engag'd
With Men of Souls: Fit to reform the Ills
Of all Mankind: There's not a Heart amongſt them,
But's ſtout as Death, yet honeſt as the Nature
Of Man firſt made, ere Fraud and Vice were Faſhions.

BELVIDERA.

What's he, to whoſe curſt Hands laſt Night thou gav'ſt me?
Was that well done? Oh! I could tell a Story
Would rouze thy Lion-Heart out of its Den,
And make it rage with terrifying Fury.

JAFFEIR.

Speak on, I charge thee!

BELVIDERA.

Oh my Love! if ere

Thy *Belvidera*'s Peace deſerve thy Care,
Remove me from this Place: Laſt Night, laſt Night!

JAFFEIR.

Diſtract me not, but give me all the Truth.

BELVIDERA.

No ſooner wert thou gone, and I alone,
Left in the Power of that old Son of Miſchief;
No ſooner was I lain on my ſad Bed,
But that vile Wretch approach'd me; looſe, unbutton'd,
Ready for Violation: Then my Heart
Throbb'd with its Fears: Oh how I wept and ſigh'd,
And ſhrunk and trembled; wiſh'd in vain for him
That ſhould protect me. Thou, alas! wert gone.

JAFFEIR.

Patience! ſweet Heav'n, 'till I make Vengeance ſure.

BELVIDERA.

He drew the hideous Dagger forth thou gav'ſt him,
And with upbraiding Smiles he ſaid, "Behold it,
"This is the Pledge of a falſe Husband's Love:"
And in my Arms then preſt, and would have claſp'd me;
But with my Cries I ſcar'd his coward Heart,
'Till he withdrew, and mutter'd Vows to Hell.
Theſe are thy Friends! with theſe thy Life, thy Honour,
Thy Love all ſtak'd, and all will go to ruin.

JAFFEIR.

No more: I charge thee keep this Secret cloſe;
Clear up thy Sorrows, look as if thy Wrongs
Were all forgot, and treat him like a Friend,
As no Complaint were made. No more; retire,
Retire my Life, and doubt not of my Honour;
I'll heal its Failings, and deſerve thy Love.

BELVIDERA.

Oh ſhould I part with thee, I fear thou wilt
In Anger leave me, and return no more.

JAFFEIR.

Return no more I would not live without thee
Another Night to purchaſe the Creation.

BEL

BELVIDERA.

When ſhall we meet again?

JAFFEIR.

Anon at Twelve!
I'll ſteal myſelf to thy expecting Arms,
Come like a travell'd Dove, and bring thee Peace.

BELVIDERA.

Indeed!

JAFFEIR.

By all our Loves!

BELVIDERA.

'Tis hard to part:
But ſure no Falſhood ever look'd ſo fairly.
Farewel, remember Twelve. [*Exit.*

JAFFEIR.

Let Heav'n forget me
When I remember not thy Truth, thy Love.
How curſt is my Condition, toſs'd and ſtuffed
From every Corner; Fortune's common Fool,
The Jeſt of Rogues, an inſtrumental Aſs
For Villains to lay Loads of ſhame upon,
And drive about juſt for their Eaſe and Scorn.

Enter PIERRE.

PIERRE.

Jaffeir!

JAFFEIR.

Who calls!

PIERRE.

A Friend, that could have wiſh'd
T' have found thee otherwiſe employ'd: What, hunt
A Wife on the dull Soil! ſure a ſtanch Husband,
Of all Hounds is the dulleſt? Wilt thou never,
Never be wean'd from Candles and Confections?
What feminine Tale haſt thou been liſtning to,
Of unair'd Shirts; Catarrhs and Tooth-ach, got
By thin-ſol'd Shoes? Damnation! that a Fellow

Choſen to be a Sharer in the Deſtruction
Of a whole People, ſhould ſneak thus in Corners
To eaſe his fulſom Luſts, and fool his Mind.

JAFFEIR.

May not a Man then trifle out an Hour
With a kind Woman, and not wrong his Calling?

PIERRE.

Not in a Cauſe like ours.

JAFFEIR.

Then Friend, our Cauſe
Is in a damn'd Condition: For I'll tell thee,
That Canker-worm call'd *Letchery*, has touch'd it;
'Tis tainted vilely: Wouldſt thou think it, *Renault*,
(That mortify'd old wither'd Winter Rogue)
Loves ſimple Fornication like a Prieſt.
I found him out for watering at my Wife:
He viſited her laſt Night, like a kind Guardian:
Faith ſhe has ſome Temptations, that's the Truth on't.

PIERRE.

He durſt not wrong his Truſt!

JAFFEIR.

'Twas ſomething late tho'
To take the Freedom of a Lady's Chamber.

PIERRE.

Was ſhe in Bed?

JAFFEIR.

Yes, faith, in Virgin Sheets
White as her Boſom, *Pierre*, diſh'd neatly up,
Might tempt a weaker Appetite to taſte.
Oh how the old Fox ſtunk I warrant thee,
When the rank Fit was on him.

PIERRE.

Patience guide me!
He us'd no Violence?

JAFFEIR.

No, no! out on't, Violence!
Play'd with her Neck; bruſh'd her with his grey Beard,
Struggl'd

Struggl'd and towz'd, tickl'd her till ſhe ſqueak'd a little,
May be, or ſo——but not a jot of Violence——

PIERRE.

Damn him.

JAFFEIR.

Ay, ſo ſay I: But huſh, no more on't;
All hitherto is well, and I believe
Myſelf no Monſter yet: Tho' no Man knows
What Fate he's born to: Sure 'tis near the Hour
We all ſhould meet for our concluding Orders:
Will the Ambaſſador be here in Perſon?

PIERRE.

No: he has ſent Commiſſion to that Villain
Renault, to give the executing Charge;
I'd have thee be a Man, if poſſible,
And keep thy Temper; for a brave Revenge
Ne'er comes too late.

JAFFEIR.

Fear not, I'm cool as Patience
Had he compleated my Diſhonour, rather
Than hazard the Succeſs our Hopes are ripe for,
I'd bear it all with mortifying Virtue.

PIERRE.

He's yonder coming this way through the Hall;
His Thoughts ſeem full.

JAFFEIR.

Pr'ythee, retire and leave me
With him alone; I'll put him to ſome Trial,
See how his rotten Part will bear the Touching.

PIERRE.

Be careful then. [*Exit.*

JAFFEIR.

Nay, never doubt, but truſt me.
What, be a Devil! take a damning Oath
For ſhedding native Blood! can there be a Sin
In merciful Repentance? Oh this Villain.

Enter RENAULT.

RENAULT.

Perverſe! and Peeviſh! what a Slave is Man!
To let his itching Fleſh thus get the better of him!
Diſpatch the Tool her Husband——that were well.
Who's there?

JAFFEIR.

A Man.

RENAULT.

My Friend, my near Ally!
The Hoſtage of your Faith, my beauteous Charge,
Is very well.

JAFFEIR.

Sir, are you ſure of that?
Stands ſhe in perfect Health? Beats her Pulſe even?
Neither too hot nor cold?

RENAULT.

What means that Queſtion?

JAFFEIR.

Oh Women have fantaſtic Conſtitutions,
Inconſtant as their Wiſhes, always wavering,
And never fixt; was it not boldly done
Even at firſt Sight to truſt the thing I lov'd
(A tempting Treaſure too!) with Youth ſo fierce
And vigorous as thine? but thou art honeſt.

RENAULT.

Who dares accuſe me?

JAFFEIR.

Curſt be he that doubts

Thou look'ſt juſt as thou art: Let us embrace.
Now wouldſt thou cut my Throat, or I cut thine?

RENAULT.

You dare not do't.

JAFFEIR.

You lye, Sir.

RENAULT.

How!

JAFFEIR.

No more.
'Tis a baſe World and muſt Reform, that's all.

Enter SPINOSA, THEODORE, ELIOT, REVILLIDO, DURAND, BRAMVEIL, *and the reſt of the Conſpirators.*

RENAULT.

Spineſa! Theodore!

SPINOSA.

The ſame.

RENAULT.

You are welcome!

SPINOSA.

You are trembling, Sir.

RENAULT.

'Tis a cold Night indeed, and I am aged,
Full of Decay and natural Infirmities; [Pierre *re-enters.*
We ſhall be warm, my Friend, I hope to-morrow.

PIERRE.

'Twas not well done; thou ſhouldſt have ſtroak'd him,
And not have gall'd him.

JAFFEIR.

Damn him, let him chew on't.
Heav'n! where am I? beſet with curſed Fiends,
That wait to damn me: What a Devil's Man,
When he forgets his Nature——huſh, my Heart.

RENAULT.

My Friends, 'tis late; Are we aſſembled all?
Where's *Theodore?*

THE-

THEODORE.

At hand.

RENAULT.

Spinoſa.

SPINOSA.

Here.

RENAULT.

Bramveil.

BRAMVEIL.

I'm ready.

RENAULT.

Durand and *Brabe.*

DURAND.

Command us;
We are both prepar'd!

RENAULT.

Mezzana, Revillido, Ternon, Retroſi; oh you're Men I find,
Fit to behold your Fate, and meet her Summons;
To-morrow's riſing Sun muſt ſee you all
Deck'd in your Honours! are the Soldiers ready?

ALL.

All, all.

RENAULT.

You *Durand*, with your thouſand, muſt poſſeſs
St. *Mark*'s; you, Captain, know your Charge already
'Tis to ſecure the Ducal Palace: You
Brabe with a hundred more muſt gain the *Secque.*
With the like Number *Bramveil* to the *Procurale.*
Be all this done with the leaſt Tumult poſſible,
'Till in each place you poſt ſufficient Guards:
Then ſheathe your Swords in every Breaſt you meet.

JAFFEIR.

Oh reverend Cruelty! Damn'd bloody Villain!

RENAULT.

During this Execution, *Durand*, you
Muſt in the midſt keep your Battalia faſt;

And *Theodore* be ſure to plant the Cannon
That may command the Streets; whilſt *Revillido*,
Mezzano, *Ternon*, and *Retroſi*, guard you.
This done, we'll give the general Alarm,
Apply Petards, and force the Arſ'nal Gates;
Then fire the City round in ſeveral places,
Or with our Cannon (if it dare reſiſt)
Batter't to Ruin. But above all, I charge you
Shed Blood enough, ſpare neither Sex nor Age,
Name nor Condition; if there live a Senator
After to-morrow, tho' the dulleſt Rogue
That ere ſaid nothing, we have loſt our Ends;
If poſſible, let's kill the very Name
Of Senator, and bury it in Blood.

JAFFEIR.

Mercileſs, horrid Slave!——Ay, Blood enough!
Shed Blood enough, old *Renault:* How thou charm'ſt me!

RENAULT.

But one thing more, and then farewel till Fate
Join us again, or ſeparate us ever:
Firſt let's embrace. Heav'n knows who next ſhall thus
Wing ye together: But let's all remember
We wear no common Cauſe upon our Swords:
Let each Man think that on his ſingle Virtue
Depends the Good and Fame of all the reſt;
Eternal Honour or perpetual Infamy.
Let us remember thro' what dreadful Hazards
Propitious Fortune hitherto has led us,
How often on the Brink of ſome Diſcovery
Have we ſtood tottering, yet ſtill kept our Ground
So well, that the buſieſt Searchers ne'er could follow
Thoſe ſubtle Tracts which puzzled all Suſpicion.
You droop, Sir.

JAFFEIR.

No: with moſt profound Attention
I've heard it all, and wonder at thy Virtue.

REN-

RENAULT.

Tho' there be yet few Hours 'twixt them and Ruin,
Are not the Senate lull'd in full Security,
Quiet and satisfy'd, as Fools are always?
Never did so profound Repose fore-run
Calamity so great: Nay our good Fortune
Has blinded the most-piercing of Mankind,
Strengthen'd the fearfullest, charm'd the most suspectful,
Confounded the most subtle: For we live,
We live my Friends, and quickly shall our Life
Prove fatal to these Tyrants: Let's consider
That we destroy Oppression, Avarice,
A People nurs'd up equally with Vices
And loathsome Lusts, which Nature most abhors,
And such as without shame she cannot suffer.

JAFFEIR.

Oh *Belvidera*, take me to thy Arms.
And shew me where's my Peace, for I have lost it. [*Exit.*

RENAULT.

Without the least Remorse then let's resolve
With Fire and Sword t'exterminate these Tyrants;
And when we shall behold those curst Tribunals,
Stain'd by the Tears and Sufferings of the Innocent,
Burning with Flames, rather from Heav'n than ours,
The raging, furious, and unpitying Soldier
Pulling his reeking Dagger from the Bosoms
Of gasping Wretches; Death in every Quarter,
With all, that sad Disorder can produce,
To make a Spectacle of Horror; then,
Then let us call to mind, my dearest Friends,
That there is nothing pure upon the Earth;
That the most valu'd things have most Allays,
And that in change of all those vile Enormities,
Under whose weight this wretched Country labours,
The Means are only in our Hands to crown them.

PIERRE.

And may those Powers above that are propitious

To

To gallant Minds, record this Cauſe, and bleſs it.

RENAULT.

Thus happy, thus ſecure of all we wiſh for,
Should there, my Friends, be found amongſt us one
Falſe to this glorious Enterprize, what Fate,
What Vengeance, were enough for ſuch a Villain?

ELIOT.

Death here; without Repentance, Hell hereafter.

RENAULT.

Let that be my Lot, if as here I ſtand,
Liſted by Fate amongſt her darling Sons,
Tho' I had one only Brother, dear by all
The ſtricteſt Ties of Nature; tho' one Hour
Had given us Birth, one Fortune fed our Wants,
One only Love, and that but of each other,
Still fill'd our Minds: could I have ſuch a Friend
Join'd in this Cauſe, and had but ground to fear
He meant foul play; may this right hand drop from me,
If I'd not hazard all my future Peace,
And ſtab him to the Heart before you: Who?
Who would do leſs? Wouldſt thou not, *Pierre*, the ſame?

PIERRE.

You've ſingled me, Sir, out for this hard Queſtion,
As if 'twere ſtarted only for my ſake!
Am I the thing you fear? Here, here's my Boſom,
Search it with all your Swords! am I a Traitor?

RENAULT.

No: But I fear your late commended Friend
Is little leſs: Come, Sirs, 'tis now no time
To trifle with our Safety. Where's this *Jaffeir*?

SPINOSA.

He left the Room juſt now in ſtrange Diſorder.

RENAULT.

Nay, there is danger in him: I obſerv'd him
During the Time I took for Explanation,
He was tranſported from moſt deep Attention
To a Confuſion which he could not ſmother.

His

His Looks grew full of Sadneſs and Surprize,
All which betray'd a wav'ring Spirit in him,
That labour'd with Reluctancy and Sorrow.
What's requiſite for Safety, muſt be done
With ſpeedy Execution, he remains
Yet in our Power: I for my own part wear
A Dagger——

PIERRE.

Well.

RENAULT.

And I could wiſh it——

PIERRE.

Where?

RENAULT.

Bury'd in his Heart.

PIERRE.

Away! we're yet all Friend
No more of this, 'twill breed ill Blood amongſt us

SPINOSA.

Let us all draw our Swords, and ſearch the Ho
Pull him from the dark Hole where he ſits broodi
O'er his cold Fears, and each Man kill his Share

PIERRE.

Who talks of killing? who's he'll ſhed the Blo
That's dear to me! Is't you? or you? or you, S
What, not one ſpeak? How you ſtand gaping all
On your grave Oracle, your wooden God there;
Yet not a Word? Then Sir, I'll tell y' a Secret;
Suſpicion's but at beſt a Coward's Virtue! [2

RENAULT.

A Coward—— [*Handles his*

PIERRE.

Put up thy Sword, old Man,
Thy Hand ſhakes at it; come, let's heal this Breac
I am too hot: We yet may all live Friends.

SPINOSA.

'Till we are ſafe, our Friendſhip cannot be ſo.

PIE

PIERRE.

Again! Who's that?

SPINOSA.

'Twas I.

THEODORE.

And I.

REVILLIDO.

And I.

ELIOT.

And all.

RENAULT.

Who are on my Side?

SPINOSA.

Every honeſt Sword.
Let's die like Men, and not be ſold like Slaves.

PIERRE.

One ſuch Word more, by Heav'n, I'll to the Senate,
And hang ye all like Dogs, in Cluſters,
Why peep your Coward Swords half out their Shells?
Why do you not all brandiſh them like mine?
You fear to die, and yet dare talk of killing.

RENAULT.

Go to the Senate and betray us; haſte,
Secure thy wretched Life; we fear to die
Leſs than thou dar'ſt be honeſt.

PIERRE.

That's rank Falſhood.
Fear'ſt not thou Death? Fy, there's a Knaviſh Itch
In that ſalt Blood, an utter Foe to ſmarting.
Had *Jaffeir*'s Wife prov'd kind, he'd ſtill been true.
Faugh——how that ſtinks?
Thou die! thou kill my Friend, or thou, or thou,
Or thou, with that lean, wither'd, wretched Face!
Away, diſperſe all to your ſeveral Charges,
And meet to-morrow where your Honour calls you;
I'll bring that Man, whoſe Blood you ſo much thirſt for,
And you ſhall ſee him venture for you fairly——

Hence

Hence, hence, I ſay. [*Exit* Renault *angry.*

SPINOSA.

I fear we've been to blame; and done too much.

THEODORE.

'Twas too far urg'd againſt the Man you lov'd.

REVILLIDO.

Here take our Swords, and cruſh them with your Feet.

SPINOSA.

Forgive us, gallant Friend.

PIERRE.

Nay, now you've found
The way to melt, and caſt me as you will:
I'll fetch this Friend and give him to your Mercy.
Nay he ſhall die, if you will take him from me.
For your Repoſe, I'll quit my Heart's beſt Jewel;
But would not have him torn away by Villains,
And ſpiteful Villany.

SPINOSA.

No; may ye both
For ever live, and fill the World with Fame!

PIERRE.

Now ye're too kind. Whence roſe all this Diſcord?
Oh what a dang'rous Precipice have we 'ſcap'd!
How near a Fall was all we'd long been building!
What an eternal Blot had ſtain'd our Glories!
If one, the braveſt and the beſt of Men
Had fall'n a Sacrifice to raſh Suſpicion!
Butcher'd by thoſe, whoſe Cauſe he came to cheriſh:
Oh could you know him all as I have known him,
How good he is, how juſt, how true, how brave,
You would not leave this Place 'till you had ſeen him;
Humbled yourſelves before him, kiſs'd his Feet,
And gain'd Remiſſion for the worſt of Follies.
Come but to-morrow, all your Doubts ſhall end,
And to your Loves me better recommend,
That I've preſerv'd your Fame, and ſav'd my Friend.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter JAFFEIR, *and* BELVIDERA.

JAFFEIR.

Here doſt thou lead me? Every ſtep I move,
Methinks I tread upon ſome mangled Limb
a rack'd Friend: oh my dear charming Ruin!
ere are we wand'ring?

BELVIDERA.

To eternal Honour;
do a Deed ſhall chronicle thy Name,
ong the glorious Legends of thoſe few
t have ſav'd ſinking Nations: thy Renown
l be the future Song of all the Virgins,
o by their Piety have been preſerv'd
n horrid Violation: Every Street
ll be adorn'd with Statues to thy Honour,
at thy Feet this great Inſcription written,
ember him that propt the Fall of Venice.

JAFFEIR.

ather, remember him, who after all
ſacred Bonds of Oaths and holier Friendſhip,
ond Compaſſion to a Woman's Tears
got his Manhood, Virtue, Truth, and Honour,
ſacrifice the Boſom that reliev'd him.
y wilt thou damn me?

BELVIDERA.

Oh inconſtant Man!
v will you promiſe? how will you deceive?
eturn back, re-place me in my Bondage,
all thy Friends how dangerouſly thou lov'ſt me,
let thy Dagger do its bloody Office.

Oh

Oh that kind Dagger, *Jaffeir*, how 'twill look,
Struck thro' my Heart; drench'd in my Blood to th' H
Whilſt theſe poor dying Eyes ſhall with their Tears
No more torment thee; then thou wilt be free:
Or if thou think'ſt it nobler; let me live
'Till I'm a Victim to the hateful Luſt
Of that infernal Devil, that old Fiend
That's damn'd himſelf, and would undo Mankind.
Laſt night, my Love!

JAFFEIR.

Name, name it not again,
It ſhews a beaſtly Image to my Fancy,
Will wake me into Madneſs. Oh the Villain!
That durſt approach ſuch Purity as thine,
On Terms ſo vile: Deſtruction, ſwift Deſtruction
Fall on my coward Head, and make my Name
The common ſcorn of Fools, if I forgive him;
If I forgive him! if I not revenge
With utmoſt Rage, and moſt unſtaying Fury,
Thy Suffering, thou dear Darling of my Life.

BELVIDERA.

Delay no longer then, but to the Senate;
And tell the diſmall'ſt Story ever utter'd:
Tell 'em what Bloodſhed, Rapines, Deſolations,
Have been prepar'd; how near's the fatal Hour!
Save thy poor Country, ſave the reverend Blood
Of all its Nobles, which to-morrow's Dawn
Muſt elſe ſee ſhed: Save the poor tender Lives
Of all thoſe little Infants, which the Swords
Of Murderers are whetting for this Moment;
Think thou already hear'ſt their dying Screams,
Think that thou ſee'ſt their ſad diſtracted Mothers
Kneeling before thy Feet, and begging Pity,
With torn diſhevel'd Hair, and ſtreaming Eyes,
Their naked mangled Breaſts beſmear'd with Blood,
And even the Milk with which their fondled Babes
Softly they huſh'd, dropping in Anguiſh from 'em.

Thi

Think thou ſee'ſt this, and then conſult thy Heart.

JAFFEIR.

Oh!

BELVIDERA.

Think too, if you loſe this preſent Minute,
What Miſeries the next Day brings upon thee.
Imagine all the Horrors of that Night,
Murder and Rapine, Waſte and Deſolation,
Confus'dly raging. Think what then may prove
My Lot! the Raviſher may then come ſafe,
And 'midſt the Terror of the public Ruin
Do a damn'd Deed; perhaps may lay a Train
To catch thy Life; then where will be Revenge,
The dear Revenge that's due to ſuch a Wrong?

JAFFEIR.

By all Heav'ns Pow'rs, Prophetic Truth dwells in thee.
For every Word thou ſpeak'ſt ſtrikes thro' my Heart
Like a new Light, and ſhews it how't has wander'd.
Juſt what th'haſt made me, take me, *Belvidera*,
And lead me to the Place where I'm to ſay
This bitter Leſſon; where I muſt betray
My Truth, my Virtue, Conſtancy and Friends;
Muſt I betray my Friend! Ah take me quickly,
Secure me well before that Thought's renew'd;
If I relapſe once more, all's loſt for ever.

BELVIDERA.

Haſt thou a Friend more dear than *Belvidera*?

JAFFEIR.

No; thou'rt my Soul itſelf, Wealth, Friendſhip, Honour;
All preſent Joys, and earneſt of all future,
Are ſumm'd in thee: methinks when in thy Arms
Thus leaning on thy Breaſt, one Minute's more
Than a long thouſand Years of vulgar Hours.
Why was ſuch Happineſs not given me pure?
Why daſh'd with cruel Wrongs, and bitter Warnings?
Come, lead me forward now like a tame Lamb
To ſacrifice. Thus in his fatal Garlands

Deck'd

Deck'd fine, and pleas'd, the Wanton skips and plays,
Trots by th' enticing flattering Prieſteſs' Side,
And much tranſported with its little Pride,
Forgets his dear Companions of the Plain;
'Till by her bound, he's on the Altar lain,
Yet then too hardly bleats, ſuch Pleaſure's in the Pain.

Enter Officer and ſix Guards.

OFFICER.

Stand, who goes there?

BELVIDERA.

Friends.

JAFFEIR.

Friends, *Belvidera!* hide me from my Friends.
By Heav'n, I'd rather ſee the Face of Hell,
Than meet the Man I love.

OFFICER.

But what Friends are you?

BELVIDERA.

Friends to the Senate and the State of *Venice.*

OFFICER.

My Orders are to ſeize on all I find
At this late Hour, and bring 'em to the Council,
Who now are ſitting.

JAFFEIR.

Sir, you ſhall be obey'd.
Hold, Brutes, ſtand off, none of your Paws upon me.
Now the Lot's caſt, and Fate do what thou wilt.

[*Exeunt guards*

SCENE II. *The Senate-houſe.*

Where appear ſitting, the Duke of VENICE, PRIULI ANTONIO, *and eight other Senators.*

DUKE.

Antony, Priuli, Senators of *Venice,*

Speak, why are we aſſembled here this Night?
What have you to inform us of, concerns
The State of *Venice*' Honour, or its Safety?

PRIULI.

Could Words expreſs the Story I've to tell you,
Fathers, theſe Tears were uſeleſs, theſe ſad Tears
That fall from my old Eye; but there is cauſe
We all ſhould weep, tear off theſe Purple Robes,
And wrap ourſelves in Sackcloth, ſitting down
On the ſad Earth, and cry aloud to Heav'n.
Heav'n knows if yet there be an Hour to come
Ere *Venice* be no more.

All SENATORS.

How!

PRIULI.

Nay, we ſtand
Upon the very brink of gaping Ruin.
Within this City's form'd a dark Conſpiracy,
To maſſacre us all, our Wives and Children,
Kindred and Friends; our Palaces and Temples
To lay in Aſhes: nay, the Hour too fixt;
The Swords, for ought I know, drawn e'en this Moment,
And the wild Waſte begun. From unknown Hands
I had this Warning: but if we are Men
Let's not be tamely butcher'd, but do ſomething
That may inform the World in After-ages,
Our Virtue was not ruin'd, tho' we were. [*A Noiſe without.*
Room, room, make room for ſome Priſoners——

SENATORS.

Let's raiſe the City.

Enter Officer and Guard.

PRIULI.

Speak there, what Diſturbance?

OFFICER.

Two Priſoners have the Guard ſeiz'd in the Streets,
Who ſay, they come to inform this reverend Senate

About

About the preſent Danger.

Enter JAFFEIR *and* BELVIDERA *guarded.*

ALL.

Give 'em Entrance—Well, who are you?

JAFFEIR.

A Villain.

ANTONIO.

Short and pithy,
The Man ſpeaks well.

JAFFEIR.

Would every Man that hears me
Would deal ſo honeſtly, and own his Title.

DUKE.

'Tis rumour'd, that a Plot has been contriv'd
Againſt this State; that you have a Share in't too.
If you're a Villain, to redeem your Honour,
Unfold the Truth, and be reſtor'd with Mercy.

JAFFEIR.

Think not that I to ſave my Life come hither;
I know its Value better; but in Pity
To all thoſe Wretches, whoſe unhappy Dooms
Are fix'd and ſeal'd. You ſee me here before you,
The ſworn and covenanted Foe of *Venice*.
But uſe me as my Dealings may deſerve;
And I may prove a Friend.

DUKE.

The Slave capitulates,
Give him the Tortures.

JAFFEIR.

That you dare not do,
Your Fears won't let you, nor the longing Itch
To hear a Story which you dread the Truth of.
Truth, which the fear of Smart ſhall ne'er get from u
Cowards are ſcar'd with Threatnings: Boys are whipt
Into Confeſſions: but a ſteady Mind
Acts of itſelf, ne'er aſks the Body counſel.

;ive him the Tortures! Name but ſuch a thing
gain, by Heav'n I'll ſhut theſe Lips for ever;
lot all your Racks, your Engines, or your Wheels,
hall force a Groan away——that you may gueſs at.

ANTONIO.

A bloody-minded Fellow I'll warrant;
\ damn'd bloody-minded Fellow.

DUKE.

Name your Conditions.

JAFFEIR.

For myſelf full Pardon.
leſides the Lives of two and twenty Friends,
[*Delivers a Liſt.*
Vhoſe Names are here enroll'd: Nay, let their Crimes
e ne'er ſo monſtrous, I muſt have the Oaths
ınd ſacred Promiſe of this reverend Council,
'hat in a full Aſſembly of the Senate
'he thing I ask be ratify'd. Swear this,
ınd I'll unfold the Secrets of your Danger

ALL.

We'll Swear.

DUKE.

Propoſe the Oath.

JAFFEIR.

By all the Hopes
e have of Peace and Happineſs hereafter
wear.

ALL.

We all Swear.

JAFFEIR.

To grant me what I've ask'd,
e Swear.

ALL.

We Swear.

JAFFEIR.

And as you keep the Oath,
lay you and your Poſterity be bleſt,

Or curſt for ever!

ALL.

Elſe be curſt for ever!

JAFFEIR.

Then here's the Liſt, and with 't the full Diſcloſe
Of all that threatens you. Now fate thou'ſt caught me.
[*Delivers another Paper.*

ANTONIO.

Why, what a dreadful Catalogue of Cut-throats is here!
I'll warrant you not one of theſe Fellows but has a Face
Like a Lion. I dare not ſo much as read their Names over.

DUKE.

Give Order that all diligent Search be made
To ſeize theſe Men; their Characters are public.
The Paper intimates their Rendezvous
To be at the Houſe of a fam'd *Grecian* Curtezan,
Call'd *Aquilina*; ſee that Place ſecur'd.

ANTONIO.

What my Nicky Nacky, Hurry Durry, Nicky Nacky in the Plot———I'll make a Speech——Moſt Noble Senators,
What headlong Apprehenſions drive you on,
Right noble, wiſe, and truly ſolid Senators,
To violate the Laws and Right of Nations?
The Lady is a Lady of Renown.
'Tis true, ſhe holds a Houſe of fair Reception
And tho' I ſay't myſelf, as many more
Can ſay as well as I.

2 SENATOR.

My Lord, long Speeches
Are frivolous here, when Dangers are ſo near us;
We all well know your Intereſt in that Lady;
The World talks loud on't.

ANTONIO.

Verily I have done;
ay no more.

DUKE.

But ſince he has declar'd
Himſelf concern'd, pray, Captain, take great Caution
To treat the fair One as becomes her Character,
And let her Bed-Chamber be ſearch'd with decency.
You, *Jaffeir*, muſt with Patience bear 'till Morning
To be our Priſoner.

JAFFEIR.

Would the Chains of Death
Had bound me faſt ere I had known this Minute.
I've done a Deed will make my Story hereafter
Quoted in Competition with all ill ones:
The Hiſtory of my Wickedneſs ſhall run
Down thro' the low Traditions of the Vulgar,
And Boys be taught to tell the Tale of *Jaffeir*.

DUKE.

Captain, withdraw your Priſoner.

JAFFEIR.

Sir, if poſſible,
Lead me where my own Thoughts themſelves may loſe me;
Where I may doze out what I've left of Life,
Forget myſelf and this Day's Guilt and Falſhood.
Cruel Remembrance, how ſhall I appeaſe thee!

[*Ex. Guarded*; *Noiſe without.*

More Traitors; room, room, make room there.

DUKE.

How's this? Guards?
Where are our Guards? ſhut up the Gates, the Treaſon's
Already at our Doors.

Enter OFFICER.

OFFICER.

My Lords, more Traitors:
Seiz'd in the very Act of Conſultation;
Furniſh'd with Arms and Inſtruments of Miſchief.
Bring in the Priſoners.

Enter PIERRE, RENAULT, THEODORE, ELIOT, RIVILIDO, *and other Conſpirators in Fetters, guarded.*

PIERRE.

You, the Lords and Fathers
(As you are pleas'd to call yourſelves) of *Venice*;
If you ſit here to guide the Courſe of Juſtice,
Why theſe diſgraceful Chains upon my Limbs
That have ſo often labour'd in your Service?
Are theſe the Wreaths of Triumph you beſtow
On thoſe that bring you Conqueſts home, and Honours?

DUKE.

Go on, you ſhall be heard, Sir.

ANTONIO.

And be hang'd too, I hope.

PIERRE.

Are theſe the Trophies I've deſerv'd, for fighting
Your Battels with confederated Powers?
When Winds and Seas conſpir'd to overthrow you,
And brought the Fleets of *Spain* to your own Harbours:
When you, great Duke, ſhrunk, trembling in your Palace,
And ſaw your Wife, the *Adriatic*, plough'd
Like a lewd Whore by bolder Prows than yours,
Stept not I forth, and taught your looſe *Venetians*
The task of Honour, and the way to Greatneſs!
Rais'd you from your capitulating Fears,
To ſtipulate the Terms of ſu'd-for Peace?
And this my Recompence? If I'm a Traitor,
Produce my Charge; or ſhew the Wretch that's baſe
And brave enough to tell me I'm a Traitor. [enough,

DUKE.

Know you one *Jaffeir*? [*All the Conſpirators murmur.*

PIERRE.

Yes, and know his Virtue,
His Juſtice, Truth; his general Worth and Sufferings
From a hard Father taught me firſt to love him.

Enter

Enter JAFFEIR *guarded.*

DUKE.

See him brought forth.

PIERRE.

My Friend too bound! nay then
Our Fate has conquer'd us, and we muſt fall.
Why droops the Man whoſe Welfare's ſo much mine
They're but one thing? Theſe Reverend Tyrants, *Jaffeir*,
Call us all Traitors: Art thou one, my Brother?

JAFFEIR.

To thee I am the falſeſt, verieſt Slave
That e'er betray'd a generous truſting Friend,
And gave up Honour to be ſure of Ruin:
All our fair Hopes which Morning was to have crown'd,
Has this curſt Tongue o'erthrown.

PIERRE.

So then, all's over:
Venice has loſt her Freedom; I my Life;
No more: farewel.

DUKE.

Say; will you make Confeſſion
Of your vile Deeds, and truſt the Senate's Mercy?

PIERRE.

Curſt be your Senate: Curſt your Conſtitution:
The Curſe of growing Factions and Diviſion
Still vex your Councils, ſhake your public Safety,
And make the Robes of Government you wear,
Hateful to you, as theſe baſe Chains to me.

DUKE.

Pardon, or Death?

PIERRE.

Death, honourable Death?

RENAULT.

Death's the beſt thing we ask, or you can give.

All CONSPIRATORS.

No ſhameful Bonds, but honourable Death.

DUKE.

Break up the Council: Captain, guard your Priſoners.
Jaffeir, y'are free, but theſe muſt wait for Judgment.

[*Exeunt all the Senators.*

PIERRE.

Come, where's my Dungeon? lead me to my Straw:
It will not be the firſt time I've lodg'd hard
To do your Senate Service.

JAFFEIR.

Hold one Moment.

PIERRE.

Who's he diſputes the Judgment of the Senate?
Preſumptuous Rebel——on—— [*Strikes Jaff.*

JAFFEIR.

By Heav'n you ſtir not.
I muſt be heard, I muſt have leave to ſpeak;
Thou haſt diſgrac'd me, *Pierre*, by a vile Blow:
Had not a Dagger done thee nobler Juſtice?
But uſe me as thou wilt, thou canſt not wrong me,
For I am fall'n beneath the baſeſt Injuries;
Yet look upon me with an Eye of Mercy
With Pity and with Charity behold me;
Shut not thy Heart againſt a Friend's Repentance,
But as there dwells a God-like Nature in thee,
Liſten with Mildneſs to my Supplications.

PIERRE.

What whining Monk art thou? what holy Cheat,
That wouldſt encroach upon my credulous Ears,
And cant'ſt thus vilely? Hence. I know thee not.
Diſſemble and be Naſty: Leave me, Hypocrite.

JAFFEIR.

Not know me *Pierre*!

PIERRE.

No, I know thee not: what art thou?

JAFFEIR.

Jaffeir, thy Friend, thy once lov'd, valu'd Friend!
Tho' now deſerv'dly ſcorn'd, and us'd moſt hardly.

P

PIERRE.

Thou *Jaffeir!* thou my once lov'd, valu'd Friend!
By Heav'ns thou ly'ſt; the Man ſo call'd, my Friend,
Was generous, honeſt, faithful, juſt and valiant,
Noble in Mind, and in his Perſon lovely,
Dear to my Eyes, and tender to my Heart:
But thou, a wretched, baſe, falſe, worthleſs Coward,
Poor, even in Soul, and loathſom in thy Aſpect:
All Eyes muſt ſhun thee, and all Hearts deteſt thee.
Pr'ythee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me
Like ſomething baneful, that my Nature's chill'd at.

JAFFEIR.

I have not wrong'd thee, by theſe Tears I have not.
But ſtill am honeſt, true, and hope too valiant;
My Mind ſtill full of thee: therefore ſtill noble.
Let not thy Eyes then ſhun me, nor thy Heart
Deteſt me utterly: Oh, look upon me,
Look back and ſee my ſad, ſincere Submiſſion!
How my Heart ſwells, as ev'n 'twould burſt my Boſom;
Fond of its Goal, and labouring to be at thee!
What ſhall I do? what ſay to make thee hear me?

PIERRE.

Haſt thou not wrong'd me? dar'ſt thou call thyſelf,
That once lov'd, honeſt, valu'd Friend of mine,
And ſwear thou haſt not wrong'd me? Whence theſe Chains?
Whence the vile Death, which I may meet this moment?
Whence this Diſhonour, but from thee, thou falſe one?

JAFFEIR.

—All's true, yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.

PIERRE.

What's that?

JAFFEIR.

To take thy Life on ſuch Conditions
The Council have propos'd: Thou and thy Friends
May yet live long, and to be better treated.

PIERRE.

Life! ask my Life! Confeſs! Record myſelf

A Villain for the Privilege to breathe,
And carry up and down this curſed City
A diſcontented and repining Spirit,
Burdenſom to itſelf, a few Years longer,
To loſe, it may be, at laſt in a lewd Quarrel
For ſome new Friend, treacherous and falſe as thou art
No, this vile World and I have long been jangling,
And cannot part on better Terms than now,
When only Men like thee are fit to live in't.

JAFFEIR.

By all that's Juſt——

PIERRE.

Swear by ſome other Powers.
For thou haſt broke that ſacred Oath too lately.

JAFFEIR.

Then by that Hell I merit, I'll not leave thee
Till to thyſelf at leaſt thou'rt reconcil'd;
However thy Reſentments deal with me.

PIERRE.

Not leave me!

JAFFEIR.

No; thou ſhalt not force me from thee:
Uſe me reproachfully, and like a Slave;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap Wrongs on Wrongs
On my poor Head; I'll bear it all with Patience,
Shall weary out thy moſt unfriendly Cruelty:
Lie at thy Feet and kiſs 'em, tho' they ſpurn me,
'Till wounded by my Sufferings, you relent,
And raiſe me to thy Arms with dear Forgiveneſs.

PIERRE.

Art thou not——

JAFFEIR.

What?

PIERRE.

A Traitor?

JAFFEIR.

Yes.

PIERRE.

A Villain?

JAFFEIR.

Granted.

PIERRE.

A Coward, a moſt ſcandalous Coward,
Spiritleſs, void of Honour, one who has ſold
Thy everlaſting Fame for ſhameleſs Life?

JAFFEIR.

All, all, and more, much more; my Faults are numberleſs.

PIERRE.

And wouldſt thou have me live on terms like thine?
Baſe as thou'rt falſe———

JAFFEIR.

No, 'tis to me that's granted.
The Safety of thy Life was all I aim'd at,
In recompence for Faith and Truſt ſo broken.

PIERRE.

I ſcorn it more, becauſe preſerv'd by thee:
And as when firſt my fooliſh Heart took Pity
On thy Misfortunes, ſought thee in thy Miſeries,
Reliev'd thy Wants, and rais'd thee from thy State
Of Wretchedneſs in which thy Fate had plung'd thee;
To rank thee in my Liſt of Noble Friends;
All I receiv'd in Surety for thy Truth,
Were unregarded Oaths; and this, this Dagger,
Given with a worthleſs Pledge, thou ſince haſt ſtol'n;
So I reſtore it back to thee again;
Swearing by all thoſe Powers which thou haſt violated,
Never from this curs'd Hour to hold Communion,
Friendſhip or Intereſt with thee though our Years
Were to exceed thoſe limited the World.
Take it—farewel——for now I owe thee nothing.

JAFFEIR.

Say thou wilt live then.

PIERRE.

For my Life, diſpoſe it.

Juſt as thou wilt, becauſe 'tis what I'm tir'd with.

JAFFEIR.

Oh, *Pierre!*

PIERRE.

No more.

JAFFEIR.

My Eyes won't loſe ſight of thee,
But languiſh after thine, and ake with gazing.

PIERRE.

Leave me—Nay, then thus, thus I throw thee from me;
And Curſes great as is thy Falſhood catch thee. [*Exit.*

JAFFEIR.

Amen.
He's gone, my Father, Friend, Preſerver,
And here's the Portion he has left me. [*Holds the Dagger up.*
This Dagger, well remembered, with this Dagger
I gave a ſolemn Vow of dire Importance;
Parted with this and *Belvidera* together.
Have a care, Mem'ry, drive that Thought no farther;
No, I'll eſteem it as a Friend's laſt Legacy,
Treaſure it up within this wretched Boſom,
Where it may grow acquainted with my Heart,
That when they meet, they ſtart not from each other.
So; now for thinking: A blow, call'd Traitor, Villain,
Coward, diſhonourable Coward, fough!
Oh for a long ſound Sleep, and ſo forget it!
Down, buſy Devil———

Enter BELVIDERA.

BELVIDERA.

Whither ſhall I fly?
Where hide me and my Miſeries together?
Where's now the *Roman* Conſtancy I boaſted?
Sunk into trembling Fears and Deſperation!
Not daring now to look to that dear Face
Which us'd to ſmile even on my Faults, but down
Bending

Bending theſe miſerable Eyes on Earth,
Muſt move in Penance, and implore much Mercy.

JAFFEIR.

Mercy! kind Heav'n has ſurely endleſs Stores
Hoarded for thee of Bleſſings yet untaſted;
Let Wretches loaded hard with Guilt, as I am,
Bow with the Weight, and groan beneath the Burden,
Creep with a Remnant of that Strength th' have left,
Before the Footſtool of that Heav'n th' have injured.
Oh *Belvidera!* I'm the wretched'ſt Creature
E'er crawl'd on Earth: now if thou'ſt Virtue, help me,
Take me into thy Arms, and ſpeak the Words of Peace
To my divided Soul, that wars within me,
And raiſes every Senſe to my Confuſion;
By Heav'n I'm tottering to the very Brink
Of Peace: and thou art all the hold I've left.

BELVIDERA.

Alas! I know thy Sorrows are moſt mighty;
I know th' haſt Cauſe to mourn, to mourn, my *Jaffeir*,
With endleſs Cries, and never-ceaſing Wailing,
Thou'ſt loſt——

JAFFEIR.

Oh I have loſt what can't be counted.
My Friend too, *Belvidera*; that dear Friend,
Who, next to thee, was all my Health rejoiced in,
Has us'd me like a Slave; ſhamefully us'd me;
'Twould break thy pitying Heart to hear the Story.
What ſhall I do? Reſentment, Indignation,
Love, Pity, Fear, and Mem'ry how I've wrong'd him,
Diſtract my Quiet with the very Thought on't,
And tear my Heart to pieces in my Boſom.

BELVIDERA.

What has he done?

JAFFEIR.

Thou'dſt hate me, ſhould I tell thee.

BELVIDERA.

Why?

JAFFEIR.

Oh he has us'd me! yet by Heav'n I bear it;
He has us'd me, *Belvidera*; but first ſwear
That when I've told thee, thou'lt not loath me utterly,
Tho' vileſt Blots and Stains appear upon me;
But ſtill at leaſt with charitable Goodneſs,
Be near me in the Pangs of my Affliction;
Not ſcorn me, *Belvidera*, as he has done.

BELVIDERA.

Have I then e'er been falſe, that now I'm doubted?
Speak, what's the Cauſe I'm grown into diſtruſt?
Why thought unfit to hear my Love's Complaining?

JAFFEIR.

Oh!

BELVIDERA.

Tell me.

JAFFEIR.

Bear my Failings, for they're many.
Oh my dear Angel! in that Friend I've loſt
All my Soul's Peace; for every Thought of him
Strikes my Senſe hard, and deads it in my Brains;
Wouldſt thou believe it?

BELVIDERA.

Speak.

JAFFEIR.

Before we parted,
Ere yet his Guards had led him to his Priſon,
Full of ſevereſt Sorrows for his Sufferings,
With Eyes o'erflowing, and a Bleeding Heart,
Humbling myſelf almoſt beneath my Nature;
As at his Feet I kneel'd, and ſu'd for Mercy,
Forgetting all our Friendſhip, all the Dearneſs
In which we've liv'd ſo many Years together,
With a reproachful Hand he daſh'd a Blow:
He ſtruck me, *Belvidera*, by Heav'n, he ſtruck me,
Buffeted, call'd me Traitor, Villain, Coward.
Am I a Coward? am I a Villain? tell me:

Th'ar

Th'art the beſt judge, and mad'ſt me, if I am ſo.
Damnation! Coward!

BELVIDERA.

Oh forgive him, *Jaffeir.*
And if his Sufferings wound thy Heart already,
What will they do to-morrow?

JAFFEIR.

Hah!

BELVIDERA.

To-morrow,
When thou ſhalt ſee him ſtretch'd in all the Agonies
Of a tormenting and a ſhameful Death;
His bleeding Bowels and his broken Limbs,
Inſulted o'er by a vile butchering Villain;
What will thy Heart do then? Oh ſure 'twill ſtream
Like my Eyes now.

JAFFEIR.

What means thy dreadful Story?
Death, and To-morrow? Broken Limbs and Bowels?
Inſulted o'er by a vile butchering Villain?
By all my Fears I ſhall ſtart out to Madneſs
With barely gueſſing, if the Truth's hid longer.

BELVIDERA.

The faithleſs Senators, 'tis they've decreed it:
They ſay, according to our Friend's Requeſt,
They ſhall have Death, and not ignoble Bondage:
Declare their promis'd Mercy all as forfeited:
Falſe to their Oaths, and deaf to Interceſſion;
Warrants are paſs'd for public Death to-morrow.

JAFFEIR.

Death! doom'd to die! Condemn'd unheard! unpleaded!

BELVIDERA.

Nay, cruell'ſt Racks and Torments are preparing,
To force Confeſſions from their dying Pangs.
Oh do not look ſo terribly upon me;
How your Lips ſhake, and all your Face diſorder'd!
What means my Love?

JAF-

JAFFEIR.

Leave me, I charge thee leave me—Strong Tempta
Wake in my Heart.

BELVIDERA.

For what?

JAFFEIR.

No more, but leave me.

BELVIDERA.

Why?

JAFFEIR.

Oh! by Heav'n I love thee with that Fondneſs,
I would not have thee ſtay a moment longer,
Near theſe curſt Hands: are they not cold upon the
[*Pulls the Dagger out of his Boſom, and puts it back a*

BELVIDERA.

No: everlaſting Comfort's in thy Arms.
To lean thus on thy Breaſt is ſofter eaſe,
Than downy Pillows deck'd with Leaves of Roſes.

JAFFEIR.

Alas! thou think'ſt not of the Thorns 'tis fill'd wi
Fly, ere they gall thee: there's a lurking Serpent
Ready to leap, and ſting thee to thy Heart:
Art thou not terrify'd?

BELVIDERA.

No.

JAFFEIR.

Call to mind
What thou haſt done, and whither thou haſt brought

BELVIDERA.

Hah!

JAFFEIR.

Where's my Friend? my Friend, thou ſmiling Miſc
Nay, ſhrink not, now 'tis too late, thou ſhouldſt have
When thy Guilt firſt had Cauſe; for dire Revenge
Is up, and raging for my Friend. He groans!
Hark how he groans, his Screams are in my Ears
Already; ſee, they've fix'd him on the Wheel,

And now they tear him—Murder! perjur'd Senate!
Murder—Oh!—hark thee, Traitreſs, thou haſt done this;
Thanks to thy Tears and falſe perſuading Love.
How her Eyes ſpeak! O thou bewitching Creature!
[*Fumbling for his Dagger.*
Madneſs can't hurt thee: Come, thou little Trembler,
Creep into my Heart, and there lie ſafe;
'Tis thy own Citadel—hah—yet ſtand off,
Heav'n muſt have Juſtice, and my broken Vows
Will ſink me elſe beneath its reaching Mercy;
I'll wink, and then 'tis done——

BELVIDERA.

What means the Lord
Of me, my Life and Love? what's in thy Boſom,
Thou graſp'ſt at ſo? nay, why am I thus treated?
[*Draws a Dagger, offers to ſtab her.*
What wilt thou do? Ah do not kill me, *Jaffeir:*
Pity theſe panting Breaſts, and trembling Limbs,
That us'd to claſp thee when thy Looks were milder.
That yet hang heavy on my unpurg'd Soul:
And plunge it not into eternal Darkneſs.

JAFFEIR.

No *Belvidera*, when we parted laſt,
I gave this Dagger with thee as in truſt,
To be thy Portion; if I e'er prov'd falſe.
On ſuch Condition was my Truth believ'd:
But now 'tis forfeited, and muſt be paid for.
[*Offers to ſtab her again.*

BELVIDERA.

Oh, Mercy! [*Kneeling.*

JAFFEIR.

Nay, no Struggling.

BELVIDERA.

Now then kill me.
[*Leaps upon his Neck, and Kiſſes him.*
While thus I cling about thy cruel Neck,
Kiſs thy revengeful Lips, and die in Joys
Greater than any I can gueſs hereafter.

JAF-

JAFFEIR.

I am, I am a Coward; witneſs Heav'n,
Witneſs it, Earth, and every Being, witneſs;
'Tis but one Blow! Yet, by immortal Love,
I cannot longer bear a Thought to harm thee.
[*He throws away the Dagger and Embraces*
The Seal of Providence is ſure upon thee;
And thou wert born for yet unheard-of Wonders:
Oh thou wert either born to ſave or damn me!
By all the Power that's given thee o'er my Soul,
By thy reſiſtleſs Tears and conquering Smiles,
By the victorious Love that ſtill waits on thee;
Fly to thy cruel Father; ſave my Friend,
Or all our future Quiet's loſt for ever:
Fall at his Feet, cling round his reverend Knees;
Speak to him with thy Eyes, and with thy Tears
Melt his hard Heart, and wake dead Nature in him,
Cruſh him in th' Arms, Torture him with thy Softneſs
Nor, 'till thy Prayers are granted, ſet him free,
But Conquer him, as thou haſt Conquer'd me. [*Ex*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter PRIULI *ſolus.*

PRIULI.

WHY, cruel Heav'n, have my unhappy Days
Been lengthen'd to this ſad one? Oh! Diſhonou
And deathleſs Infamy are fall'n upon me.
Was it my Fault? Am I a Traitor? No.
But then, my only Child, my Daughter, wedded;
There my beſt Blood runs foul, and a Diſeaſe
Incurable has ſeiz'd upon my Memory,
To make it rot and ſtink to after-ages.

Curs

Curs'd be the fatal Minute when I got her,
Or would that I'd been any thing but Man,
And rais'd an Iſſue which would ne'er have wrong'd me.
The miſerable Creatures (Man excepted)
Are not the leſs eſteem'd, tho' their Poſterity
Degenerate from the Virtues of their Fathers;
The vileſt Beaſts are happy in their Off-ſprings,
While only Man gets Traitors, Whores, and Villains.
Curſt be the Names, and ſome ſwift Blow from Fate
Lay his Head deep, where mine may be forgotten.

Enter BELVIDERA *in a long Mourning Veil.*

BELVIDERA.

He's there, my Father, my inhuman Father,
That, for three Years, has left an only Child
Expos'd to all the Outrages of Fate,
And cruel Ruin——oh!——

PRIULI.

What Child of Sorrow
Art thou that com'ſt thus wrapp'd in Weeds of Sadneſs,
And mov'ſt as if thy Steps were towards a Grave?

BELVIDERA.

A Wretch, who from the very top of Happineſs
Am fall'n into the loweſt Depths of Miſery,
And want your pitying Hand to raiſe me up.

PRIULI.

Indeed thou talk'ſt as thou hadſt taſted Sorrows;
Would I could help thee.

BELVIDERA.

'Tis greatly in your Power:
The World too ſpeaks you charitable; and I,
Who ne'er ask'd Alms before, in that dear hope
Am come a begging to you, Sir.

PRIULI.

For what?

BELVIDERA.

Oh, well regard me; is this Voice a ſtrange one!
Conſider

Conſider too, when Beggars once pretend
A Caſe like mine, no little will content 'em.

PRIULI.

What would'ſt thou beg for?

BELVIDERA.

Pity and Forgiveneſs. [*Throws up her Veil.*
By the kind tender Names of Child and Father,
Hear my Complaints, and take me to your Love.

PRIULI.

My Daughter?

BELVIDERA.

Yes, your Daughter, by a Mother
Virtuous and Noble, faithful to your Honour,
Obedient to your Will, kind to your Wiſhes,
Dear to your Arms. By all the Joys ſhe gave you,
When in her blooming Years ſhe was your Treaſure,
Look kindly on me; in my Face behold
The Lineaments of hers you've kiſs'd ſo often,
Pleading the Cauſe of your poor caſt-off Child.

PRIULI.

Thou art my Daughter.

BELVIDERA.

Yes——and you've oft told me
With Smiles of Love, and chaſt paternal Kiſſes,
I'd much Reſemblance of my Mother.

PRIULI.

Oh!
Hadſt thou inherited her matchleſs Virtues
I'd been too bleſs'd.

BELVIDERA.

Nay, do not call to Memory
My Diſobedience, but let Pity enter
Into your Heart, and quite deface th' Impreſſion.
For could you think how mine's perplext, what Sadne
Fears and Deſpairs diſtract the Peace within me,
Oh! you would take me in your dear dear Arms,
Hover with ſtrong Compaſſion o'er your young One,

To ſhelter me with a protecting Wing
From the black gather'd Storm, that's juſt, juſt breaking.

PRIULI.

Don't talk thus.

BELVIDERA.

Yes, I muſt, and you muſt hear too.
I have a Husband.

PRIULI.

Damn him.

BELVIDERA.

Oh! do not curſe him;
He would not ſpeak ſo hard a Word towards you
On any Terms, howe'er he deal with me.

PRIULI.

Hah! what means my Child?

BELVIDERA.

Oh! there's but this ſhort Moment
'Twixt me and Fate: Yet ſend me not with Curſes
Down to my Grave; afford me one kind Bleſſing
Before we part: Juſt take me in your Arms,
And recommend me with a Pray'r to Heav'n,
That I may die in Peace; and when I'm dead——

PRIULI.

How my Soul's catch'd!

BELVIDERA.

Lay me, I beg you, lay me
By the dear Aſhes of my tender Mother.
She would have pitied me, had Fate yet ſpar'd her.

PRIULI.

By Heav'n, my aking Heart forebodes much Miſchief.
Tell me thy Story, for I'm ſtill thy Father.

BELVIDERA.

No, I'm contented.

PRIULI.

Speak.

BELVIDERA.

No matter.

PRI-

PRIULI.

Tell me:
By yon bleſs'd Heav'n, my Heart runs o'er with Fondneſs

BELVIDERA.

Oh!

PRIULI.

Utter't.

BELVIDERA.

Oh my Husband, my dear Husband
Carries a Dagger in his once kind Boſom,
To pierce the Heart of your poor *Belvidera.*

PRIULI.

Kill thee!

BELVIDERA.

Yes, kill me. When he paſs'd his Faith
And Covenant againſt your State and Senate;
He gave me up as Hoſtage for his Truth:
With me a Dagger, and a dire Commiſſion,
When e'er he fail'd, to plunge it through this Boſom.
I learnt the Danger, choſe the Hour of Love
T'attempt his Heart, and bring it back to Honour.
Great Love prevail'd, and bleſs'd me with Succeſs;
He came, confeſs'd, betray'd his deareſt Friends,
For promis'd Mercy. Now they're doom'd to ſuffer.
Gall'd with remembrance of what then was ſworn,
If they are loſt, he vows t'appeaſe the Gods
With this poor Life, and make my Blood th'Atonement

PRIULI.

Heav'ns!

BELVIDERA.

Think you ſaw what paſt at our laſt Parting
Think you beheld him like a raging Lion,
Pacing the Earth, and tearing up his Steps,
Fate in his Eyes, and roaring with the Pain
Of burning Fury; think you ſaw one Hand
Fix'd on my Throat, whilſt the extended other
Graſp'd a keen threatning Dagger; Oh! 'twas thus
We laſt embrac'd; when trembling with Revenge,

He dragg'd me to the Ground, and at my Boſom
Preſented horrid Death; cry'd out, my Friends,
Where are my Friends? ſwore, wept, rag'd, threaten'd, lov'd;
For yet he lov'd, and that dear Love preſerv'd me,
To this laſt Trial of a Father's Pity.
I fear not Death, but cannot bear a Thought
That that dear Hand ſhould do the unfriendly Office.
If I was ever then your Care, now hear me;
Fly to the Senate, ſave the promis'd Lives
Of his dear Friends, ere mine be made the Sacrifice.

PRIULI.

Oh, my Heart's Comfort!

BELVIDERA.

Will you not, my Father?
Weep not, but anſwer me.

PRIULI.

By Heav'n, I will.
Not one of 'em but what ſhall be immortal.
Can'ſt thou forgive me all my Follies paſt,
I'll henceforth be indeed a Father; never,
Never more thus expoſe, but cheriſh thee,
Dear as the vital Warmth that feeds my Life.
Dear as theſe Eyes that weep in Fondneſs o'er thee.
Peace to thy Heart. Farewel.

BELVIDERA.

Go, and remember
'Tis *Belvidera*'s Life her Father pleads for. [*Ex. ſeverally.*

Enter ANTONIO.

ANTONIO.

Hum, hum, hah.
Signior *Priuli*, my Lord *Priuli*, my Lord, my Lord, my Lord: How we Lords love to call one another by our Titles. My Lord, my Lord, my Lord——Pox on him, I am a Lord as well as he. And ſo let him fiddle——I'll warrant him he's gone to the Senate-Houſe,

and

and I'll be there too, ſoon enough for ſome body. Odſ——here's a tickling Speech about the Plot, I'll prove there's a Plot with a Vengeance——Would I had it without Book; let me ſee——

Moſt Reverend Senators,

That there is a Plot, ſurely by this time, no Man that hath Eyes or Underſtanding in his Head will preſume to doubt; 'tis as plain as the Light in the Cucumber——no——hold there——Cucumber does not come in yet——'tis plain as the Light in the Sun, or as the Man in the Moon, even at Noon-day. It is indeed a Pumkin-Plot, which, juſt as it was mellow, we have gather'd, and now we have gather'd it, prepar'd and dreſs'd it, ſhall we throw it like a pickled Cucumber out at the Window? No: That is not only a bloody, horrid, execrable, damnable and audacious Plot; but it is, as I may ſo ſay, a ſawcy Plot: and we all know, moſt Reverend Fathers, that which is ſawce for a Gooſe is Sawce for a Gander: Therefore, I ſay, as thoſe Blood-thirſty Ganders of the Conſpiracy would have deſtroyed us Geeſe of the Senate, let us make haſte to deſtroy them; ſo I humbly move for Hanging——Hah, hurry durry——I think this will do; though I was ſomething out at firſt, about the Sun and the Cucumber.

Enter AQUILINA.

AQUILINA.

Good-morrow, Senator.

ANTONIO.

Nacky, my dear Nacky; Morrow Nacky; odd I am very briſk, very merry, very pert, very jovial!—ha a a a a—kiſs me, Nacky; how doſt thou do my little tory rory Strumpet? kiſs me, I ſay, Huzzy kiſs me.

AQUILINA.

Kiſs me, Nacky! hang you, Sir Coxcomb, hang you, Sir.

AN-

ANTONIO.

Haity taity, is it ſo indeed? with all my Heart, faith ——*Hey, then up go we*, faith——*Hey, then up go we*, um dum derum dump. [*Sings.*

AQUILINA.

Signior.

ANTONIO.

Madona.

AQUILINA.

Do you intend to die in your own Bed?——

ANTONIO.

About threeſcore Years hence much may be done my dear.

AQUILINA.

You'll be hang'd, Signior.

ANTONIO.

Hang'd Sweet-heart, pr'ythee be quiet; hang'd quoth-a, that's a merry Conceit with all my Heart; why, thou Jok'ſt, Nacky; thou art given to joking, I'll ſwear; well, I'll proteſt, Nacky, nay, I muſt proteſt, and will proteſt, that I love joking dearly, Man. And I love thee for joking, and I'll kiſs thee for joking, and towſe thee for joking; and, odd, I have a deviliſh Mind to take thee aſide about that buſineſs for joking too; odd I have, and *Hey then up go we*, dum dum derum dump. [*Sings.*

AQUILINA.

See you this, Sir? [*Draws a Dagger.*

ANTONIO.

O Laud, a Dagger! Oh Laud! it is naturally my Averſion, I cannot endure the ſight on't; hide it, for Heaven's ſake, I cannot look that way 'till it be gone——hide it, hide it, oh, oh, hide it!

AQUILINA.

Yes, ~~in your~~ Heart I'll hide it.

ANTONIO.

My Heart; what hide a Dagger in my Heart's Blood!

AQUILINA.

Yes, in thy Heart, thy Throat, thou pamper'd Devil; Thou

Thou haſt help'd to ſpoil my Peace, and I'll have Vengeance
On thy curſt Life, for all the bloody Senate.
The perjur'd faithleſs Senate. Where's my Lord,
My Happineſs, my Love, my God, my Hero?
Doom'd by thy accurſed Tongue, amongſt the reſt,
T' a ſhameful Rack? By all the Rage that's in me,
I'll be whole Years in murdering thee.

ANTONIO.

Why, Nacky,
Wherefore ſo paſſionate? what have I done? what's the matter my dear Nacky? Am not I thy Love, thy Happineſs, thy Lord, thy Hero, thy Senator, and every thing in the World, Nacky?

AQUILINA.

Thou! Think'ſt thou, thou art fit to meet my Joys;
To bear the eager Claſps of my Embraces?
Give me my *Pierre*, or——

ANTONIO.

Why, he's to be hang'd, little Nacky;
Truſs'd up for Treaſon, and ſo forth, Child.

AQUILINA.

Thou ly'ſt; ſtop down thy Throat that helliſh Sentence,
Or 'tis thy laſt: Swear that my Love ſhall live,
Or thou art dead

ANTONIO.

Ah, h h h.

AQUILINA.

Swear to recall his Doom;
Swear at my Feet, and tremble at my Fury.

ANTONIO.

I do: now if ſhe would but kick a little bit, one kick [now,
Ah, h h h.

AQUILINA.

Swear or——

ANTONIO.

I do; by theſe dear fragrant Foots,
And little Toes, ſweet as, eeee, my Nacky, Nacky, Nacky.

AQUI-

AQUILINA.

How!

ANTONIO.

Nothing but unty thy Shoe-string a little, faith and troth,
That's all, that's all, as I hope to live, Nacky, that's all.

AQUILINA.

Nay then——

ANTONIO.

Hold, hold; thy Love, thy Lord, thy Hero
Shall be preſerv'd and ſafe.

AQUILINA.

Or may this Poniard
Ruſt in thy Heart.

ANTONIO.

With all my Soul.

AQUILINA.

Farewel—— [*Ex.* Aquil.

ANTONIO.

Adieu. Why what a bloody-minded inveterate termagant Strumpet have I been plagu'd with! oh, h, h! Yet more! nay, then I die, I die——I am dead already.

[*Stretches out himſelf.*

Enter JAFFEIR.

JAFFEIR.

Final Deſtruction ſeize on all the World:
Bend down ye Heavens, and ſhutting round this Earth,
Cruſh the vile Globe into its firſt Confuſion;
Scorch it with elemental Flames to one curs'd Cindar,
And all us little Creepers in't call'd Men,
Burn, burn to nothing: but let *Venice* burn
Hotter than all the reſt: here kindle Hell,
Ne'er to extinguiſh; and let Souls hereafter
Groan here, in all thoſe Pains which mine feels now.

Enter BERVIDERA.

BELVIDERA.

My Life——— [*Meeting him.*

JAFFEIR.

My Plague——— [*Turning from her.*

BELVIDERA.

Nay then I ſee my Ruin:
If I muſt die!

JAFFEIR.

No, Death's this Day too buſy;
Thy Father's ill-tim'd Mercy came too late.
I thank thee for thy Labours tho,' and him too.
But all my poor betray'd unhappy Friends
Have Summons to prepare for Fate's black Hour;
And yet I live.

BELVIDERA.

Then be the next my Doom:
I ſee thou haſt paſs'd my Sentence in thy Heart,
And I'll no longer weep or plead againſt it,
But with the humbleſt, moſt obedient Patience
Meet thy dear Hands, and kiſs 'em when they wound me.
Indeeed I am willing, but I beg thee do it
With ſome Remorſe; and when thou giv'ſt the Blow,
View me with Eyes of a relenting Love,
And ſhew me Pity, for 'twill ſweeten Juſtice.

JAFFEIR.

Shew Pity to thee!

BELVIDERA.

Yes; and when thy Hand's
Charg'd with my Fate, come trembling to the Deed,
As thou haſt done a thouſand thouſand times
To this poor Breaſt, when kinder Rage has brought thee,
When our ſting'd Hearts have leap'd to meet each other,
And melting Kiſſes ſeal'd our Lips together;
When Joys have left me gaſping in thy Arms:
So let my Death come now, and I'll not ſhrink from't.

JAF-

JAFFEIR.

Nay, *Belvidera*, do not fear my Cruelty,
Nor let the Thoughts of Death perplex thy Fancy;
But anſwer me to what I ſhall demand,
With a firm Temper and unſhaken Spirit.

BELVIDERA.

I will, when I've done weeping——

JAFFEIR.

Fy, no more on't——
How long is't ſince that miſerable Day
We wedded firſt?

BELVIDERA.

Oh!

JAFFEIR.

Nay, keep in thy Tears,
Leſt they unman me too.

BELVIDERA.

Heav'n knows, I cannot;
The Words you utter ſound ſo very ſadly,
Theſe Streams will follow——

JAFFEIR.

Come, I'll kiſs 'em dry then.

BELVIDERA.

But was't a miſerable Day?

JAFFEIR.

A curſt one.

BELVIDERA.

I thought it otherwiſe; and you've oft ſworn
In the tranſporting Hours of warmeſt Love,
When ſure you ſpoke the Truth, you've ſworn you bleſs'd it.

JAFFEIR.

'Twas a raſh Oath.

BELVIDERA.

Then why am I not curſt too?

JAFFEIR.

No, *Belvidera*, by th' eternal Truth,
I doat with too much Fondneſs.

BELVIDERA.

Still then do you love me?

JAFFEIR.

Inclines not with more Ardour to Creation,
Than I do now towards thee: Man ne'er was bleſs'd,
Since the firſt Pair firſt met, as I have been.

BELVIDERA.

Then ſurely you will not curſe me.

JAFFEIR.

No, I'll bleſs thee.
I came on purpoſe *Belvidera* to bleſs thee.
'Tis now, I think, three Years we've liv'd together.

BELVIDERA.

And may no fatal Minute ever part us,
Till reverend grown, for Age and Love, we go
Down to one Grave, in our laſt Bed, together.
There ſleep in Peace till an eternal Morning.

JAFFEIR.

When will that be? *Sighing.*

BELVIDERA.

I hope long Ages hence.

JAFFEIR.

Have I not hitherto (I beg thee tell me
Thy very Fears) us'd thee with tender'ſt Love?
Did e'er my Soul riſe up in Wrath againſt thee?
Did I e'er frown when *Belvidera* ſmil'd,
Or, by the leaſt unfriendly Word, betray,
Abating Paſſion? have I ever wrong'd thee?

BELVIDERA.

No.

JAFFEIR.

Has my Heart, or have my Eyes e'er wander'd
To any other Woman?

BELVIDERA.

Never, never.

I were the worſt of falſe Ones, ſhould I accuſe thee.
I own I've been too Happy, bleſs'd above
My Sexes Charter.

JAFFEIR.

Did I not fly to come to bleſs thee?

BELVIDERA.

Yes.

JAFFEIR.

Then hear me, bounteous Heav'n!
Pour down your Bleſſings on this beauteous Head,
Where everlaſting Sweets are always ſpringing,
With a continual giving Hand; let Peace,
Honour, and Safety, always hover round her;
Feed her with Plenty, let her Eyes ne'er ſee
A ſight of Sorrow, nor her Heart know Mourning:
Crown all her Days with Joy, her Nights with Reſt,
Harmleſs as her own Thoughts; and prop her Virtue,
To bear the loſs of one that lov'd much leſs,
And comfort her with Patience in our Parting.

BELVIDERA.

How, parting, parting?

JAFFEIR.

Yes, for ever parting;
I have ſworn, *Belvidera*, by yon Heav'n,
That beſt can tell how much I love to leave thee,
We part this Hour for ever.

BELVIDERA.

Oh call back
Your cruel Bleſſing; ſtay with me and curſe me!

JAFFEIR.

No, 'tis reſolv'd.

BELVIDERA.

Then hear me too, juſt Heav'n;
Pour down your Curſes on this wretched Head
With never-ceaſing Vengeance; let Deſpair,
Danger or Infamy, nay all ſurround me;
Starve me with Wantings, let my Eyes ne'er ſee

A ſight of Comfort, nor my Heart know Peace;
But daſh my Days with Sorrow, Nights with Horrors,
Wild as my own Thoughts now, and let loose Fury
To make me mad enough for what I loſe,
If I muſt loſe him. If I muſt! I will not.
Oh turn and hear me.

JAFFEIR.

Now hold, Heart, or never.

BELVIDERA.

By all the tender Days we've liv'd together,
By all our charming Nights, and Joys that crown'd 'em,
Pity my ſad Condition; ſpeak, but ſpeak.

JAFFEIR.

Oh,

BELVIDERA.

By theſe Arms that now cling round thy Neck,
By this dear Kiſs, and by ten thouſand more,
By theſe poor ſtreaming Eyes——

JAFFEIR.

Murder! un-hold me:
By the immortal Deſtiny that doom'd me
[*Draws his Dagger.*
To this curs'd Minute, I'll not live one longer;
Reſolve to let me go, or ſee me fall——

BELVIDERA.

Hold, Sir, be patient.

JAFFEIR.

Hark, the diſmal Bell [*Paſſing-Bell tolls.*
Tolls out for Death! I muſt attend its Call too;
For my poor Friend, my dying *Pierre* expects me;
He ſent a Meſſage to require I'd ſee him
Before he dy'd, and take his laſt Forgiveneſs.
Farewel for ever.

BELVIDERA.

Leave thy Dagger with me.
Bequeath me ſomething——Not one Kiſs at parting?
Oh my poor Heart, when wilt thou break?
[*Going out, looks back at her.*

JAFFEIR.

JAFFEIR.

Yet ſtay,
We have a Child, as yet a tender Infant,
Be a kind Mother to him when I'm gone,
Breed him in Virtue and the Paths of Honour,
But let him never know his Father's Story;
I charge thee guard him from the Wrongs my Fate
May do his future Fortune, or his Name.
Now——nearer yet—— [*Approaching each other.*
Oh that my Arms were rivetted
Thus round thee ever! but my Friends, my Oath!
This, and no more. [*Kiſſes her.*

BELVIDERA.

Another, ſure another,
For that poor little One you've ta'en ſuch Care of,
I'll give't him truly.

JAFFEIR.

So, now farewel.

BELVIDERA.

For ever?

JAFFEIR.

Heav'n knows for ever; all good Angels guard thee. [*Exit.*

BELVIDERA.

All ill ones ſure had charge of me this Moment.
Curſt be my Days, and doubly curſt my Nights,
Which I muſt now mourn out in Widow'd Tears;
Blaſted be every Herb, and Fruit, and Tree;
Curſt be the Rain that falls upon the Earth,
And may the general Curſe reach Man and Beaſt;
Oh give me Daggers, Fire or Water;
How I could bleed, how burn, how drown, the Waves
Huzzing and booming round my ſinking Head,
Till I deſcended to the peaceful bottom!
Oh there's all Quiet, here all Rage and Fury;
The Air's too thin, and pierces my weak Brain:
I long for thick ſubſtantial Sleep: Hell! Hell!
Burſt from the Centre, rage and roar aloud,

If thou art half ſo hot, ſo mad as I am.

Enter PRIULI *and Servants.*

Who's there? [*They ſeize her.*

PRIULI.

Run, ſeize, and bring her ſafely home,
Guard her as you would Life; Alas, poor Creature!

BELVIDERA.

What, to my Husband! then conduct me quickly:
Are all things ready? ſhall we die moſt glorioufly!
Say not a Word of this to my old Father:
Murmuring Streams, ſoft Shades, and ſpringing Flowers,
Lutes, Laurels, Seas of Milk, and Ships of Amber. [*Ex.*

SCENE *opening, diſcovers a Scaffold and a Wheel prepar'd for the executing of* PIERRE; *then enter Officers,* PIERRE, *and Guards, a Friar, Executioner, and a great Rabble.*

OFFICER.

Room, room there——ſtand all by, make room for the Priſoner.

PIERRE.

My Friend not come yet?

FRIAR.

Why are you ſo obſtinate?

PIERRE.

Why you ſo troubleſom, that a poor Wretch
Can't die in Peace,
But you, like Ravens, will be croaking round him?

FRIAR.

Yet, Heav'n——

PIERRE.

I tell thee, Heav'n and I are Friends.
I ne'er broke Peace with't yet by cruel Murders,
Rapine or Perjury, or vile Deceiving:
But liv'd in mutual Juſtice towards all Men;
Nor am a Foe to the moſt ſtrong Believers.
Howe'er my own ſhort-ſighted Faith confine me.

FRI-

FRIAR.

But an All-seeing Judge—

PIERRE.

You say my Conscience
Must be my Accuser: I have search'd that Conscience,
And find no Records there of Crimes that scare me.

FRIAR.

'Tis strange you should want Faith—

PIERRE.

My Reason blindfold, like a hamper'd Lion,
Checkt of its nobler Vigour: then when baited
Down to obedient Tameness, make it couch,
And shew strange Tricks, which you, call Signs of Faith.
So silly Souls are gull'd, and you get Money.
Away, no more: Captain, I'd have thee after
This Fellow write no Lies of my Conversion,
Because he has crept upon my troubled Hours.

Enter JAFFEIR.

JAFFEIR.

Hold: Eyes be dry; Heart, strengthen me to bear
This hideous Sight, and humble me to take
The last Forgiveness of a dying Friend,
Betray'd by my vile Falshood to his Ruin.
Oh *Pierre*,—

PIERRE.

Yet nearer.

JAFFEIR.

Crawling on my Knees—
And prostrate on the Earth let me approach thee:
How shall I look up to thy injur'd Face,
That always us'd to smile with Friendship on me?
It darts an Air of so much manly Virtue,
That I, methinks, look little in thy Sight,
And Stripes are fitter for me, than Kindness.

PIERRE.

Dear to my Arms, tho' thou'ſt undone my Fame,
I can't forget to love thee: pr'ythee, *Jaffeir*,
Forgive that filthy Blow my Paſſion dealt thee;
I'm now preparing for the Land of Peace,
And fain would have the charitable Wiſhes
Of all good Men, like thee, to bleſs my Journey.

JAFFEIR.

Good! I'm the vileſt Creature, worſe than e'er
Suffer'd the ſhameful Fate thou'rt going to taſte of.
Why was I ſent for to be us'd thus kindly?
Call, call me Villain, as I am; deſcribe
The foul Complexion of my hateful Deeds;
Lead me to th' Rack, and ſtretch me in thy ſtead,
I've Crimes enough to give it its full Load,
And do it Credit: thou wilt but ſpoil the uſe on't,
And honeſt Men hereafter bear its Figure
About 'em as a Charm from treacherous Friendſhip.

OFFICER.

The time grows ſhort, your Friends are dead already.

JAFFEIR.

Dead!

PIERRE.

Yes, dead, *Jaffeir*; they've all dy'd like Men too,
Worthy their Character.

JAFFEIR.

And what muſt I do?

PIERRE.

Oh *Jaffeir!*

JAFFEIR.

Speak aloud thy burden'd Soul,
And tell thy Troubles to thy tortur'd Friend.

PIERRE.

Friend!
Couldſt thou yet be a Friend, a generous Friend,
I might hope Comfort from thy noble Sorrows.
Heav'n knows I want a Friend.

JAF-

JAFFEIR.

And I a kind one,
That would not thus ſcorn my repenting Virtue,
Or think when he's to die my Thoughts are Idle.

PIERRE.

No: Live, I charge thee, *Jaffeir*.

JAFFEIR.

Yes, I'll live.
But it ſhall be to ſee thy Fall reveng'd,
At ſuch a rate, as *Venice* long ſhall groan for.

PIERRE.

Wilt thou?

JAFFEIR.

I will, by Heav'n.

PIERRE.

Then ſtill thou'rt Noble,
And I forgive thee. Oh——yet——ſhall I truſt thee?

JAFFEIR.

No, I've been falſe already.

PIERRE.

Doſt thou love me?

JAFFEIR.

Rip up my Heart, and ſatisfy thy Doubtings.

PIERRE.

Curſe on this Weakneſs. [*He Weeps.*

JAFFEIR.

Tears! Amazement! Tears!
I never ſaw thee melted thus before;
And know there's ſomething labouring in thy Boſom
That muſt have Vent: tho' I'm a Villain, tell me.

PIERRE.

See'ſt thou that Engine? [*Pointing to the Wheel.*

JAFFEIR.

Why?

PIERRE.

Is't fit a Soldier, who has liv'd with Honour,
Fought Nations Quarrels, and been crown'd with Conqueſt,

Be

Be expos'd a common Carkaſe on a Wheel?

JAFFEIR.

Hah!

PIERRE.

Speak! is't fitting?

JAFFEIR.

Fitting?

PIERRE.

Yes, is't fitting?

JAFFEIR.

What's to be done?

PIERRE.

I'd have thee undertake
Something that's Noble, to preſerve my Memory
From the Diſgrace that's ready to attaint it.

OFFICER.

The Day grows late, Sir.

PIERRE.

I'll make haſte! Oh *Jaffeir*,
Though thou'ſt betray'd me, do me ſome way Juſtice.

JAFFEIR.

No more of that: Thy Wiſhes ſhall be ſatisfy'd;
I have a Wife, and ſhe ſhall Bleed; my Child too
Yield up his little Throat and all I appeale thee——

[*Going away, Pierre holds him.*

PIERRE.

No——this——no more! [*He whispers* Jaffeir.

JAFFEIR.

Hah! Is't then ſo?

PIERRE.

Moſt certainly.

JAFFEIR.

I'll do't.

PIERRE.

Remember,

OFFICER.

Sir.

PIERRE.

PIERRE.

Come, now I am ready.

[*He and* Jaffeir *aſcend the Scaffold.*

Captain, you ſhould be a Gentleman of Honour,
Keep off the Rabble, that I may have room
To entertain my Fate, and die with Decency.
Come! [*Takes off his gown, Executioner prepares to bind him.*

FRIAR.

Son!

PIERRE.

Hence, Tempter.

OFFICER.

Stand off, Prieſt.

PIERRE.

I thank you, Sir;
You'll think on't? [*To* Jaffeir.

JAFFEIR.

'Twont grow ſtale before to-morrow.

PIERRE.

Now *Jaffeir!* now I am going. Now;——

[*Executioners having bound him.*

JAFFEIR.

Have at thee,
Thou honeſt Heart, then—here—— [*Stabs him.*
And this is well too, [*Then ſtabs himſelf.*

FRIAR.

Damnable Deed!

PIERRE.

Now thou haſt indeed been faithful.
This was done nobly——We have deceiv'd the Senate.

JAFFEIR.

Bravely.

PIERRE.

Ha, ha, ha—oh, oh—— [*Dies.*

JAFFEIR.

Now ye curs'd Rulers,
Thus of the Blood y'ave ſhed I make Libation,

And

And ſprinkle't mingling: May it reſt upon you,
And all your Race: Be henceforth Peace a Stranger
Within your Walls; let Plagues and Famine waſte
Your Generation——O poor *Belvidera!*
Sir, I have a Wife, bear this in ſafety to her.
A Token, that with my dying Breath I bleſs'd her,
And the dear little Infant left behind me.
I'm ſick——I'm quiet—— [Jaffeir *Dies.*

OFFICER.

Bear this News to the Senate,
And guard their Bodies 'till there's farther Order:
Heav'n grant I die ſo well—— [*Scene ſhuts upon them.*

Soft Muſic. Enter BELVIDERA *diſtracted, led by two of her Women,* PRIULI *and Servants.*

PRIULI.

Strengthen her Heart with Patience, pitying Heav'n.

BELVIDERA.

Come, come, come, come, come, come, nay come to Bed,
Pr'ythee my Love. The Winds; hark how they whiſtle!
And the Rain beats: Oh how the Weather ſhrinks me!
You are Angry now, who cares? Piſh, no indeed.
Chuſe then, I ſay you ſhall not go, you ſhall not.
Whip your Ill-nature; get you gone then; oh!
[Jaffeir's *Ghoſt riſes.*
Are you return'd? See, Father, here he's come again.
Am I to blame to love him? Oh thou dear one.
[*Ghoſts ſinks.*
Why do you fly me? Are you Angry ſtill then?
Jaffeir, where art thou? Father, Why do you do thus?
Stand off, don't hide him from me. He's here ſomewhere.
Stand off I ſay: What, gone? Remember't Tyrant!
I may revenge me for this Trick one Day.
I'll do't——I'll do't. *Renault's* a naſty Fellow;
Hang him, hang him, hang him.

Enter

Enter OFFICER *and others.*

PRIULI.

News, what News? [*Officer whispers* PRIULI.

OFFICER.

Moſt ſad, Sir.

Jaffeir, upon the Scaffold, to prevent
A ſhameful Death, ſtabb'd *Pierre*, and next himſelf;
Both fell together.

PRIULI.

Daughter.

BELVIDERA.

Ha, look there!
[*The Ghoſt of* JAFFEIR *and* PIERRE *riſe together both Bloody.*
My Husband bloody, and his Friend too! Murder!
Who has done this? ſpeak to me, thou ſad Viſion;
[*Ghoſts ſink.*
On theſe poor trembling Knees I beg it: vaniſh'd——
Here they went down; Oh! I'll dig, dig the Den up.
You ſhan't delude me thus. Hoa, *Jaffeir*, *Jaffeir*.
Peep up and give me but a Look. I have him!
I've got him, Father: Oh! how I'll ſmuggle him!
My Love! my Dear! my Bleſſing! help me! help me!
They have hold on me, and drag me to the Bottom.
Nay——now they pull ſo hard——farewel—— [*She dies.*

MAID.

She's Dead,
Breathleſs and Dead.

PRIULI.

Then guard me from the Sight on't:
Lead me into ſome Place that's fit for Mourning;
Where the free Air, Light, and the chearful Sun
May never enter: Hang it round with Black;
Set up one Taper that may laſt a Day,
As long as I've to live: And there all leave me:
Sparing no Tears when you this Tale relate,
But bid all cruel Fathers dread my Fate. [*Curtain falls.*
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE

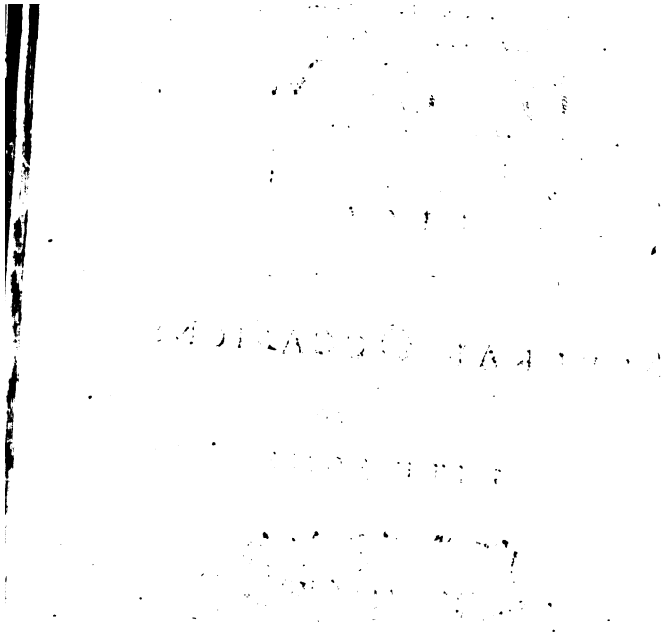
THE Text is done, and now for Application,
And when that's ended, pass your Approbation.
Though the Conſpiracy's frequented here,
Methinks I ſee another hatching there;
And there's a certain Faction fain would ſway,
If they had Strength enough, and damn this Play:
But this the Author bade me boldly ſay;
If any take this Plainneſs in ill Part
He's glad on't from the bottom of his Heart;
Poets in honour of the Truth ſhould write,
With the ſame Spirit brave Men for it Fight.
And though againſt him cauſeleſs Hatreds riſe,
And daily where he goes of late, he ſpies
The Scowles of ſullen and revengeful Eyes;
'Tis what he knows with much Contempt, to bear,
And ſerves a Cauſe too good to let him fear:
He fears no Poiſon from an inraged Drab,
No Ruffian's ſide-foot Sword, nor Raſcal's Stab;
Nor any other Snares of Miſchief laid,
Not a Roſe-Ally Cudgel Ambuſcade,
From any private Cauſe where Malice Reigns,
Or general Pique all Blockheads have to Brains:
Nothing ſhall daunt his Pen when Truth does call;
No, not the * *Picture-mangler at* Guild-Hall.
The Rebel-Tribe, of which that Vermin's one,
Have now ſet forward, and their Courſe begun;

* The Raſcal that cut the Duke of *York*'s Picture.

EPILOGUE.

And while that Prince's Fame they deface,
As they before had massacred his Name,
Durst their base Fears but look him in the Face,
They'd use his Person as they've us'd his Fame:
A Face in which such Lineaments they read
Of that Great Martyr's, whose rich Blood they shed,
That their Rebellious Hate they still retain,
And in his Son would murder him again.
With Indignation then, let each brave Heart
Rouze, and unite, to take his injur'd Part;
'Till Royal Love and Goodness call him home,
And Songs of Triumph meet him as he come;
'Till Heav'n his Honour, and our Peace restore;
And Villains never wrong his Virtue more.

POEMS



POEMS

UPON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

WITH SOME

LETTERS.

Mr. DUKE.

EPISTLE

TO

Mr. *DUKE.*

MY much lov'd Friend, when thou art from my Eye
How do I loath the Day, and Light deſpiſe:
Night, kinder Night's the much more welcome Gueſt,
For tho' it bring ſmall Eaſe, it hides at leaſt;
Or if e'er Slumbers and my Eyes agree,
'Tis when they're crown'd with pleaſing Dreams of thee.
Laſt Night methought (Heav'n make the next as kind)
Free as firſt Innocence, and unconfin'd
As our firſt Parents in their *Eden* were,
E'er yet condemn'd to eat their Bread with Care;
We two together wander'd through a Grove,
'Twas green beneath us, and all Shade above,
Mild as our Friendſhip, ſpringing as our Love;
Hundreds of chearful Birds fill'd every Tree,
And ſung their joyful Songs of Liberty;
While thro' the gladſome Choir well-pleas'd we walk'd,
And of our preſent valu'd State thus talk'd:
How happy are we in this ſweet Retreat?
Thus humbly bleſt, who'd labour to be great?
Who for Preferments at a Court would wait,
Where every Gudgeon's nibbling at the Bait?
What Fiſh of Senſe would on that Shallow lie,
Amongſt the little ſtarving wriggling Frie,

That

That throng and crowd each other for a Taſte
Of the deceitful, painted, poiſon'd Paſte;
When the wide River he behind him ſees,
Where he may launch to Liberty and Eaſe?
No Cares or Buſineſs here diſturb our Hours,
While underneath theſe ſhady, peaceful Bowers,
In cool Delight and Innocence we ſtray,
And midſt a thouſand Pleaſures waſte the Day;
Sometimes upon a River's Bank we lye,
Where skimming Swallows o'er the ſurface fly;
Juſt as the Sun declining, with his Beams,
Kiſſes, and gently warms the gliding Streams;
Amidſt whoſe Current riſing Fiſhes play,
And rowl in wanton Liberty away.
Perhaps, hard by there grows a little Buſh,
On which the Linnet, Nightingale and Thruſh,
Nightly their ſolemn Orgyes meeting keep,
And ſing their Veſpers ere they go to ſleep:
There we two lye, between us may be's ſpread
Some Book, few underſtand, tho' many read.
Sometimes we *Virgil*'s ſacred Leaves turn o'er,
Still wond'ring, and ſtill finding cauſe for more.
How *Juno*'s Rage did good *Æneas* vex,
Then how he had Revenge upon her Sex
In *Dido*'s State, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd;
He knew the fatal Danger of her Charms,
And ſcorn'd to melt his Virtue in her Arms.
Next *Niſus* and *Eurialus* we admire,
Their gentle Friendſhip, and their martial Fire;
We praiſe their Valour, 'cauſe yet matcht by none,
And love their Friendſhip, ſo much like our own.
But when to give our Minds a Feaſt indeed,
Horace, beſt known and lov'd by thee, we read,
Who can our Tranſports, or our Longings tell,
To taſte of Pleaſures, prais'd by him ſo well?

W

With thoughts of Love, and Wine, by him we're fir'd,
Two things in sweet Retirement much desir'd.
Generous Bottle and a lovesome She,
Are th' only Joys in Nature next to Thee:
To which retiring quietly at Night,
(as that only can) to add Delight,
When to our little Cottage we repair,
We find a Friend or two we wish for there,
Dear *B——ly*, kind as parting Lovers Tears,
Elderly, honest as the Sword he wears,
Wilson, professing Friendship, yet a Friend,
Dr——*Short*, beyond what Numbers can commend,
Finch, full of Kindness, gen'rous as his Blood,
Watchful to do to modest Merit good;
Who have forsook the wild tumultuous Town,
And for a Taste of Life to us come down,
With eager Arms how closely then w'embrace,
What Joy's in every Heart, and every Face!
The mod'rate Table's quickly cover'd o'er
With choicest Meats at least, tho' not with Store:
Of Bottles next succeeds a goodly Train,
Full of what chears the Heart, and fires the Brain.
Each waited on by a bright virgin Glass,
Clean, sound and shining like its Drinker's Lass.
Then down we sit, while every Genius tries,
T'improve, till he deserves his Sacrifice.
No saucy Hour presumes to stint delight,
We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis Night:
Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we part,
Each takes the obedient Treasure of his Heart,
And leads her willing to his silent Bed,
Where no vexatious Cares come near his Head,
But every Sense with perfect Pleasure's fed;
'Till in full Joy dissolv'd each falls asleep,
With twining Limbs, that still Love's posture keep,
At dawn of Morning to renew delight;
So quiet craving Love 'till the next Night;

The

Then we the drowsy Cells of Sleep forsake,
And to our [illegible]
Or else our Thoughts to [illegible] can,
And there methinks, Fancy sits Queen of all;
While the poor under Faculties resort,
And to her sickly Majesty make Court;
The Understanding first comes plainly clad,
But usefully; no Ent'rance to be had.
Next comes the Will, that Bully of the Mind,
Follies wait on him in a Troop behind;
He meets Reception from the antic Queen,
Who thinks her Majesty's most honour'd when
Attended by those fine-drest Gentlemen.
Reason, the honest Counsellor this knows,
And into Court with res'lute Virtue goes;
Lets Fancy see her loose irregular Sway!
Then how the flattering Follies Sneak away!
This Image when it came, too fiercely shook
My Brain, which it soft Quiet straight forsook;
When waking as I cast my Eyes around,
Nothing but old loath'd Vanities I found;
No Grove, no Freedom, and what's worse to me,
No Friend; for I have none compar'd with thee.
Soon then my Thoughts with their old Tyrant Care
Were seiz'd; which to divert I fram'd this Pray'r.
Gods! Life's your Gift, then season't with such Fate,
That what ye meant a Blessing prove no Weight.
Let me to the remotest Part be whirl'd,
Of this your Play-thing made in haste, the World;
But grant me Quiet, Liberty and Peace,
By Day what's needful, and at Night soft Ease;
The Friend I trust in, and the She I love,
Then fix me; and if e'er I wish remove,
Make me as great (that's wretched) as you can,
Set me in Power, the woful'st State of Man;
To be by Fools mis-led, to Knaves a Prey:
But make Life what I ask, or take't away.

The POET'S *Complaint of his* MUSE.

An ODE.

I.

TO a high Hill, when never yet ſtood Tree,
Where only Heath coarſe Fern, and Furzes grow,
Where (nipt by piercing Air)
The Flocks in tatter'd Fleeces hardly graze,
Led by uncouth Thoughts and Care,
Which did too much his penſive Mind amaze,
A wandring Bard, whoſe Muſe was crazy grown,
Cloy'd with the nauſeous Follies of the buzzing Town,
Came, look'd about him, ſigh'd, and laid him down.
'Twas far from any Path, but where the Earth
Was bare, and naked all as at her Birth,
When by the Word it firſt was made,
Ere God had ſaid,
Let Graſs and Herbs and every green thing grow,
With fruitful Trees after their kind; and it was ſo.
The whiſtling Winds blew fiercely round his Head,
Cold was his Lodging, hard his Bed;
Aloft his Eyes on the wide Heav'ns he caſt,
Where we are told Peace only's found at laſt:
And as he did its hopeleſs diſtance ſee,
Sigh'd deep, and cry'd, How far is Peace from me?

II.

Nor ended there his Moan:
The Diſtance of his future Joy
Had been enough to give him Pain alone;
But who can unconcern'd
Deſpair of Eaſe to come, with Weight of preſent Woe?

Down his afflicted Face
The trickling Tears had ſtream'd ſo faſt apace,
As left a Path worn by their briny race.
Swoln was his Breaſt with Sighs, his well-
Proportion'd Limbs as uſeleſs fell.
While the poor Trunk (unable to ſuſtain
Itſelf) lay rackt, and ſhaking with its Pain.
I heard his Groans, as I was walking by,
And (urg'd by Pity) went aſide, to ſee
What the ſad cauſe could be
Had preſs'd his State ſo low, and raſs'd his Plaints ſo high.
On me he fixt his Eyes, I crav'd,
Why ſo forlorn? He vainly rav'd,
Peace to his Mind I did commend.
But, oh! my Words were hardly at an end,
When I perceiv'd it was my Friend,
My much-lov'd Friend: ſo down I ſate,
And begg'd that I might ſhare his Fate:
I laid my Cheek to his, when with a Gale
Of Sighs he eas'd his Breaſt, and thus began his Tale.

III.

I am a Wretch of honeſt Race:
My Parents not obſcure, nor high in Titles were:
They left me Heir to no Diſgrace,
My Father was (a thing now rare)
Loyal and brave; my Mother chaſt and fair.
Their Pledge of Marriage-vows was only I;
Alone I liv'd their much-lov'd fondled Boy;
They gave me generous Education high
They ſtrove to raiſe my Mind, and with it grew their Joy.
The Sages that inſtructed me in Arts
And Knowledge, oft would praiſe my Parts,
And chear my Parents longing Hearts.
When I was call'd to a Diſpute,
My Fellow-Pupils oft ſtood mute:
Yet never Envy did dis-join
Their Hearts from me, nor Pride diſtemper mine.

Thus my first Years in Happiness I past,
Nor any bitter Cup did taste;
But, oh! a deadly Potion came at last,
As I lay loosely on my Bed,
A thousand pleasant Thoughts triumphing in my Head,
And as my Sense on the rich Banquet fed,
A Voice (it seem'd no more, so busy I
Was with myself, I saw not who was nigh)
Pierc'd thro' my Ears; Arise, thy good *Senander's* dead.
It shook my Brain, and from their Feast my frighted
Senses fled.

IV.

From thence sad Discontent, uneasy Fears,
And anxious Doubts of what I had to do,
Grew with succeeding Years,
The World was wide, but whither should I go?
I, whose blooming Hopes all wither'd were,
Who'd little Fortune, and a deal of Care?
To *Britain's* great Metropolis I stray'd,
Where Fortune's general Game is play'd;
Where Honesty and Wit are often prais'd,
But Fools and Knaves are fortunate and rais'd.
My forward Spirit prompted me to find
A Converse equal to my Mind:
But by raw Judgment easily mis-led,
(As giddy callow Boys
Are very fond of Toys)
I miss'd the Brave and Wise, and in their stead
On every sort of Vanity I fed.
Gay Coxcombs, Cowards, Knaves, and prating Fools,
Bullies of o'ergrown Bulks, and little Souls,
Gamesters, Half-wits, and Spend-thrifts, (such as think
Mischievous midnight Frolicks bred by Drink
Are Gallantry and Wit,
Because to their lewd Understandings fit)

Were thoſe wherewith two Years at leaſt I ſpent,
To all their fulſome Follies moſt incorrigible bent:
'Till at the laſt, myſelf more to abuſe,
I grew in love with a deceitful Muſe.

V.

No fair Deceiver ever us'd ſuch Charms,
T' enſnare a tender Youth, and win his Heart:
Or when ſhe had him in her Arms,
Secur'd his Love with greater Art.
I fancy'd, or I dream'd, (as Poets always do)
No Beauty with my Muſe's might compare.
Lofty ſhe ſeem'd, and on her Front ſat a Majeſtic Air,
Awful, yet kind: ſevere, yet fair.
Upon her Head a Crown ſhe bore
Of Laurel, which ſhe told me ſhould be mine:
And round her Ivory Neck, ſhe wore
A Rope of largeſt Pearl. Each part of her did ſhine
With Jewels and with Gold,
Numberleſs to be told;
Which in Imagination as I did behold,
And lov'd, and wonder'd more and more,
Said ſhe, theſe Riches all, my Darling ſhall be thine,
Riches which never Poet had before.
She promis'd me to raiſe my Fortune and my Name,
By Royal Favour, and by endleſs Fame;
But never told
How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold.
Thus by the Arts of this moſt ſly
Deluder was I caught,
To her bewitching Bondage brought.
Eternal Conſtancy we ſwore,
A thouſand times our Vows were doubled o'er.
And as we did in our Entrancements lie,
I thought no Pleaſure e'er was wrought ſo high,
No Pair ſo happy as my Muſe and I.

VI. Ne'er

VI.

Ne'er was young Lover half so fond
When first his Pupillage he loſt,
Or could of half my Pleaſure boaſt.
We never met but we enjoy'd,
Still tranſported, never cloy'd.
Chambers, Cloſets, Fields and Groves,
Bore witneſs of our daily Loves;
And on the Bark of every Tree
You might the Marks of our Endearments ſee,
Diſticha, Poſies, and the pointed Bits
Of Satire, (written when a Poet meets
His Muſe in Caterwauling fits)
You might on every Rind behold, and ſwear
I and my *Clio* had been at it there.
Nay, by my Muſe too I was bleſt
With Off-ſprings of the choiceſt kinds,
Such as have pleas'd the nobleſt Minds,
And been approv'd by Judgments of the beſt,
But in this moſt tranſporting height:
Whence I look'd down and laugh'd at Fate,
All of a ſudden I was alter'd grown;
I round me look'd, and found myſelf alone:
My faithleſs Muſe, my faithleſs Muſe was gone.
I try'd if I a Verſe could frame,
Oft I in vain invok'd my *Clio*'s Name.
The more I ſtrove, the more I fail'd.
I chaf'd, I bit my Pen, curs'd my dull Skull and rail'd,
Reſolv'd to force m'untoward Thought, and at the laſt
prevail'd.
A Line came forth, but ſuch a one,
No trav'ling Matron in her Child-birth Pains,
Full of the joyful Hopes to bear a Son,
Was more aſtoniſh'd at the unlook'd-for ſhape
Of ſome deform'd Baboon, or Ape,
Than I was at the hideous Iſſue of my Brains.

I tore my Paper, ſtabb'd my Pen,
And ſwore I'd never write again,
Reſolv'd to be a doating Fool no more.
But when my reck'ning I began to make,
I found too long I'd ſlept, and was too late awake;
I found m' ungrateful Muſe, for whoſe falſe ſake
I did myſelf undo,
Had robb'd me of my deareſt Store,
My precious Time, my Friends, and Reputation too;
And left me helpleſs, friendleſs, very proud, and poor.

VII.

Reaſon, which in baſe Bonds my Folly had enthrall'd,
I ſtraight to Council call'd;
Like ſome old faithful Friend, whom long ago
I had caſhier'd, to pleaſe my flattering Fair.
To me with readineſs he did repair;
Expreſt much tender Chearfulneſs, to find
Experience had reſtor'd him to my Mind;
And loyally did to me ſhow,
How much himſelf he did abuſe,
Who credited a flattering, falſe, deſtructive, treacherous Muſe
I ask'd the Cauſes why. He ſaid,
'Twas never known a Muſe e'er ſtaid
When Fortune fled; for Fortune is a Bawd
To all the Nine that on *Parnaſſus* dwell
Where thoſe ſo fam'd, delightful Fountains ſwell
Of Poetry, which there does ever flow;
And where Wit's luſty, ſhining God
Keeps his choice *Seraglio*.
So whilſt our Fortune ſmiles, our Thoughts aſpire,
Pleaſure and Fame's our Buſineſs, and Deſire.
Then, too, if we find
A promptneſs in the Mind,
The Muſe is always ready; always kind.
But if th' old Harlot Fortune once denies
Her favour, all our Pleaſure, and rich Fancy dies,
And then th' young, ſlippery Jilt, the Muſe too from us flies.

VI

VIII.

To the whole Tale I gave Attention due;
And as right ſearch into myſelf I made,
I found all he had ſaid
Was very honeſt, very true.
Oh how I hugg'd my welcome Friend!
And much my Muſe I could not diſcommend;
For I ne'er liv'd in Fortune's Grace,
She always turn'd her Back, and fled from me apace,
And never once vouchſaf'd to let me ſee her Face.
Then to confirm me more,
He drew the veil of Dotage from my Eyes:
See here, my Son, (ſaid he) the valued Prize;
Thy fulſome Muſe behold, be happy, and be wiſe.
I look'd, and ſaw the rampant, tawdry Quean,
With a more horrid Train
Than ever yet to Satyr lent a Tale,
Or haunted *Cloris* in the Mall.
The firſt was he who ſtunk of that rank Verſe
In which he wrote his *Sodom* Farce;
A Wretch whom old Diſeaſes did ſo bite,
That he writ Bawdry ſure in ſpight,
To ruin and diſgrace it quite.
Philoſophers of old did ſo expreſs
Their Art, and ſhew'd it in their Naſtineſs.
Next him appear'd that blundering Sot
Who a late *Seſſion of the Poets* wrote.
Nature has mark'd him for a heavy Fool;
By's flat broad Face you'll know the Owl.
The other Birds have hooted him from Light;
Much buffeting has made him love the Night,
And only in the dark he ſtrays;
Still Wretch enough to live, with worſe Fools ſpends his Days,
And for old Shoes and Scraps repeats dull Plays.
Then next there follow'd, to make up the Throng,
Lord Lampoon and *Monſieur Song*,

Who sought her Love, and promis'd for't
To make her famous at the Court.
The *City Poet* too was there,
In a black Sattin Cap and his own Hair,
And begg'd that he might have the Honour
To beget a *Pageant* on her,
For the City's next *Lord Mayor*.
Her Favours she to none deny'd:
They took her all by Turns aside.
'Till at the last up in the Rear there came
The Poet's Scandal and the Muse's Shame,
A Beast of monstrous guise, and *LIBELL* was his Name.
But let me pause, for 'twill ask time to tell
How he was born, how bred, and where, and where he now does dwell.

IX.

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his Tale.
Down in an obscure Vale,
'Midst Fogs and Fens, whence Mists and Vapours rise,
Where never Sun was seen by Eyes,
Under a desart Wood,
Which no Man own'd, but all wild Beasts were bred,
And kept their horrid Dens, by Prey far forag'd fed,
An ill pil'd Cottage stood,
Built of Mens bones slaughter'd in civil War,
By Magic Art brought thither from afar,
There liv'd a widow'd *Witch*,
That us'd to mumble Curses Eve and Morn,
Like one whom Wants and Care had worn;
Meagre her Looks, and sunk her Eyes,
Yet Mischiefs study'd, Discords did devise.
She appear'd humble, but it was her Pride:
Slow in her Speech, in Semblance sanctify'd.
Still when she spoke she meant another way;
And when she curst, she seem'd to pray.
Her hellish Charms had all a holy Dress,
And bore the Name of *Godliness*.
All her Familiars seem'd the Sons of Peace.

Honeſt Habits they all wore,
In outward ſhow moſt Lamb-like and Divine:
But inward of all Vices they had ſtore,
Greedy as Wolves, and ſenſual too as Swine.
Like her, the ſacred Scriptures they had all by Heart,
Moſt eaſily could quote, and turn it to any part,
Backward repeat it all, as Witches Prayers do,
And for their turn, interpret backward too.
Idolatry with her was held impure,
Becauſe beſides herſelf no Idol ſhe'd endure.
Though not to paint, ſh'ad Arts to change the Face,
And alter it in heav'nly Faſhion.
Lewd *Whining* ſhe defin'd a *mark of Grace*,
And making *ugly Faces* was *Mortification*.
Her late dead Pander was of well-known Fame,
Old *Presbyter Rebellion* was his Name:
She a ſworn Foe to *KING*, his Peace, and Laws,
So will be ever, and was call'd (bleſs us!) *THE GOOD OLD CAUSE*.

X.

A Time there was, (a ſad one too)
When all things wore the Face of Woe;
When many Horrors rag'd in this our Land,
And a *deſtroying Angel* was ſent down,
To ſcourge the Pride of this Rebellious Town.
He came and o'er all *Britain* ſtretch'd his conqu'ring Hand:
'Till in th' untrodden Streets unwholeſome Graſs
Grew of great Stalk, its Colour groſs,
And melancholic pois'nous green;
Like thoſe coarſe ſickly Weeds on an old Dunghill ſeen,
Where ſome Murrain-murder'd Hog,
Poiſon'd Cat, or ſtrangled Dog,
In rottenneſs had long unburied laid,
And the cold Soil productive made.
Birds of ill Omen hover'd in the Air,
And by their Cries bad us for Graves prepare;

And as our Deſtiny they ſeem'd t' unfold,
Dropt dead of the ſame Fate they had foretold.
That dire Commiſſion ended, down there came
Another *Angel* with a *Sword of Flame:*
Deſolation ſoon he made.
And our new *Sodom* low in Aſhes laid.
Diſtractions and Diſtruſts then did amongſt us riſe,
When, in her pious old Diſguiſe,
This *Witch* with all her Miſchief-making Train
Began to ſhew herſelf again.
The Sons of old *Rebellion* ſtraight ſhe ſummon'd all;
Straight they were ready at her call:
Once more th' old Bait before their Eyes ſhe caſt,
That and her Love they long'd to taſte;
And to her Luſt ſhe drew them all at laſt.
So *Reuben* (we may read of heretofore)
Was led aſtray, and had Pollution with his Father's Whore.

XI.

The better to conceal her lewd Intent
In ſafety from obſerving Eyes,
Th' old Strumpet did herſelf diſguiſe
In comely Weeds, and to the City went,
Affected Truth, much Modeſty, and Grace,
And (like a worn-out Suburb-trull) paſt there for a new Face.
Thither all her Lover's flock'd,
And there for her Support ſhe found
A Wight, of whom Fame's Trumpet much does ſound,
With all Ingredients for his Bus'neſs ſtockt,
Not unlike him whoſe Story has a place
In th' Annals of Sir *Hudibras*.
Of all her Bus'neſs he took care,
And every Knave or Fool that to her did repair.
Had by him admittance there
By his Contrivance to her did reſort
All who had been diſguſted at the Court.

Thoſ

Thoſe whoſe Ambition had been croſt,
Or by ill Manners had Preferments loſt,
Were thoſe on whom ſhe practis'd moſt her Charms,
—ay neareſt to her Heart, and oft'neſt in her Arms.
—tereſt in every Faction, every Sect ſhe ſought:
And to her Lure, flatt'ring their Hopes, ſhe brought
All thoſe who uſe Religion for a Faſhion,
All ſuch as practiſe Forms, and take great Pains
To make their *Godlineſs* their *Gains*,
And thrive by the Diſtractions of a Nation,
She by her Art enſnar'd and fetter'd in her Chains.
Through her the Atheiſt hop'd to purchaſe *Toleration*,
The Rebel *Pow'r*, the beggar'd Spend-thrift *Lands*,
Out of the *King*'s or *Biſhop*'s Hands.
Nay, to her ſide at laſt ſhe drew in all the Rude,
Ungovernable, headlong Multitude:
Promis'd ſtrange *Liberties*, and ſure Redreſs
Of never-felt, unheard-of *Grievances*:
Pamper'd their Follies, and indulg'd their Hopes,
With *May-day* Routs, *November* Squibs, and burning *Paſt-board Popes*.

XII.

With her in common Luſt did mingle all the Crew,
'Till at the laſt ſhe pregnant grew,
And from her Womb, in little time, brought forth
This monſtrous, moſt deteſted *Birth*.
Of Children born with Teeth we've heard,
And ſome like Comets with a Beard,
Which ſeem'd to be fore-runners of dire Change:
But never hitherto was ſeen, [illegible]
Born from a *Wapping* Drab, or *Shoreditch* Quean,
A Form like this ſo hideous and ſo ſtrange.
To help whoſe Mother in her Pains, there came
Many a well known Dame.
The Bawd *Hypocriſy* was there,
And Madam *Impudence* the fair:

Dame

Dame *Scandal* with her squinting Eyes,
That loves to sit good Neighbours at debate,
And raise Commotions in a jealous State,
Was there, and *Malice* Queen of far-spread Lies,
With all their Train of *Perjury* and *Forgeries*.
But Midwife *Slander*, that busy Drab,
That's always talking, always loud;
Was she that first took up the Babe,
And of the Office most was proud.
Behold its Head of horrid Form appears;
To spight the Pillory it had no Ears.
When straight the Bawd cry'd out, 'twas surely kin
To the best Family of *Pryn*.
But *Scandal* offer'd to depose her Word,
Or Oath, the Father was a Lord.
The Nose was ugly, long and big.
Broad, and snowty like a Pig;
Which shew'd he would in Dunghills love to dig;
Love to cast stinking Satires up in ill-pil'd Rhimes,
And live by the Corruptions of unhappy Times.

XIII.

They promis'd all by turns to take him,
And a hopeful Youth to make him;
To Nurse he straight was sent
To a *Sister-Witch*, though of another sort;
One who profess'd no Good, nor any meant:
All Day she practis'd Charms, by Night she hardly slept;
Yet in the Outcasts of a Northern factious Town,
A little smoaky Mansion of her own,
Where her Familiars to her did resort,
A Cell she kept;
Hell she ador'd, and Satan was her God;
And many an ugly loathsome Toad
Crawl'd round her Walls, and croak'd.
Under her Roof, all dismal black and smoak'd,
Harbour'd Beetles, and unwholesome Bats,
Sprawling Nests of little Cats:

All which were Imps she cherish't with her Blood,
To make her Spells succeed and good,
Still at her rivell'd Breasts they hung, when e'er Mankind
And with these Foster-brethren was our *Monster* nurst.
In little time the Hell-bred Brat
Grew plump and fat,
Without his Leading-strings could walk,
And (as the Sorceress taught him) talk.
At seven Years old he went to School,
Where first he grew a Foe to Rule.
Never would he learn as taught,
But still new Ways affected, and new Methods sought;
Not that he wanted Parts
T'improve in Letters, and proceed to Arts;
But as negligent as sly,
Of all Perverseness brutishly was full,
(By Nature idle) lew'd to shift and lie,
And was obstinately dull.
'Till spight of Nature, through great Pains, the Sot,
(And th' Influence of th' ill Genius of our Land)
At last in part began to understand.
Some insight in the *Latin* Tongue he got;
Could smatter pretty well, and write too a plain Hand.
For which his Guardians all thought fit,
In Compliment to his most hopeful Wit,
He should be sent to learn the Laws,
And out of the *good old* to raise a damn'd *new Cause*.

XIV.

In which the better to improve his Mind,
As by Nature he was bent
To search in hidden Paths, and things long buried find,
A Wretch's Converse much he did frequent:
One who this World, as that did him, disown'd,
And in an unfrequented Corner, where
Nothing was pleasant, hardly healthful found,

He

He led his hated Life,
Needy, and even of Neceſſaries bare,
No Servant had he, Children, Friend, or Wife:
But of a little Remnant, got by Fraud,
(For all ill turns he lov'd, all good deteſted, and believ'd no God,
Thice in a Week he chang'd a hoarded Groat,
With which of Beggars Scraps he bought.
Then from a neighb'ring Fountain Water got.
Not to be clean, but ſlake his Thirſt.
He never bleſt himſelf, and all things elſe he curſt.
The Cell in which he (though but ſeldom) ſlept,
Lay like a Den, uncleans'd, unſwept:
And there thoſe Jewels which he lov'd he kept;
Old worn out Statues, and Records
Of *Commons Privileges* and the *Rights of Lords.*
But bound up by themſelves with care were laid
All the *Acts*, *Reſolves*, and *Orders* made
By the old *Long Rump Parliament*,
Thro' all the Changes of its Government:
From which with readineſs he could debate
Concerning Matters of the State,
All down form *Godly forty-one*, to *horrid forty-eight.*

XV.

His Friendſhip much our *Monſter* ſought
By Inſtinct, and by Inclination too:
So without much ado
They were together brought.
To him Obedience *Libell* ſwore, and by him was he taught:
He learnt of him all Goodneſs to deteſt;
To be aſham'd of no Diſgrace;
In all things, but Obedience to be a Beaſt;
To hide a Coward's Heart, and ſhow a hardy Face.
He taught him to call Government a Clog,
But to bear Beatings like a Dog:
T'ave no Religion, Honeſty or Senſe,
But to *profeſs* them all for a Pretence.

Fraught

Fraught with theſe Morals, he began
To compleat him more for Man;
Diſtinguiſh to him in an Hour
'Twixt *Legiſlative* and *Judicial* Power;
How to frame a *Commonwealth*,
And *Democracy* by ſtealth;
To paliate it at firſt, and cry
'Twas but a *well mixt Monarchy*.
And *Treaſon Salus Populi*;
Into Rebellion to divide the Nation,
By fair *Committees of Aſſociation*;
How by a lawful means to bring
In Arms againſt himſelf the *KING*,
With a diſtinguiſhing old Trick,
'Twixt Perſons *Natural*, and *Politick*;
How to make faithful *Servants Traitors*,
Thorough pac'd *Rebels Legiſlators*,
And at laſt *Troopers Adjutators*.
Thus well inform'd, and furniſht with enough
Of ſuch like wordy canting ſtuff
Our Blade ſet forth, and quickly grew
A Leader in a factious Crew.
Where-e'er he came, 'twas he firſt ſilence broke,
And ſwell'd with every Word he ſpoke:
By which becoming ſawcy Grace,
He gain'd Authority and Place:
By many for Preferments was thought fit,
For talking Treaſon without Fear or Wit:
For opening Failings in the State:
For loving noiſy and unſound Debate,
And wearing of a myſtical green Ribband in his Hat.

XVI.

Thus, like *Alcides* in his Lion's Skin,
He very dreadful grew.
But, like that *Hercules* when Love crept in,
And th' Hero to his Diſtaff drew,

His

His Foes that found him saw he was but Man:
So when my faithless Clia by her Snare
Had brought him to her Arms, and I surpriz'd him there,
At once to hate and scorn him I began;
To see how foolishly he'ad drest,
And for Diversion trickt the Beast:
He was Poetry all o'er,
On every side, behind, before:
About him nothing could I see,
But particolour'd Poetry.
Painter's Advices, Lutanies,
Ballads, and all the spurious Excess
Of Ills that Malice could devise,
Or ever swarm'd from a licentious Press,
Hung round about him like a Spell:
And in his own Hand too was writ,
That worthy Piece of modern Wit,
The Country's late Appeal.
But from such Ills when will our wretched State
Be freed? and who shall crush this Serpent's Head?
'Tis said we may in ancient Legends read
Of a huge Dragon sent by Fate
To lay a sinful Kingdom waste:
So through it all he rang'd, devouring as he past,
And each Day with a Virgin broke his Fast:
'Till wretched Matrons curst their Wombs,
So hardly was their Loss endur'd:
The Lovers all despair'd, and sought their Tombs
In the same Monster's Jaws, and of their Pains were cur'd.
'Till, like our *Monster* too, and with the same
Curst ends, to the Metropolis he came.
His Cruelties renew'd again,
And every Day a Maid was slain.
The Curse through every Family had past,
When to the Sacrifice at last

Th

Th' unhappy Monarch's only Child must bow:
A *Royal Daughter* needs must suffer then, a *ROYAL BROTHER* now.

XVII.

On him this Dragon *Libel* needs will prey;
On him has caſt
His ſordid Venom, and prophan'd
With ſpurious Verſe his ſpotleſs Fame,
Which ſhall for ever ſtand
Unblemiſht, and to Ages laſt,
When all his Foes lie buried in their Shame.
Elſe tell me why (ſome Prophet that is wiſe)
Heav'n took ſuch Care
To make him every thing that's rare,
Dear to the Heart, deſirous to the Eyes.
Why do all good Men bleſs him as he goes?
Why at his Preſence ſhrink his Foes?
Why do the Brave all ſtrive his Honour to defend?
Why through the World is he diſtinguiſh'd moſt
By Titles, which but few can boaſt,
A moſt *Juſt Maſter*, and a *Faithful Friend*?
One who never yet did wrong
To high or low, to old or young?
Of him what Orphan can complain?
Of him what Widow make her Moan?
But ſuch as wiſh him here again,
And miſs his Goodneſs now he's gone.
If this be (as I am ſure 'tis, true,
Then pr'ythee, Prophet, tell me too,
Why lives he in the World's Eſteem,
Not one Man's Foe? and why then are not all Men
Friends with him?

XVIII.

Whene'er his Life was ſet at ſtake
For his ungrateful Country's ſake,
What Dangers or what Labours did he ever ſhun?
Or what Wonders has not done?

Watch.

Watchful all Night, and buſy all the Day,
(Spreading his Fleet in ſight of *Holland*'s Shore)
Triumphantly ye ſaw his Flags and Streamers play.
Then did the *Engliſh* Lion roar,
Whilſt the *Belgian* couchant lay.
Big with the Thoughts of Conqueſt and Renown,
Of *Britain*'s Honour, and his own,
To them he like a threat'ning Comet ſhin'd,
Rough as the Sea, and furious as the Wind:
But conſtant as the Stars that never move;
Or as Women would have Love.
The trembling Genius of their State
Lookt out, and ſtraight ſhrunk back his Head,
To ſee our daring Banners ſpread.
Whilſt in their Harbours they
Like batten'd Monſters weltring lay:
The Winds, when ours th'ad kiſs'd, ſcorn'd with their Flags to play.
But drooping like their Captain's Hearts,
Each Pendent, every Streamer hung.
The Seamen ſeem'd t'have loſt their Arts.
Their Ships at Anchors now, of which w'had heard them boaſt,
With ill-furl'd Sails, and Rattlings looſe, by ever Billow toſt,
Lay like neglected Harps, untun'd, unſtrung;
'Till at the laſt, provok'd with Shame,
Forth from their Dens the baited Foxes came:
Foxes in Councils and in Fight too grave;
Seldom true, and now not brave.
They bluſter'd out the Day with ſhew of Fight,
And ran away in the good-natur'd Night.

XIX.

A bloody Battle next was fought,
And then in Triumph home a welcome Fleet he brought,
With Spoils of Victory, and glory fraught.
To him then every Heart was open, down
From the great Man to the Clown;

In

In him rejoic'd, to him enclin'd:
And as his Health round the glad Board did paſs,
Each honeſt Fellow cry'd, Fill full my Glaſs,
And ſhew'd the fullneſs of his Mind.
No diſcontented Vermin of ill Times
Durſt then affront him but in ſhow,
Nor *Libel* daſh him with his dirty Rhimes:
Nor may he live in Peace that does it now.
And whoſe Heart would not wiſh ſo too
That had but ſeen
When his tumultuous miſ-led Foes
Againſt him roſe,
With what Heroic Grace
He choſe the weight of Wrong to undergo?
No Tempeſt on his Brow, unalter'd in his Face,
True witneſs of the Innocence within,
But when the Meſſengers did Mandates bring
For his Retreat to foreign Land,
Since ſent from the relenting Hand
Of the moſt *loving BROTHER, kindeſt KING*;
If in his Heart Regret did riſe
It never ſcapt his Tongue or Eyes?
With ſteady Virtue was allay'd,
And *like a mighty Conqu'ror, he obey'd.*

XX.

It was a dark and gloomy Day,
Sad as the Buſineſs, ſullen too,
As proud Men, when in vain they woo,
Or Soldiers cheated of their Pay.
The Court, where Pleaſures us'd to flow,
Became the Scene of Mourning and of Woe.
Deſolate was every Room,
Where Men for News and Bus'neſs uſe to come.
With folded Arms and down-caſt Eyes Men walk'd,
In Corners and with Caution talk'd.
All things prepar'd, the Hour grew near
When he muſt part: his laſt ſhort Time was ſpent

In leaving Blessings on his Children dear.
To them with eager haste and love he went:
The Eldest first embrac'd,
As new-born Day in Beauty bright,
But sad in Mind as deepest Night.
What tend'rest Hearts could say, betwixt them past;
'Till Grief to close upon them crept:
So sighing he withdrew, she turn'd away and wept.
Much of the Father in his Breast did rise,
When on the next he fix'd his Eyes,
A tender Infant in the Nurse's Arms,
Full of kind Play, and pretty Charms.
And as to give the farewel Kiss he near it drew,
About his manly Neck two little Arms it threw:
Smil'd in his Eyes, as if it begg'd his stay,
And look'd kind things it could not say.

XXI.

But the great Pomp of Grief was yet to come:
Th' appointed time was almost past,
Th' impatient Tides knock'd at the Shore, and bid him haste
To seek a Foreign Home.
The Summons he resolv'd t' obey;
Disdaining of his Suffering to complain,
Though every Step seem'd rack with Pain;
So forth he came, attended on his way
By a sad lamenting Throng,
That blest him and about him hung.
A Weight his generous Heart could hardly bear;
But for the Comfort that was near,
His beauteous MATE, the Fountain of his Joys,
That fed his Soul with Love;
The Cordial that all mortal Pains removes,
To which all worldly Blessings Straw are Toys.
I saw them ready for Departure stand,
Just when approach'd the *Monarch* of our Land,
And took the charming *Mourner* by the Hand.

T' ex-

T' expreſs all nobleſt Offices he ſtrove,
Of *Royal Goodneſs*, and a *Brother's Love*.
Then down to the Shore ſide,
Where, to convey them, did two Royal Barges ride,
With ſolemn Peace they paſt:
And there ſo tenderly embrac'd,
All griev'd by Sympathy to ſee them part,
And their kinds Pains touch'd each By-ſtander's Heart.
Then Hand in Hand the pity'd Pair
Turn'd round, to face their Fate:
She ev'n amidſt Afflictions *Fair*;
He, though oppreſt, ſtill *Great*.
Into th' expecting Boat with haſte they went; [ſent,
Where, as the troubled *Fair One* to the Shore ſome Wiſhes
For that dear Pledge ſhe had left behind,
And as her Paſſion grew too mighty for her Mind,
She of ſome Tears her Eyes beguil'd;
Which, as upon her Cheek they lay,
The happy *Hero* kiſs'd away;
And as ſhe wept, bluſht with Diſdain, and ſmil'd.
Straight forth they launch into the high-ſwoln *Thames*:
The well-ſtruck Oars lave up the yielding Streams.
All fixt their longing Eyes, and wiſhing ſtood,
'Till they were got into the wider Flood;
'Till leſſen'd out of ſight, and ſeen no more,
Then ſigh'd, and turn'd into the hated Shore.

PHÆDRA *to* HIPPOLYTUS.

Tranſlated out of OVID.

The ARGUMENT.

Theſeus, *the Son of* Ægeus, *having ſlain the* Minotaur, *promiſed to* Ariadne *the Daughter of* Minos *and* Paſiphae, *for the Aſſiſtance which ſhe gave him, to carry her home with him, and make her his Wife: So together with her Siſter* Phædra *they went on Board and ſail'd to* Chios, *where being warn'd by* Bacchus, *he left* Ariadne, *and married her Siſter* Phædra; *who afterwards, in* Theſeus *her Husband's Abſence, fell in Love with* Hippolytus *her Son-in-Law, who had vow'd* Cœlibacy, *and was a Hunter: Wherefore ſince ſhe could not conveniently otherwiſe, ſhe choſe by this Epiſtle to give him an Account of her Paſſion.*

IF thou'rt unkind, I ne'er ſhall Health enjoy,
Yet much I wiſh to thee, my lovely Boy:
Read this, and reading how my Soul is ſeiz'd,
Rather than not, be with my Ruin pleas'd:
Thus Secrets ſafe to fartheſt Shores may move,
By Letters Foes converſe, and learn to love.
Thrice my ſad Tale, as I to tell it try'd,
Upon my fault'ring Tongue abortive dy'd:
Long Shame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd quite,
But what I bluſh'd to ſpeak, Love made me write.
'Tis dang'rous to reſiſt the Power of Love,
The Gods obey him, and he's King above:
He clear'd the Doubts that did my Mind confound,
And promis'd me to bring thee hither bound:
Oh may he come, and in that Breaſt of thine
Fix a kind Dart, and make it flame like mine!

Yet

Yet of my Wedlock Vows I'll loſe no Care,
Search back thro' all my Fame, thou'lt find it fair.
But Love long breeding, to worſt Pain does turn;
Outward unharm'd, within, within I burn!
As the young Bull or Courſer yet untam'd,
When yok'd or bridl'd firſt, are pinch'd and maim'd,
So my unpractis'd Heart in Love can find
No Reſt, th' unwonted Weight ſo toils my Mind.
When young Love's Pangs by Arts we may remove,
But in our riper Years with Rage we love.
To thee I yield then all my dear Renown,
And pr'ythee let's together be undone,
Who would not pluck the new-blown bluſhing Roſe,
Or the ripe Fruit that courts him as it grows?
But if my Virtue hitherto has gain'd
Eſteem for ſpotleſs, ſhall it now be ſtain'd?
Oh in thy Love I ſhall no Hazard run;
'Tis not a Sin, but when 'tis coarſly done.
And now ſhould *Juno* leave her *Jove* to me,
I'd quit that *Jove*, *Hippolitus*, for thee:
Believe me too with ſtrange Deſires I change,
Amongſt wild Beaſts I long with thee to range.
To thy Delights and *Delia* I incline,
Make her my Goddeſs too, becauſe ſhe's thine:
I long to know the Woods, to drive the Deer,
And o'er the Mountains Tops my Hounds to chear,
Shaking my Dart; then, the Chaſe ended, lye
Stretch'd on the Graſs: And wouldſt not thou be by?
Oft in light Chariots I with Pleaſure ride,
And love myſelf the furious Steeds to guide.
Now like a *Bacchanal* more wild I ſtray,
Or old *Cybele*'s Prieſts, as mad as they
When under *Ida*'s Hill they Off'rings pay:
Ev'n mad as thoſe the Deities of Night
And Water, *Fauns* and *Dryads* do affright.

But

But ſtill each little Interval I gain,
Eaſily find 'tis Love breeds all my Pain.
Sure on our Race Love [illegible]te a Fate does fall,
And *Venus* will have [illegible]te of us all.
Jove lov'd *Europa*, whence my Father came,
And to a Bull transform'd, enjoy'd the Dame:
She, like my Mother, languiſht to obtain,
And fill'd her Womb with Shame as well as Pain:
The faithleſs *Theſeus* by my Siſter's Aid
The Monſter ſlew, and a ſafe Conqueſt made:
Now in that Family my Right to ſave,
I am at laſt on the ſame Terms a Slave:
'Twas fatal to my Siſter, and to me.
She lov'd thy Father, but my Choice was thee.
Let Monuments of Triumph then be ſhown
For two unhappy Nymphs by you undone.
When firſt our Vows were to *Eleuſis* paid,
Would I had in a *Cretan* Grave been laid:
'Twas there thou didſt a perfect Conqueſt gain,
Whilſt Love's fierce Fever rag'd in ev'ry Vein:
White was thy Robe, a Garland deck'd thy Head;
A modeſt Bluſh thy comely Face o'erſpread.
That Face which may be terrible in Arms,
But graceful ſeem'd to me, and full of Charms:
I love the Man whoſe Faſhion's laſt his Care,
And hate my Sexes Coxcombs fine and fair;
For whilſt thus plain thy careleſs Locks let fly,
Th' unpoliſht Form is Beauty in my Eye.
If thou but ride, or ſhake the trembling Dart,
I fix my Eyes and wonder at thy Art:
To ſee thee poiſe the Jav'lin, moves Delight,
And all thou doſt is lovely in my Sight:
But to the Woods thy Cruelty reſign,
Nor treat it with ſo poor a Life as mine:
Muſt cold *Diana* be ador'd alone;
Muſt ſhe have all thy Vows and *Venus* none?

That

That Pleasure palls, if 'tis enjoy'd too long;
Love makes the weary firm, the feeble strong.
For *Cynthia*'s sake unbend and ease thy Bow;
Else to thy Arm 'twill weak and useless grow.
Famous was *Cephalus* in Wood and Plain,
And by him many a *Boar* and *Pard* was slain,
Yet to *Aurora*'s Love he did incline,
Who wisely left old Age for Youth like thine.
Under the spreading Shades her am'rous Boy,
The fair *Adonis*, *Venus* could enjoy;
Atlanta's Love too *Meleager* sought,
And to her Tribute paid of all he caught:
Be thou and I the next blest *Sylvan* Pair;
Where Love's a Stranger, Woods but Deserts are.
With thee, thro' dang'rous Ways unknown before,
I'll rove, and fearless face the dreadful Boar.
Between two Seas a little *Isthmus* lies,
Where on each Side the beating Billows rise,
There in *Trazena* I thy Love will meet,
More blest and pleas'd than in my native *Creet*.
As we could wish, old *Theseus* is away
At *Thessaly*, where always let him stay
With his *Perithous*, whom well I see
Prefer'd above *Hippolytus* or me.
Nor has he only thus exprest his Hate;
We both have suffer'd Wrongs of mighty Weight;
My Brother first he cruelly did slay,
Then from my Sister falsly ran away;
A left expos'd to ev'ry Beast a Prey:
A warlike Queen to thee thy Being gave,
A Mother worthy of a Son so brave,
From cruel *Theseus* yet her Death did find,
Nor though she gave him thee, could make him kind,
Unwedded too he murder'd her in spight,
To bastardize, and rob thee of thy Right:

And if, to wrong thee more, two Sons I've brought,
Believe it his and none of *Phædra*'s fault:
Rather, thou fairest Thing the Earth contains,
I wish at first I'd dy'd of Mothers Pains:
How canst thou rev'rence then thy Father's Bed,
From which himself so abjectly is fled?
The Thought affrights not me, but me inflames;
Mother and Son are Notions, very Names
Of worn-out Piety, in fashion then
When old dull *Saturn* rul'd the Race of Men:
But braver *Jove* taught Pleasure was no Sin,
And with his Sister did himself begin.
Nearness of Blood, and Kindred best we prove,
When we express it in the closest Love.
Nor need we fear our Fault should be reveal'd;
'Twill under near Relation be conceal'd,
And all who hear our Loves, with Praise shall crown
A Mother's Kindness to a grateful Son.
No Need at Midnight in the dark to stray,
T' unlock the Gates, and cry, my Love, this Way,
No busy Spies our Pleasures to betray.
But in one House, as heretofore, we'll live,
In public Kisses take; in public, give:
Though in my Bed thou'rt seen, 'twill gain Applause
From all, whilst none have Sense to guess the Cause:
Only make haste, and let this League be sign'd;
So may my Tyrant Love to thee be kind.
For this I am an humble Suppliant grown;
Now where are all my Boasts of Greatness gone?
I swore I ne'er would yield, resolv'd to fight,
Deceiv'd by Love, that's seldom in the Right:
Now on my own I crawl, to clasp thy Knees;
What's decent no true Lover cares or sees:
Shame, like a beaten Soldier, leaves the Place,
But Beauties Blushes still are in my Face.

For

Forgive this fond Confeſſion which I make,
And then ſome Pity on my Suff'rings take.
What though 'midſt Seas my Father's Empire lies?
Though my great Grandſire thunder from the Skies?
What though my Father's Sire in Beams dreſt gay
Drives round the burning Chariot of the Day?
Their Honour all in me to Love's a Slave,
Then though thou wilt not me, their Honour ſave:
Jove's famous Iſland, *Creet*, in Dow'r I'll bring,
And there ſhall my *Hippolytus* be King:
For *Venus* ſake then hear and grant my Prayer,
So may'ſt thou never love a ſcornful Fair;
In Fields ſo may *Diana* grace thee ſtill,
And ev'ry Wood afford thee Game to kill;
So may the Mountain Gods and *Satyrs* all
Be kind, ſo may the Boar before thee fall,
So may the Water-Nymphs in Heat of Day,
Though thou their Sex deſpiſe, thy Thirſt allay.
Millions of Tears to theſe my Pray'rs I join,
Which as thou read'ſt with thoſe dear Eyes of thine
Think that thou ſee'ſt the Streams that flow from mine.

To Mr. CREECH *upon his Tranſlation of* LUCRETIUS.

SIR,

WHEN your Book the firſt time came abroad,
I muſt confeſs I ſtood amaz'd and aw'd;
For, as to ſome Good-nature I pretend,
I fear'd to read leſt I ſhould not commend:
Lucretius Engliſh'd! 'twas a Work might ſhake
The *Pow'r of Engliſh* Verſe to undertake.

This all Men thought, but you are born, we find,
T' out-do the Expectations of Mankind;
Since you've ſo well the noble Task perform'd,
Envy's appeas'd, and Prejudice diſarm'd:
For when the rich Original we peruſe,
And by it try the Metal you produce;
Tho' there indeed the pureſt Ore we find,
Yet ſtill in you it ſomething ſeems refin'd:
Thus when the great *Lucretius* gives a looſe,
And laſhes to her Speed his fiery Muſe;
Still with him you maintain an equal Pace,
And bear full Stretch upon him all the Race;
But when in rugged Way we find him rein
His Verſe, and not ſo ſmooth a Stroke maintain;
There the Advantage he receives is found,
By you taught Temper, and to chuſe his Ground.
Next, his Philoſophy you've ſo expreſt
In genuine Terms ſo plain, yet neatly dreſt,
Thoſe Murd'rers that now mangle it all Day
In Schools, may learn from you the eaſy Way
To let us know what they would mean and ſay:
If *Ariſtotle's* Friends will ſhew the Grace
To wave for once their Statute in that Caſe.
Go on then, Sir, and ſince you could aſpire,
And reach this Height, aim yet at Laurels higher:
Secure great injur'd *Mars* from the Wrong
He unredeem'd has labour'd with ſo long
In *Holbourn Rhyme*, and leſt the Book ſhould fail,
Expos'd with Pictures to promote the Sale;
So Tapſters ſet out *Signs*, for muddy Ale.
You're only able to retrieve his Doom,
And make him here as fam'd as once at *Rome*:
For ſure when *Julius* firſt this Iſle ſubdu'd.
Your Anceſtors then mixt with *Roman* Blood;
Some near ally'd to that whence *Ovid* came,
Virgil and *Horace*, thoſe three Sons of Fame;

ince to their Memory it is ſo true,
nd ſhews their Poetry ſo much in You.
o on in Pity to this wretched Iſle,
Vhich ignorant Poetaſters do defile
Vith louſy Madrigals for Lyrick Verſe;
nſtead of Comedy with naſty Farce.
Vould *Plautus*, *Terence* e'er have been ſo lewd
'have dreſt Jack-pudding up to catch the Crowd?
r *Sophocles* five tedious Acts have made,
o ſhew a whining Fool in Love betray'd
y ſome falſe Friend or ſlippery Chambermaid,
hen e'er he hangs himſelf bemoans his Fall
n a dull Speech, and that fine Language call?
No, ſince we live in ſuch a fulſome Age,
When Nonſenſe loads the Preſs, and choaks the Stage;
When Blockheads will claim Wit in Nature's Spight,
And every Dunce, that ſtarves, preſumes to write,
Exert yourſelf, defend the Muſes Cauſe,
Proclaim their Right, and to maintain their Laws
Make the dead Ancients ſpeak the *Britiſh* Tongue;
That ſo each chattering Daw who aims at Song,
In his own Mother Tongue may humbly read
What Engines yet are wanting in his Head
To make him equal to the mighty Dead,
For of all Nature's Works we moſt ſhould ſcorn
The Thing who thinks himſelf a Poet born,
Unbred, untaught he Rhymes, yet hardly ſpells,
And ſenſleſsly, as ſquirrels jingle Bells.
Such things, Sir, here abound; may therefore you
Be ever to your Friends, the Muſes, true:
May our Defects be by your Powers ſupply'd,
'Till as our Envy now, you grow our Pride.
'Till by your Pen reſtor'd, in Triumph born
The Majeſty of Poetry return.

Spoken upon his Royal Highneſs the DUK *of* YORK'S *coming to the Theatre, Frida April* 21, 1682.

WHEN too much Plenty, Luxury, and Eaſe,
Had ſurfeited this Iſle to a Diſeaſe;
When noiſome Blains did its beſt Parts o'erſpread,
And on the reſt their dire Infection ſhed;
Our *Great Phyſician*, who the Nature knew
Of the Diſtemper, and from whence it grew,
Fix'd for three Kingdoms Quiet (Sir) on You:
He caſt his ſearching Eyes o'er all the Frame,
And finding whence before one Sickneſs came,
How once before our *Miſchiefs* foſter'd were,
Knew well *your Virtue*, and apply'd you there:
Where ſo your Goodneſs, ſo your Juſtice ſway'd,
You but appear'd, and the *wild Plague* was ſtay'd.
When, from the filthy Dunghil-faction bred,
New form'd Rebellion durſt rear up its Head,
Anſwer me all: Who ſtruck the Monſter dead?
See, ſee, the injur'd Prince, and bleſs his Name,
Think on the *Martyr* from whoſe Loins he came:
Think on the Blood was ſhed for you before,
And curſe the *Parricides* that thirſt for more.
His Foes are yours, then of their *Wiles* beware:
Lay, lay him in your Hearts, and guard him there,
Where let his Wrongs your Zeal for him improve;
He wears a Sword will juſtify your Love.
With Blood ſtill ready for your good t'expend,
And has a Heart that *ne'er forgot* his Friend.
His *Dutiful Loyalty* before you lay,
And learn of him, *unmurm'ring* to obey.
Think what he'as born, your Quiet to reſtore;
Repent your Madneſs, and *rebell* no more.

No more let *Bouſ'ſen*'s hope to lead *Petitions*,
Scriveners to be Treaſ'rers; *Pedlars*, Politicians;
Nor ev'ry *Foot*, whoſe Wife has *tript* at Court,
Pluck up a Spirit, and turn *Rebel* for't.
In Lands where Cuckolds multiply like ours,
What Prince can be too Jealous of their Powers,
Or can too often think himſelf alarm'd?
They're Male-contents that ev'ry where go arm'd;
And when the *horned Herd*'s together got,
Nothing portends a Common-wealth like *that*.
Caſt, caſt your Idols off, your Gods of Wood,
Ere yet *Philiſtines* fatten with your Blood:
Renounce your Prieſts of *Baal* with *Amen faces*,
Your *Wapping* Feaſts and your *Mile-End* High-places.
Nail all your *Medals* on the Gallows Poſt,
In recompence th' *Original* was loſt:
At theſe, illuſtrious Repentance pay,
In his kind Hands your humble Off'rings lay:
Let royal Pardon be by him implor'd,
Th' *Attoning* Brother of your *Anger'd* Lord:
He only brings a *Medicine* fit to aſſuage
A Peoples *Folly*, and rowz'd Mornarch's *Rage*.
An *Infant Prince* yet lab'ring in the Womb,
Fated with wond'rous Happineſs to come,
He goes to fetch the mighty Bleſſings home:
Send all your *Wiſhes* with him, let the Air
With gentle Breezes waft it ſafely there,
The Seas, like *what* they'll carry, *calm* and *fair*:
Let the *Illuſtrious Mother* touch our Land
Mildly, as hereafter may her Son command:
While our glad Monarch welcomes her to ſhoar,
With kind Aſſurance, ſhe ſhall part *no more*.
Be the *Majeſtick Babe* then ſmiling Born,
And all good Signs of Fate his Birth adorn,
So live and grow, a conſtant Pledge to ſtand
Of *Cæſar*'s *Love* to an *obedient* Land.

Spoken to Her ROYAL HIGHNESS *Her Return from* SCOTLAND.

In the Year 1682.

ALL you, who this Day's Jubilee attend,
And every loyal Muſe's loyal Friend;
That come to treat your longing Wiſhes here,
Turn your deſiring Eyes, and feaſt 'em there.
Thus falling on your Knees with me implore,
May this poor Land ne'er loſe that Preſence more.
But if there any in this Circle be,
That come ſo curſt to envy what they ſee:
From the vain Fool that would be great too ſoon,
To the dull Knave that writ the laſt Lampoon!
Let ſuch as Victims to that Beauty's Fame,
Hang their vile blaſted Heads, and die with Shame.
Our mighty Bleſſing is at laſt return'd,
The Joy arriv'd for which ſo long we mourn'd:
From whom our preſent Peace we expect increas'd,
And all our future Generations bleſt:
Time, have a Care: Bring ſafe the Hour of Joy,
When ſome bleſt Tongue proclaims a royal Boy:
And when 'tis born, let Nature's Hand be ſtrong;
Bleſs him with Days of Strength, and make 'em long;
'Till charg'd with Honours we behold him ſtand,
Three Kingdoms Banners waiting his Command,
His Father's conquering Sword within his Hand:
Then th' *Engliſh* Lions in the Air advance,
And with them roaring Muſic to the Dance,
Carry a *Quo Warranto* into *France*.

The

The SIXTEENTH ODE *of the Second Book of* HORACE.

IN Storms when Clouds the Moon do hide,
And no kind Stars the Pilot guide,
Shew me at Sea the boldeſt there,
Who does not wiſh for Quiet here.
For Quiet (Friend) the Soldier fights,
Bears weary Marches, ſleepleſs Nights,
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold;
Which can't be bought with Hills of Gold.
Since Wealth and Power too weak we find,
To quell the Tumults of the Mind;
Or from the Monarchs Roofs of State
Drive thence the Cares that round him wait.
Happy the Man with little bleſt,
Of what his Father left poſſeſt;
No baſe Deſires corrupt his Head,
No Fears diſturb him in his Bed.
What then in Life, which ſoon muſt end,
Can all our vain Deſigns intend?
From Shoar to Shoar why ſhould we run,
When none his tireſome ſelf can ſhun?
For baneful Care will ſtill prevail,
And overtake us under Sail,
'Twill dodge the Great Man's Train behind,
Out-run the Roe, out-fly the Wind.
If then thy Soul rejoice to-day,
Drive far to-morrow's Cares away.
In laughter let them all be drown'd:
No perfect good is to be found.
One Mortal feels Fate's ſudden Blow,
Another's lingring Death comes ſlow;

And what of Life they take from thee,
The Gods may give to punish me.
Thy Portion is a wealthy Stock,
A fertile Glebe, a fruitful Flock,
Horſes and Chariots for thy Eaſe,
Rich Robes to deck and make thee pleaſe.
For me a little Cell I chuſe,
Fit for my Mind, fit for my Muſe,
Which ſoft Content does beſt adorn,
Shunning the Knaves and Fools I ſcorn.

The COMPLAINT

A SONG to a *Scotch* Tune.

I Love, I dote, I rave with Pain,
No Quiet's in my Mind,
Tho' ne'er could be a happier Swain,
Were *Sylvia* leſs unkind.
For when, as long her Chains I've worn,
I ask Relief from Smart,
She only gives me looks of Scorn;
Alas, 'twill break my Heart!

My Rivals, rich in worldly Store,
May offer Heaps of Gold,
But ſurely I a Heav'n adore,
Too precious to be ſold;
Can *Sylvia* ſuch a Coxcomb prize,
For Wealth and not Deſert,
And my poor Sighs and Tears deſpiſe?
Alas, 'twill break my Heart!

When like ſome panting, hov'ring Dove,
I for my Bliſs contend,
And plead the Cauſe of eager Love,
She coldly calls me Friend.
Ah, *Sylvia!* thus in vain you ſtrive
To act a Healer's Part,
'Twill keep but lingring Pain alive,
Alas! and break my Heart.

When on my lonely, penſive Bed
I lay me down to reſt,
In hope to calm my raging Head,
And cool my burning Breaſt,
Her Cruelty all Eaſe denies;
With ſome ſad Dream I ſtart,
All drown'd in Tears I find my Eyes,
And breaking feel my Heart.

Then riſing, through the Path I rove
That leads me where ſhe dwells,
Where to the ſenſeleſs Waves my Love
Its mournful Story tells;
With Sighs I dew and kiſs the Door,
'Till Morning bids depart;
Then vent ten thouſand Sighs and more:
Alas, 'twill break my Heart!

But, *Sylvia*, when this Conqueſt's won,
And I am dead and cold.
Renounce the cruel Deed you've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told;
For ev'ry lovely gen'rous Maid
Will take my injur'd Part,
And curſe thee, *Sylvia*, I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor Heart.

PRO-

Hence flow our Sorrows, hence increaſe our Fears,
Each humble Plant does drop her Silver Tears.
Ye tender Lambs ſtray not ſo faſt away,
To weep and mourn let us together ſtay:
O'er all the Univerſe let it be ſpread,
That now the Shepherd of the Flock is dead.
The Royal *Pan*, that Shepherd of the Sheep,
He, who to leave his Flock did dying weep, [Sleep.
Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from Death's Eternal

Begin, *Damela*, let thy Numbers fly
Aloft, where the ſafe milky Way does lie;
Mopſus, who *Daphnis* to the Stars did ſing,
Shall join with you, and thither waft our King.
Play gently on your Reeds a mournful Strain.
And tell in Notes thro' all th' *Arcadian* Plain,
The Royal *Pan*, the Shepherd of the Sheep,
He, who to leave his Flock did dying weep, [Sleep.
Is gone, ah, gone! ne'er to return from Death's eternal

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

To MADAM------

My Tyrant!

I Endure too much Torment to be ſilent, and have endur'd it too long not to make the ſevereſt Complaint. I love you, I dote on you; *Deſire* makes me mad, when I am near you; and *Deſpair*, when I am from you. Sure, of all *Miſeries*, *Love* is to me the moſt intolerable: It haunts me in my *Sleep*, perplexes me when waking; every melancholy Thought makes my *Fears* more powerful; and every delightful one makes my *Wiſhes* more unruly. In all other uneaſy *Chances* of a Man's Life, there is an immediate *Recourſe* to ſome kind of *Succour* or another: In *Wants* we apply ourſelves to our *Friends*; in *Sickneſs* to *Phyſicians*: But *Love*, the Sum, the Total of all *Misfortunes*, muſt be endur'd with *Silence*; no *Friend* ſo dear to truſt with ſuch a *Secret*, nor *Remedy* in *Art* ſo powerful to remove its *Anguiſh*. Since the firſt Day I ſaw you, I have hardly enjoy'd one *Hour* of perfect *Quiet*; I lov'd you early; and no ſooner had I beheld that ſoft betwitching *Face* of yours, but I felt in my *Heart* the very Foundation of all my *Peace* give Way: But when you became another's, I muſt confeſs that I did then rebel, had fooliſh *Pride* enough to promiſe myſelf I would in time recover my *Liberty*: In ſpight of my enſlav'd *Nature*, I ſwore againſt myſelf, I would not love you: I affected a Reſentment, ſtifled my *Spirit*, and would not let it bend, ſo much as once to upbraid you, each Day it

was my Chance to ſee or to be near you: With ſtubborn *Sufferance*, I reſolv'd to bear, and brave your *Power*: Nay, did it often too, ſucceſsfully. Generally, with *Wine*, or *Converſation* I diverted, or appeas'd the *Demon* that poſſeſs'd me; but when at Night, returning to my unhappy ſelf, to give my *Heart* an Account why I had done it ſo unnatural a *Violence*, it was then I always paid a treble *Intereſt* for the ſhort Moments of *Eaſe*, which I had borrow'd; then every treacherous Thought roſe up, and took your part, nor left me 'till they had thrown me on my Bed, and open'd thoſe *Sluices* of Tears, that were to run till *Morning*. This has been for ſome Years my beſt *Condition*: Nay, *Time* itſelf, that decays all things elſe, has but increas'd and added to my Longings. I tell it you, and charge you to believe it, as you are generous, (which ſure you muſt be, for every thing, except your Neglect of me, perſuades me that you are ſo) even at this time, tho' other Arms have held you, and ſo long treſpaſs'd on thoſe dear Joys that only were my Due; I love you with that Tenderneſs of Spirit, that Purity of Truth, and that Sincerity of Heart, that I could ſacrifice the neareſt *Friends*, or *Intereſts* I have on *Earth*, barely but to pleaſe you: If I had all the *World*, it ſhould be yours; for with it I could be but miſerable, if you were not mine. I appeal to yourſelf for *Juſtice*, if through the whole Actions of my Life, I have done any one thing that might not let you ſee how abſolute your *Arthority* was over me. Your *Commands* have been always ſacred to me; your *Smiles* have always tranſported me, and your *Frowns* aw'd me. In ſhort, you will quickly become to me the greateſt *Bleſſing*, or the greateſt *Curſe*, that ever Man was doom'd to. I cannot ſo much as look on you without *Confuſion*; *Wiſhes* and *Fears* riſe up in War within me, and work a curſed *Diſtraction* thro' my Soul, that muſt, I am ſure, in time have wretched *Conſequences*: You only can, with that *headling Cordial*, *Love*, aſſuage and calm my *Torments*;

ments; pity the Man then that would be proud to die for you and cannot live without you, and allow him thus far to boaſt too, that (take out *Fortune* from the Balance) you never were belov'd or courted by a Creature that had a nobler or juſter Pretence to your *Heart*, than the Unfortunate, (and even at this time) Weeping

OTWAY.

To MADAM——

IN Value of your *Quiet*, though it would be the utter *Ruin* of my own, I have endeavour'd this Day to perſuade myſelf never more to trouble you with a Paſſion that has tormented me ſufficiently already, and is ſo much the more a Torment to me, in that I perceive it is become one to you, who are much dearer to me than my ſelf. I have laid all the Reaſons my diſtracted Condition would let me have recourſe to, before me; I have conſulted my *Pride*, whether after a *Rival*'s Poſſeſſion, I ought to ruin all my *Peace* for a *Woman* that another has been more bleſt in, tho' no Man ever lov'd as I did: But *Love*, victorious *Love!* o'erthrows all that, and tells me, it is his Nature never to remember; he ſtill looks forward from the preſent Hour, expecting ſtill new *Dawns*, new riſing *Happineſs*; never looks back, never regards what is paſt, and left behind him, but buries and forgets it quite in the hot fierce purſuit of *Joy* before him: I have conſulted too my very ſelf, and find how careleſs *Nature* was in framing me; ſeaſon'd me haſtily with all the moſt violent Inclinations and Deſires, but omitted the *Ornaments* that ſhould make thoſe *Qualities* become me. I have conſulted too my Lot of *Fortune*, and find how

fooliſhly

foolishly I wish Possession of what is so precious, all the World's too cheap for it; yet still I love, still I doat on, and cheat myself, very content, because the Folly pleases me. It is pleasure to think how fair you are, tho' at the same time worse than Damnation, to think how cruel: Why should you tell me you have shut your Heart up for ever? It is an Argument unworthy of yourself, sounds like *Reserve*, and not so much *Sincerity*, as sure I may claim even from a little of your Friendship. Can your Age, your Face, your Eyes, and your Spirit bid Defiance to that sweet Power? No, you know better to what end *Heaven* made you, know better how to manage Youth and Pleasure than to let them die and pall upon your Hands. 'Tis me, 'tis only me you have barr'd your Heart against. My Sufferings, my Diligence, my Sighs, Complaints, and Tears are of no power with your haughty Nature; yet sure you might at least vouchsafe to pity them, not shift me off with gross, thick home-spun *Friendship*, the common *Coin* that passes betwixt worldly *Interests*: must that be my *Lot!* Take it, Ill natur'd, take it, give it to him who would waste his *Fortune* for you, give it the Man would fill your Lap with Gold, court you with Offers of vast rich Possessions, give it the Fool that hath nothing but his *Money* to plead for him: *Love* will have a much nearer *Relation*, or none. I ask for *glorious Happiness*; you bid me welcome to your *Friendship*, it is like seating me at your Side-table, when I have the best Pretence to your Right-hand at the Feast. I love, I doat, I am mad, and know no measure, nothing but Extreams can give me Ease; the kindest *Love*, or most provoking *Scorn*; Yet even your *Scorn* would not perform the Cure, it might indeed take off the Edge of *Hope*, but damn'd *Despair* will gnaw my *Heart* for ever. If then I am not odious to your Eyes, if you have *Charity* enough to value the *Well-being* of a Man that holds you dearer than you an the Child your Bowels are most fond of, by that

sweet

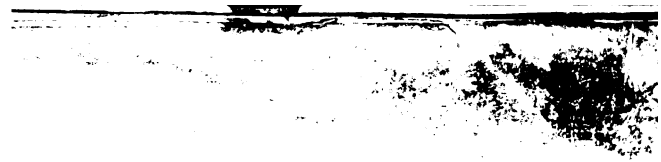
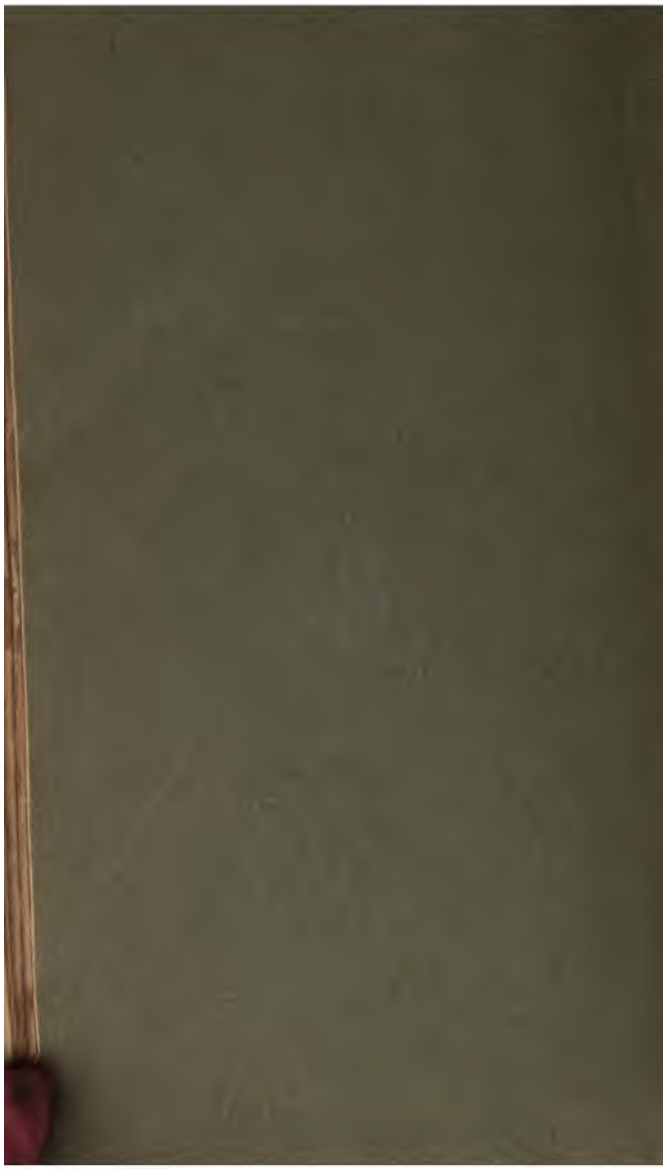
ſweet *Pledge* of your firſt ſofteſt *Love*, I charm and here conjure you to pity the diſtracting *Pangs* of mine; pity my unquiet *Days*, and reſtleſs *Nights*; pity the *Frenzy* that has half poſſeſt my *Brain* already, and makes me write to you thus ravingly: The *Wretch* in *Bedlam* is more at peace than I am! And if I muſt never poſſeſs the *Heav'n* I wiſh for, my next Deſire is, (and the ſooner the better) a clean ſwept Cell, a merciful Keeper, and your Compaſſion when you find me there.

Think and be Generous.

To MADAM----

SINCE you are going to quit the World, I think my ſelf oblig'd, as a Member of the World, to uſe the beſt of my Endeavours to divert you from ſo ill-natur'd an Inclination: Therefore, by reaſon your Viſits will take up ſo much of this Day, I have debarr'd myſelf the opportunity of waiting on you this Afternoon, that I may take a time you are more Miſtreſs of, and when you ſhall have more leiſure to hear, if it be poſſible for any Arguments of mine to take place in a Heart, I am afraid too much harden'd againſt me: I muſt confeſs it may look a little extraordinary, for one under my Circumſtances to endeavour the confirming your good Opinion of the World, when it had been much better for me, one of us had never ſeen it. For *Nature* diſpos'd me from my *Creation* to *Love*, and my *ill-Fortune* has condemn'd me to *Death* on one, who certainly could never have been *deaf* ſo long to ſo faithful a Paſſion, had *Nature* diſpos'd her from her *Creation* to hate any thing but me. I beg you to forgive this trifling, for I

To MADAM——

YOU were pleas'd to ſend me word you meet me in the *Mall* this Evening, and gi further Satisfaction, in the Matter you were ſo unk charge me with; I was there, but found you not therefore beg of you, as you ever would wiſh your be eaſed of the higheſt Torment it were poſſible fo Nature to be ſenſible of, to let me ſee you ſome ti morrow, and ſend me word, by this Bearer, where at what Hour, you will be ſo juſt, as either to acq condemn me; that I may, hereafter, for your ſake, bleſs all your bewitching *Sex:* or as often as I henc think of you, curſe Womankind for ever.

End of the third Volume.